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THE  
BOODLE PAPERS

ETC. ETC.

BY  
WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY

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1887



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# THE FITZ-BOODLE PAPERS.\*

## FITZ-BOODLE'S CONFESSIONS.

### PREFACE.

*George Fitz-Boodle, Esquire, to Oliver Yorke, Esquire.*

OMNIBUS CLUB: May 26, 1841.

DEAR SIR,—I have always been considered the third-best whist-player in Europe, and (though never betting more than five pounds) have for many years past added considerably to my yearly income by my skill in the game, until the commencement of the present season, when a French gentleman, Monsieur Lalouette, was admitted to the club where I usually play. His skill and reputation were so great that no men of the Club were inclined to play against us two of a side; and the consequence has been, that we have been in a manner pitted against one another. By a strange turn of luck (for I cannot admit the idea of his superiority), Fortune, since the Frenchman's arrival, has been almost constantly against me, and I have lost two-and-thirty nights in the course of a couple of score of nights' play.

Everybody knows that I am a poor man; and so much has Lalouette's luck drained my finances, that only last week I was obliged to give him that famous grey cob on which you have seen me riding in the Park (I can't afford a thorough-bred, and hate a cocktail).—I was, I say, forced to give him up my cob in exchange for four ponies which I owed him. Thus, as I never walk, being a heavy man whom nobody cares to mount, my time hangs heavily on my hands; and as I hate home, or that

\* The "Fitz-Boodle Papers" first appeared in *Fraser's Magazine* for the year 1842.



apology for it—a bachelor's lodgings—and as I have nothing earthly to do now until I can afford to purchase another horse, I spend my time in sauntering from one club to another, passing many rather listless hours in them before the men come in.

You will say, Why not take to backgammon, or écarté, or amuse yourself with a book? Sir (putting out of the question the fact that I do not play upon credit), I make a point never to play before candles are lighted; and as for books, I must candidly confess to you I am not a reading man. 'Twas but



the other day that some one recommended me to read your Magazine after dinner, saying it contained an exceedingly witty article upon—I forget what. I give you my honour, sir, that I took up the work at six, meaning to amuse myself till seven; when Lord Trumpington's dinner was to come off, and egad! in two minutes I fell asleep, and never woke till midnight. Nobody ever thought of looking for me in the library, where nobody ever goes; and so ravenously hungry was I, that I was obliged to walk off to Crockford's for supper.

What is it that makes you literary persons so stupid? I have

met various individuals in society who I was told were writers of books, and that sort of thing, and expecting rather to be amused by their conversation, have invariably found them dull to a degree, and as for information, without a particle of it. Sir, I actually asked one of these fellows, "What was the nick to seven?" and he stared in my face, and said he didn't know. He was hugely overdressed in satin, rings, chains, and so forth; and at the beginning of dinner was disposed to be rather talkative and pert; but my little sally silenced *him*, I promise you, and got up a good laugh at his expense too. "Leave George alone," said little Lord Cinqbars, "I warrant he'll be a match for any of you literary fellows." Cinqbars is no great wiseacre; but, indeed, it requires no great wiseacre to know *that*.

What is the simple deduction to be drawn from this truth? Why, this--that a man, to be amusing and well-informed, has no need of books at all, and had much better go to the world and to men for his knowledge. There was Ulysses, now, the Greek fellow engaged in the Trojan war, as I dare say you know; well, he was the cleverest man possible, and how? From having seen men and cities, their manners noted and their realms surveyed, to be sure. So have I. I have been in every capital, and can order a dinner in every language in Europe.

My notion, then, is this. I have a great deal of spare time on my hands, and as I am told you pay a handsome sum to persons writing for you, I will furnish you occasionally with some of my views upon men and things; occasional histories of my acquaintance, which I think may amuse you; personal narratives of my own; essays, and what not. I am told that I do not spell correctly. This, of course, I don't know; but you will remember that Richelieu and Marlborough could not spell, and, egad! I am an honest man, and desire to be no better than they. I know that it is the matter, and not the manner, which is of importance. Have the goodness, then, to let one of your understrappers correct the spelling and the grammar of my papers: and you can give him a few shillings in my name for his trouble.

Begging you to accept the assurance of my high consideration, I am, sir, your obedient servant,

GEORGE SAVAGE FITZ-BOODLE.

P.S.—By the way, I have said in my letter that I found *all*

literary persons vulgar and dull. Permit me to contradict this with regard to yourself. I met you once at Blackwall, I think, it was, and really did not remark anything offensive in your accent or appearance.

BEFORE commencing the series of moral disquisitions, &c., which I intend, the reader may as well know who I am, and what my past course of life has been. To say that I am a Fitz-Boodle is to say at once that I am a gentleman. Our family has held the estate of Boodle ever since the reign of Henry II. ; and it is out of no ill will to my elder brother, or unnatural desire for his death, but only because the estate is a very good one, that I wish heartily it was mine : I would say as much of Chatsworth or Eaton Hall.

I am not, in the first place, what is called a ladies' man, having contracted an irrepressible habit of smoking after dinner, which has obliged me to give up a great deal of the dear creatures' society ; nor can I go much to country-houses for the same reason. Say what they will, ladies do not like you to smoke in their bedrooms ; their silly little noses scent out the odour upon the chintz, weeks after you have left them. Sir John has been caught coming to bed particularly merry and redolent of cigar-smoke ; young George, from Eton, was absolutely found in the little greenhouse puffing an Havannah ; and when discovered, they both lay the blame upon Fitz-Boodle. " It was Mr. Fitz-Boodle, mamma," says George, " who offered me the cigar, and I did not like to refuse him." " That rascal Fitz seduced us, my dear," says Sir John, " and kept us laughing until past midnight." Her Ladyship instantly sets me down as a person to be avoided. " George," whispers she to her boy, " promise me, on your honour, when you go to town, not to know that man." And when she enters the breakfast-room for prayers, the first greeting is a peculiar expression of countenance, and inhaling of breath, by which my Lady indicates the presence of some exceedingly disagreeable odour in the room. She makes you the faintest of curtsies, and regards you, if not with a " flashing eye," as in the novels, at least with a " distended nostril." During the whole of the service, her heart is filled with the blackest gall towards you ; and she is thinking about the best means of getting you out of the house.

What is this smoking that it should be considered a crime?

I believe in my heart that women are jealous of it, as of a rival. They speak of it as of some secret awful vice that seizes upon a man, and makes him a pariah from genteel society. I would lay a guinea that many a lady who has just been kind enough to read the above lines lays down the book, after this confession of mine that I am a smoker, and says, "Oh, the vulgar wretch!" and passes on to something else.

The fact is, that the cigar *is* a rival to the ladies, and their conqueror too. In the chief pipe-smoking nations they are kept in subjection. While the chief, Little White Belt, smokes, the women are silent in his wigwam; while Mahomet Ben Jawbrahim causes volumes of odorous incense of Latakia to play round his beard, the women of the harem do not disturb his meditations, but only add to the delight of them by tinkling on a dulcimer and dancing before him. When Professor Strumpff of Göttingen takes down No. 13 from the wall, with a picture of Beatrice Cenci upon it, and which holds a pound of canaster, the Frau Professorin knows that for two hours Hermann is engaged, and takes up her stockings and knits in quiet. The constitution of French society has been quite changed within the last twelve years: an ancient and respectable dynasty has been overthrown; an aristocracy which Napoleon could never master has disappeared: and from what cause? I do not hesitate to say,—*from the habit of smoking*. Ask any man whether, five years before the Revolution of July, if you wanted a cigar at Paris, they did not bring you a roll of tobacco with a straw in it? Now, the whole city smokes; society is changed; and be sure of this, ladies, a similar combat is going on in this country at present between cigar-smoking and you. Do you suppose you will conquer? Look over the wide world, and see that your adversary has overcome it. Germany has been puffing for three-score years; France smokes to a man. Do you think you can keep the enemy out of England? Psha! look at his progress. Ask the club-houses, have they smoking-rooms, or not? Are they not obliged to yield to the general want of the age, in spite of the resistance of the old women on the committees? I, for my part, do not despair to see a bishop lolling out of the "Athenæum" with a cheroot in his mouth, or, at any rate, a pipe stuck in his shovel-hat.

But as in all great causes and in promulgating new and illustrious theories, their first propounders and exponents are

generally the victims of their enthusiasm, of course the first preachers of smoking have been martyrs, too ; and George Fitz-Boodle is one. The first gas-man was ruined ; the inventor of steam-engine printing became a pauper. I began to smoke in days when the task was one of some danger, and paid the penalty of my crime. I was flogged most fiercely for my first cigar ; for, being asked to dine one Sunday evening with a half-pay colonel of dragoons (the gallant, simple, humorous Shortcut—Heaven bless him !—I have had many a guinea from him who had so few), he insisted upon my smoking in his room at the "Salopian," and the consequence was, that I became so violently ill as to be reported intoxicated upon my return to Slaughter-House School, where I was a boarder, and I was whipped the next morning for my peccadillo. At Christ Church, one of our tutors was the celebrated lamented Otto Rose, who would have been a bishop under the present Government, had not an immoderate indulgence in water-gruel cut short his elegant and useful career. He was a good man, a pretty scholar and poet (the episode upon the discovery of eau-de-Cologne, in his prize poem on "The Rhine," was considered a masterpiece of art, though I'm not much of a judge myself upon such matters), and he was as remarkable for his fondness for a tuft as for his nervous antipathy to tobacco. As ill-luck would have it, my rooms (in Tom Quad) were exactly under his ; and I was grown by this time to be a confirmed smoker. I was a baronet's son (we are of James the First's creation), and I do believe our tutor could have pardoned any crime in the world but this. He had seen me in a tandem, and at that moment was seized with a violent fit of sneezing—(sternutatory paroxysm he called it)—at the conclusion of which I was a mile down the Woodstock Road. He had seen me in pink, as we used to call it, swaggering in the open sunshine across a grass-plat in the court ; but spied out opportunely a servitor, one Todhunter by name, who was going to morning chapel with his shoestring untied, and forthwith sprang towards that unfortunate person, to set him an imposition. Everything, in fact, but tobacco he could forgive. Why did cursed fortune bring him into the rooms over mine ? The odour of the cigars made his gentle spirit quite furious ; and one luckless morning, when I was standing before my "oak," and chanced to puff a great *bouffe* of Varinas into his face, he forgot his respect for my family altogether (I was the

second son, and my brother a sickly creature, *then*,—he is now sixteen stone in weight, and has a half-score of children); gave me a severe lecture, to which I replied rather hotly, as was my wont. And then came demand for an apology: refusal on my part; appeal to the Dean; Convocation; and rustication of George Savage Fitz-Boodle.

My father had taken a second wife (of the noble house of Flintskinner), and Lady Fitz-Boodle detested smoking, as a woman of her high principles should. She had an entire mastery over the worthy old gentleman, and thought I was a sort of demon of wickedness. The old man went to his grave with some similar notion,—Heaven help him!—and left me but the wretched twelve thousand pounds secured to me on my poor mother's property.

In the army, my luck was much the same. I joined the —th Lancers, Lieutenant-Colonel Lord Martingale, in the year 1817. I only did duty with the regiment for three months. We were quartered at Cork, where I found the Irish doodheen and tobacco the pleasantest smoking possible; and was found by his Lordship, one day, upon stable duty, smoking the shortest dearest little dumpy clay-pipe in the world.

“Cornet Fitz-Boodle,” said my Lord, in a towering passion, “from what blackguard did you get that pipe?”

I omit the oaths which garnished invariably his Lordship's conversation.

“I got it, my Lord,” said I, “from one Terence Mullins, a jingle-driver, with a packet of his peculiar tobacco. You sometimes smoke Turkish, I believe; do try this. Isn't it good?” And in the simplest way in the world I puffed a volume into his face. “I see you like it,” said I, so coolly, that the men—and I do believe the horses—burst out laughing.

He started back—choking almost, and recovered himself only to vent such a storm of oaths and curses that I was compelled to request Captain Rawdon (the captain on duty) to take note of his Lordship's words; and unluckily could not help adding a question which settled my business. “You were good enough,” I said, “to ask me, my Lord, from what blackguard I got my pipe: might I ask from what blackguard you learned your language?”

This was quite enough. Had I said, “From what *gentleman* did your Lordship learn your language?” the point would have

been quite as good, and my Lord Martingale would have suffered in my place : as it was, I was so strongly recommended to sell out by His Royal Highness the Commander-in-Chief that, being of a good-natured disposition, never knowing how to refuse a friend, I at once threw up my hopes of military distinction and retired into civil life.

My Lord was kind enough to meet me afterwards in a field in the Glanmire road, where he put a ball into my leg. This I returned to him some years later with about twenty-three others—black ones—when he came to be balloted for at a club of which I have the honour to be a member.

Thus by the indulgence of a simple and harmless propensity,—of a propensity which can inflict an injury upon no person or thing except the coat and the person of him who indulges in it,—of a custom honoured and observed in almost all the nations of the world,—of a custom which, far from leading a man into any wickedness or dissipation to which youth is subject, on the contrary, begets only benevolent silence and thoughtful good-humoured observation—I found at the age of twenty all my prospects in life destroyed. I cared not for woman in those days : the calm smoker has a sweet companion in his pipe. I did not drink immoderately of wine ; for though a friend to trifling potations, to excessively strong drinks tobacco is abhorrent. I never thought of gambling, for the lover of the pipe has no need of such excitement ; but I was considered a monster of dissipation in my family, and bade fair to come to ruin.

“Look at George,” my mother-in-law said to the genteel and correct young Flintskinners. “He entered the world with every prospect in life, and see in what an abyss of degradation his fatal habits have plunged him ! At school he was flogged and disgraced, he was disgraced and rusticated at the university, he was disgraced and expelled from the army ! He might have had the living of Boodle” (her Ladyship gave it to one of her nephews), “but he would not take his degree ; his papa would have purchased him a troop—nay, a lieutenant-colonelcy some day, but for his fatal excesses. And now as long as my dear husband will listen to the voice of a wife who adores him—never, never shall he spend a shilling upon so worthless a young man. He has a small income from his mother (I cannot but think that the first Lady Fitz-Boodle was a weak and mis-

guided person); let him live upon his mean pittance as he can, and I heartily pray we may not hear of him in gaol!"

My brother, after he came to the estate, married the ninth daughter of our neighbour, Sir John Spread eagle; and Boodle Hall has seen a new little Fitz-Boodle with every succeeding spring. The dowager retired to Scotland with a large jointure and a wondrous heap of savings. Lady Fitz is a good creature, but she thinks me something diabolical, trembles when she sees me, and gathering all her children about her, rushes into the nursery whenever I pay that little seminary a visit, and actually slapped poor little Frank's ears one day when I was teaching him to ride upon the back of a Newfoundland dog.

"George," said my brother to me the last time I paid him a visit at the old hall, "don't be angry, my dear fellow, but Maria is in a—hum—in a delicate situation, expecting her -- hum"—(the eleventh) -- "and do you know you frighten her?" It was but yesterday you met her in the rookery—you were smoking that enormous German pipe—and when she came in she had an hysterical seizure, and Drench says that in her situation it's dangerous. And I say, George, if you go to town you'll find a couple of hundred at your banker's." And with this the poor fellow shook me by the hand, and called for a fresh bottle of claret.

Afterwards he told me, with many hesitations, that my room at Boodle Hall had been made into a second nursery. I see my sister-in-law in London twice or thrice in the season, and the little people, who have almost forgotten to call me Uncle George.

It's hard, too, for I am a lonely man after all, and my heart yearns to them. The other day I smuggled a couple of them into my chambers, and had a little feast of cream and strawberries to welcome them. But it had like to cost the nursery-maid (a Swiss girl that Fitz-Boodle hired somewhere in his travels) her place. My step-mamma, who happened to be in town, came flying down in her chariot, pounced upon the poor thing and the children in the midst of the entertainment; and when I asked her, with rather a bad grace to be sure, to take a chair and a share of the feast —

"Mr. Fitz-Boodle," says she, "I am not accustomed to sit down in a place that smells of tobacco like an ale-house—an ale-house inhabited by a *serpent*, sir! A *serpent*!—do you



understand me?—who carries his poison into his brother's own house, and pursues his infamous designs before his brother's own children. Put on Miss Maria's bonnet this instant. Mam-sell, ontondy-voo? *Metty le bonny à mamsell*. And I shall take care, Mamsell, that you return to Switzerland to-morrow. I've no doubt you are a relation of Courvoisier—*oui! oui! Courvoisier, vous comprenny*—and you shall certainly be sent back to your friends."

With this speech, and with the children and their maid sobbing before her, my Lady retired; but for once my sister-in-law was on my side, not liking the meddling of the elder lady.

I know, then, that from indulging in that simple habit of smoking, I have gained among the ladies a dreadful reputation. I see that they look coolly upon me, and darkly at their husbands when they arrive at home in my company. Men, I observe, in consequence, ask me to dine much oftener at the club, or the "Star and Garter" at Richmond, or at "Lovegrove's," than in their own houses; and with this sort of arrangement I am fain to acquiesce; for, as I said before, I am of an easy temper, and can at any rate take my cigar-case out after dinner at Blackwall, when my Lady or the duchess is not by. I know, of course, the best *men* in town; and as for ladies' society, not having it (for I will have none of your pseudo-ladies, such as sometimes honour bachelors' parties,—actresses, *couturières*, opera-dancers, and so forth)—as for ladies' society, I say, I cry pish! 'tis not worth the trouble of the complimenting, and the bother of pumps and black silk stockings.

Let any man remember what ladies' society was when he had an opportunity of seeing them among themselves, as What-d'ye-call-'im does in the Thesmophoria—(I beg pardon, I was on the verge of a classical allusion, which I abominate)—I mean at that period of his life when the intellect is pretty acute, though the body is small—namely, when a young gentleman is about eleven years of age, dining at his father's table during the holidays, and is requested by his papa to quit the dinner-table when the ladies retire from it.

*Corbleu!* I recollect their whole talk as well as if it had been whispered but yesterday; and can see, after a long dinner, the yellow summer sun throwing long shadows over the lawn before the dining-room windows, and my poor mother and her company of ladies sailing away to the music-room in old Boodle Hall.

The Countess Dawdley was the great lady in our county, a portly lady who used to love crimson satin in those days, and birds-of-paradise. She was flaxen-haired, and the Regent once said she resembled one of King Charles's beauties.

When Sir John Todcaster used to begin his famous story of the exciseman (I shall not tell it here, for very good reasons), my poor mother used to turn to Lady Dawdley, and give that mystic signal at which all females rise from their chairs. Tuft-hunt, the curate, would spring from his seat, and be sure to be the first to open the door for the retreating ladies; and my brother Tom and I, though remaining stoutly in our places, were speedily ejected from them by the governor's invariable remark, "Tom and George, if you have had *quite* enough of wine, you had better go and join your mamma." Yonder she marches, Heaven bless her! through the old oak hall (how long the shadows of the antlers are on the wainscot, and the armour of Kollo Fitz-Boodle looks in the sunset as if it were emblazoned with rubies)—yonder she marches, stately and tall, in her invariable pearl-coloured tabinet, followed by Lady Dawdley, blazing like a flamingo; next comes Lady Emily Tuft-hunt (she was Lady Emily Flintskinner), who will not for all the world take precedence of rich, vulgar, kind, good-humoured Mrs. Colonel Grogwater, as she would be called, with a yellow little husband from Madras, who first taught me to drink sangaree. He was a new arrival in our county, but paid nobly to the hounds, and occupied hospitably a house which was always famous for its hospitality—Sievely Hall (poor Bob Cullender ran through seven thousand a year before he was thirty years old). Once when I was a lad, Colonel Grogwater gave me two gold mohurs out of his desk for whist-markers, and I'm sorry to say I ran up from Eton and sold them both for seventy-three shillings at a shop in Cornhill. But to return to the ladies, who are all this while kept waiting in the hall, and to their usual conversation after dinner.

Can any man forget how miserably flat it was? Five matrons sit on sofas, and talk in a subdued voice:—

*First Lady (mysteriously).* My dear Lady Dawdley, do tell me about poor Susan Tuckett.

*Second Lady.* All three children are perfectly well, and I assure you as fine babies as I ever saw in my life. I made her give them Daffy's Elixir the first day; and it was the greatest

mercy that I had some of Frederick's baby-clothes by me; for you know I had provided Susan with sets for one only, and really—

*Third Lady.* Of course one couldn't; and for my part I think your Ladyship is a great deal too kind to these people. A little gardener's boy dressed in Lord Dawdley's frocks indeed! I recollect that one at his christening had the sweetest lace in the world!

*Fourth Lady.* What do you think of this, ma'am—Lady Emily, I mean? I have just had it from Howell & James—*guipure*, they call it. Isn't it an odd name for lace? And they charge me, upon my conscience, four guineas a yard!

*Third Lady.* My mother, when she came to Flintskinner, had lace upon her robe that cost sixty guineas a yard, ma'am! 'Twas sent from Malines direct by our relation, the Count d'Araignay.

*Fourth Lady (aside).* I thought she would not let the evening pass without talking of her Malines lace and her Count d'Araignay. Odious people! they don't spare their backs, but they pinch their—

Here Tom upsets a coffee-cup over his white jean trousers, and another young gentleman bursts into a laugh, saying, "By Jove, that's a good 'un!"

"George, my dear," says mamma, "had not you and your young friend better go into the garden? But mind, no fruit, or Dr. Glauber must be called in again immediately!" And we all go, and in ten minutes I and my brother are fighting in the stables.

If, instead of listening to the matrons and their discourse, we had taken the opportunity of attending to the conversation of the Misses, we should have heard matter not a whit more interesting.

*First Miss.* They were all three in blue crape; you never saw anything so odious. And I know for a certainty that they wore those dresses at Muddlebury, at the archery-ball, and I dare say they had them in town.

*Second Miss.* Don't you think *Jemima* decidedly crooked? And those fair complexions, they freckle so, that really Miss *Blanche* ought to be called Miss *Brown*.

*Third Miss.* He, he, he!

*Fourth Miss.* Don't you think *Blanche* is a pretty name?

*First Miss.* Ha! do you think so, dear? Why, it's my second name!

*Second Miss.* Then I'm sure Captain Travers thinks it a beautiful name!

*Third Miss.* He, he, he!

*Fourth Miss.* What was he telling you at dinner that seemed to interest you so?

*First Miss.* O law, nothing!—that is, yes! Charles—that is, Captain Travers—is a sweet poet, and was reciting to me some lines that he had composed upon a faded violet,—

“The odour from the flower is gone,  
That like thy”——

like thy something, I forget what it was; but his lines are sweet, and so original too! I wish that horrid Sir John Todcaster had not begun his story of the exciseman, for Lady Fitz-Boodle always quits the table when he begins.

*Third Miss.* Do you like those tufts that gentlemen wear sometimes on their chins?

*Second Miss.* Nonsense, Mary!

*Third Miss.* Well, I only asked, Jane. ‘Frank thinks, you know, that he shall very soon have one, and puts bear’s-grease on his chin every night.

*Second Miss.* Mary, nonsense!

*Third Miss.* Well, only ask him. You know he came to our dressing-room last night and took the pomatum away; and he says that when boys go to Oxford they always——

*First Miss.* O heavens! have you heard the news about the Lancers? Charles—that is, Captain Travers—told it me!

*Second Miss.* Law, they won’t go away before the ball, I hope!

*First Miss.* No, but on the 15th they are to shave their moustaches! He says that Lord Tufto is in a perfect fury about it!

*Second Miss.* And poor George Beardmore, too!—&c.

Here Tom upsets the coffee over his trousers, and the conversation ends. I can recollect a dozen such, and ask any man of sense whether such talk amuses him?

Try again to speak to a young lady while you are dancing—what we call in this country—a quadrille. What nonsense do you invariably give and receive in return! No, I am a woman—

scorner, and don't care to own it. I hate young ladies! Have I not been in love with several, and has any one of them ever treated me decently? I hate married women! Do they not hate me? and, simply because I smoke, try to draw their husbands away from my society? I hate dowagers! Have I not cause? Does not every dowager in London point to George Fitz-Boodle as to a dissolute wretch whom young and old should avoid?

And yet do not imagine that I have not loved. I have, and madly, many many times! I am but eight-and-thirty,\* not past the age of passion, and may very likely end by running off with an heiress—or a cookmaid (for who knows what strange freaks Love may choose to play in his own particular person? and I hold a man to be a mean creature who calculates about checking any such sacred impulse as lawful love)—I say, though despising the sex in general for their conduct to me, I know of particular persons belonging to it who are worthy of all respect and esteem, and as such I beg leave to point out the particular young lady who is perusing these lines. Do not, dear madam, then imagine that if I knew you I should be disposed to sneer at you. Ah, no! Fitz-Boodle's bosom has tenderer sentiments than from his way of life you would fancy, and stern by rule is only too soft by practice. Shall I whisper to you the story of one or two of my attachments? All terminating fatally (not in death, but in disappointment, which, as it occurred, I used to imagine a thousand times more bitter than death, but from which one recovers somehow more readily than from the other-named complaint)—all, I say, terminating wretchedly to myself, as if some fatality pursued my desire to become a domestic character.

My first love—no, let us pass *that* over. Sweet one! thy name shall profane no hireling page. Sweet, sweet memory! Ah, ladies, those delicate hearts of yours have, too, felt the throb. And between the last *oh* in the word throb and the words now written, I have passed a delicious period of perhaps an hour, perhaps a minute, I know not how long, thinking of that holy first love and of her who inspired it. How clearly every single incident of the passion is remembered by me! and yet 'twas long long since. I was but a child then—a child at school—and, if the truth must be told, I.—ra R-ggl-s (I would

\* He is five-and-forty, if he is a day old.—O. Y.

not write her whole name to be made one of the Marquess of Hertford's executors) was a woman full thirteen years older than myself; at the period of which I write she must have been at least five-and-twenty. She and her mother used to sell tarts, hard-bake, lollipops, and other such simple comestibles, on Wednesdays and Saturdays (half-holidays), at a private school where I received the first rudiments of a classical education. I used to go and sit before her tray for hours, but I do not think the poor girl ever supposed any motive led me so constantly to her little stall beyond a vulgar longing for her tarts and her ginger-beer. Yes, even at that early period my actions were misrepresented, and the fatality which has oppressed my whole life began to show itself,—the purest passion was misinterpreted by her and my school-fellows, and they thought I was actuated by simple gluttony. They nicknamed me *Alicompayne*.

Well, be it so. Laugh at early passion ye who will: a high-born boy madly in love with a lowly ginger-beer girl! She married afterwards, took the name of Latter, and now keeps with her old husband a turnpike, through which I often ride; but I can recollect her bright and rosy of a sunny summer afternoon, her red cheeks shaded by a battered straw bonnet, her tarts and ginger-beer upon a neat white cloth before her, mending blue worsted stockings until the young gentlemen should interrupt her by coming to buy.

Many persons will call this description low. I do not envy them their gentility, and have always observed through life (as, to be sure, every other *gentleman* has observed as well as myself) that it is your *parvenu* who stickles most for what he calls the genteel, and has the most squeamish abhorrence for what is frank and natural. Let us pass at once, however, as all the world must be pleased, to a recital of an affair which occurred in the very best circles of society, as they are called, viz., my next unfortunate attachment.

It did not occur for several years after that simple and platonic passion just described: for though they may talk of youth as the season of romance, it has always appeared to me that there are no beings in the world so entirely unromantic and selfish as certain young English gentlemen from the age of fifteen to twenty. The oldest Lovelace about town is scarcely more hard-hearted and scornful than they; they ape all sorts of

selfishness and *rouerie*: they aim at excelling at cricket, at billiards, at rowing, and drinking, and set more store by a red coat and a neat pair of top-boots than by any other glory. A young fellow staggers into college-chapel of a morning, and communicates to all his friends that he was "*so cut* last night," with the greatest possible pride. He makes a joke of having sisters and a kind mother at home who loves him; and if he speaks of his father, it is with a knowing sneer to say that he has a tailor's and a horse-dealer's bill that will surprise "the old governor." He would be ashamed of being in love. I, in common with my kind, had these affectations, and my perpetual custom of smoking added not a little to my reputation as an accomplished *roué*. What came of this custom in the army and at college, the reader has already heard. Alas! in life it went no better with me, and many pretty chances I had went off in that accursed smoke.

After quitting the army in the abrupt manner stated, I passed some short time at home, and was tolerated by my mother-in-law, because I had formed an attachment to a young lady of good connections and with a considerable fortune, which was really very nearly becoming mine. Mary M'Alister was the only daughter of Colonel M'Alister, late of the Blues, and Lady Susan his wife. Her Ladyship was no more; and, indeed, of no family compared to ours. (which has refused a peerage any time these two hundred years); but being an earl's daughter and a Scotchwoman, Lady Emily Fitz-Boodle did not fail to consider her highly. Lady Susan was daughter of the late Admiral Earl of Marlingspike and Baron Plumduff. The Colonel, Miss M'Alister's father, had a good estate, of which his daughter was the heiress, and as I fished her out of the water upon a pleasure-party, and swam with her to shore, we became naturally intimate, and Colonel M'Alister forgot, on account of the service rendered to him, the dreadful reputation for profligacy which I enjoyed in the county.

Well to cut a long story short, which is told here merely for the moral at the end of it, I should have been Fitz-Boodle M'Alister at this minute most probably, and master of four thousand a year, but for the fatal cigar-box. I bear Mary no malice in saying that she was a high-spirited little girl, loving, before all things, her own way; nay, perhaps I do not, from long habit and indulgence in tobacco-smoking, appreciate the

delicacy of female organisations, which were oftentimes most painfully affected by it. She was a keen-sighted little person, and soon found that the world had belied poor George Fitz-Boodle; who, instead of being the cunning monster people supposed him to be, was a simple, reckless, good-humoured, honest fellow, marvellously addicted to smoking, idleness, and telling the truth. She called me Orson, and I was happy enough on the 14th February, in the year 18— (it's of no consequence), to send her such a pretty little copy of verses about Orson and Valentine, in which the rude habits of the savage man were shown to be overcome by the polished graces of his kind and brilliant conqueror, that she was fairly overcome, and said to me, "George Fitz-Boodle, if you give up smoking for a year, I will marry you."

I swore I would, of course, and went home and flung four pounds of Hudson's cigars, two meerschaum pipes that had cost me ten guineas at the establishment of Mr. Gattie at Oxford, a tobacco-bag that Lady Fitz-Boodle had given me *before* her marriage with my father (it was the only present that I ever had from her or any member of the Flintskinner family), and some choice packets of Varinas and Syrian, into the lake in Booodle Park. The weapon amongst them all which I most regretted was—will it be believed?—the little black doodheen which had been the cause of the quarrel between Lord Martingale and me. However, it went along with the others. I would not allow my groom to have so much as a cigar, lest I should be tempted hereafter; and the consequence was that a few days after many fat carp and tenches in the lake (I must confess 'twas no bigger than a pond) nibbled at the tobacco, and came floating on their backs on the top of the water quite intoxicated. My conversion made some noise in the county, being emphasised as it were by this fact of the fish. I can't tell you with what pangs I kept my resolution; but keep it I did for some time.

With so much beauty and wealth, Mary M'Alister had of course many suitors, and among them was the young Lord Dawdley, whose mamma has previously been described in her gown of red satin. As I used to thrash Dawdley at school, I thrashed him in after-life in love; he put up with his disappointment pretty well, and came after a while and shook hands with me, telling me of the bets that there were in the county, where the whole story was known, for and against me. For the fact



is, as I must own, that Mary M'Alister, the queerest, frankest of women, made no secret of the agreement, or the cause of it.

"I did not care a penny for Orson," she said, "but he would go on writing me such dear pretty verses that at last I couldn't help saying yes. But if he breaks his promise to me, I declare, upon my honour, I'll break mine, and nobody's heart will be broken either."

This was the perfect fact, as I must confess, and I declare that it was only because she amused me and delighted me, and provoked me, and made me laugh very much, and because, no doubt, she was very rich, that I had any attachment for her.

"For Heaven's sake, George," my father said to me, as I quitted home to follow my beloved to London, "remember that you are a younger brother and have a lovely girl and four thousand a year within a year's reach of you. Smoke as much as you like, my boy, after marriage," added the old gentleman knowingly (as if *he*, honest soul, after his second marriage, dared drink an extra pint of wine without my Lady's permission!), "but eschew the tobacco-shops till then."

I went to London resolving to act upon the paternal advice, and oh! how I longed for the day when I should be married, vowing in my secret soul that I would light a cigar as I walked out of St. George's, Hanover Square.

Well, I came to London, and so carefully avoided smoking that I would not even go into Hudson's shop to pay his bill, and as smoking was not the fashion then among young men as (thank Heaven!) it is now, I had not many temptations from my friends' examples in my clubs or elsewhere; only little Dawdley began to smoke, as if to spite me. He had never done so before, but confessed—the rascal!—that he enjoyed a cigar now, if it were but to mortify me. But I took to other and more dangerous excitements, and upon the nights when not in attendance upon Mary M'Alister, might be found in very dangerous proximity to a polished mahogany table, round which claret-bottles circulated a great deal too often, or worse still, to a table covered with green cloth and ornamented with a couple of wax-candles and a couple of packs of cards, and four gentlemen playing the enticing game of whist. Likewise, I came to carry a snuff-box, and to consume in secret huge quantities of rappee.

For ladies' society I was even then disinclined, hating and despising small-talk, and dancing, and hot routs, and vulgar

scrambles for suppers. I never could understand the pleasure of acting the part of lacquey to a dowager, and standing behind her chair, or bustling through the crowd for her carriage. I always found an opera too long by two acts, and have repeatedly fallen asleep in the presence of Mary M'Alister herself, sitting at the back of the box shaded by the huge beret of her old aunt, Lady Betty Plumduff; and many a time has Dawdley, with Miss M'Alister on his arm, wakened me up at the close of the entertainment in time to offer my hand to Lady Betty, and lead the ladies to their carriage. If I attended her occasionally to any ball or party of pleasure, I went, it must be confessed, with clumsy ill-disguised ill-humour. Good heavens! have I often and often thought in the midst of a song, or the very thick of a ballroom, can people prefer this to a book and a sofa, and a dear dear cigar-box, from thy stores, O charming Mariana Woodville? Deprived of my favourite plant, I grew sick in mind and body, moody, sarcastic, and discontented.

Such a state of things could not long continue, nor could Miss M'Alister continue to have much attachment for such a sullen ill-conditioned creature as I then was. She used to make me wild with her wit and her sarcasm, nor have I ever possessed the readiness to parry or reply to those fine points of woman's wit, and she treated me the more mercilessly as she saw that I could not resist her.

Well, the polite reader must remember a great fête that was given at B—— House, some years back, in honour of his Highness the Hereditary Prince of Kalbsbraten-Pumpernickel, who was then in London on a visit to his illustrious relatives. It was a fancy ball, and the poems of Scott being at that time all the fashion, Mary was to appear in the character of the "Lady of the Lake," old M'Alister making a very tall and severe-looking harper; Dawdley, a most insignificant Fitz-James; and your humble servant a stalwart manly Roderick Dhu. We were to meet at B—— House at twelve o'clock, and as I had no fancy to drive through the town in my cab dressed in a kilt and philibeg, I agreed to take a seat in Dawdley's carriage, and to dress at his house in Mayfair. At eleven I left a very pleasant bachelors' party, growling to quit them and the honest jovial claret-bottle, in order to scrape and cut capers like a harlequin from the theatre. When I arrived at Dawdley's, I mounted to a dressing-room, and began to array myself in my cursed costume.

The art of costuming was by no means so well understood in those days as it has been since, and mine was out of all correctness. I was made to sport an enormous plume of black ostrich-feathers, such as never was worn by any Highland chief, and had a huge tiger-skin sporran to dangle like an apron before innumerable yards of plaid petticoat. The tartan cloak was outrageously hot and voluminous; it was the dog-days; and all these things I was condemned to wear in the midst of a crowd of a thousand people!

Dawdley sent up word, as I was dressing, that his dress had not arrived, and he took my cab and drove off in a rage to his tailor.

There was no hurry, I thought, to make a fool of myself; so having put on a pair of plaid trews, and very neat pumps with shoe-buckles, my courage failed me as to the rest of the dress, and taking down one of his dressing-gowns, I went downstairs to the study, to wait until he should arrive.

The windows of the pretty room were open, and a snug sofa, with innumerable cushions, drawn towards one of them. A great tranquil moon was staring into the chamber, in which stood, amidst books and all sorts of bachelors' lumber, a silver tray with a couple of tall Venice glasses, and a bottle of Maraschino bound with straw. I can see now the twinkle of the liquor in the moonshine, as I poured it into the glass; and I swallowed two or three little cups of it, for my spirits were downcast. Close to the tray of Maraschino stood—must I say it?—a box, a mere box of cedar, bound rudely together with pink paper, branded with the name of "Hudson" on the side, and bearing on the cover the arms of Spain. I thought I would just take up the box and look in it.

Ah, Heaven! there they were—a hundred and fifty of them, in calm comfortable rows: lovingly side by side they lay, with the great moon shining down upon them—thin at the tip, full in the waist, elegantly round and full, a little spot here and there shining upon them—beauty spots upon the cheek of Sylvia. The house was quite quiet. Dawdley always smoked in his room;—I had not smoked for four months and eleven days.

When Lord Dawdley came into the study, he did not make any remarks; and oh, how easy my heart felt! He was dressed in his green and boots, after Westall's picture, correctly.

"It's time to be off, George," said he; "they told me you were dressed long ago. Come up, my man, and get ready."

I rushed up into the dressing-room, and madly dashed my head and arms into a pool of eau-de-Cologne. I drank, I believe, a tumblerful of it. I called for my clothes, and strange to say, they were gone. My servant brought them, however, saying that he had put them away—making some stupid excuse. I put them on, not heeding them much, for I was half tipsy with the excitement of the ci— of the smo— of what had taken place in Dawdley's study, and with the Maraschino and the eau-de-Cologne I had drunk.

"What a fine odour of lavender-water!" said Dawdley, as we rode in the carriage.

I put my head out of the window and shrieked out a laugh; but made no other reply.

"What's the joke, George?" said Dawdley. "Did I say anything witty?"

"No," cried I, yelling still more wildly; "nothing more witty than usual."

"Don't be severe, George," said he, with a mortified air; and we drove on to B— House.

There must have been something strange and wild in my appearance, and those awful black plumes, as I passed through the crowd; for I observed people looking and making a strange nasal noise (it is called sniffing, and I have no other more delicate term for it), and making way as I pushed on. But I moved forward very fiercely, for the wine, the Maraschino, the eau-de-Cologne, and the—the excitement, had rendered me almost wild; and at length I arrived at the place where my lovely Lady of the Lake and her Harper stood. How beautiful she looked,—all eyes were upon her as she stood blushing. When she saw me, however, her countenance assumed an appearance of alarm. "Good heavens, George!" she said, stretching her hand to me, "what makes you look so wild and pale?" I advanced, and was going to take her hand, when she dropped it with a scream.

"Ah—ah—ah!" she said. "Mr. Fitz-Boodle, you've been smoking!"

There was an immense laugh from four hundred people round about us, and the scoundrel Dawdley joined in the yell. I

rushed furiously out, and, as I passed, hurtled over the fat Hereditary Prince of Kalbsbraten-Pumpernickel.

"Es riecht hier ungeheuer stark von Tabak!" I heard his Highness say, as I madly flung myself through the aides-de-camp.

The next day Mary M'Alister, in a note full of the most odious good sense and sarcasm, reminded me of our agreement; said that she was quite convinced that we were not by any means fitted for one another, and begged me to consider myself henceforth quite free. The little wretch had the impertinence to send me a dozen boxes of cigars, which, she said, would console me for my lost love; as she was perfectly certain that I was not mercenary, and that I loved tobacco better than any woman in the world.

I believe she was right, though I have never to this day been able to pardon the scoundrelly stratagem by which Dawdley robbed me of a wife and won one himself. As I was lying on his sofa, looking at the moon and lost in a thousand happy contemplations, Lord Dawdley, returning from the tailor's, saw me smoking at my leisure. On entering his dressing-room, a horrible treacherous thought struck him. "I must not betray my friend," said he; "but in love all is fair, and he shall betray himself." There were my tartans, my cursed feathers, my tiger-skin sporran, upon the sofa.

He called up my groom; he made the rascal put on all my clothes, and, giving him a guinea and four cigars, bade him lock himself into the little pantry and smoke them *without taking the clothes off*. John did so, and was very ill in consequence, and so when I came to B—— House, my clothes were redolent of tobacco, and I lost lovely Mary M'Alister.

I am godfather to one of Lady Dawdley's boys, and hers is the only house where I am allowed to smoke unmolested; but I have never been able to admire Dawdley, a sly, *sournois*, spiritless, lily-livered fellow, that took his name off all his clubs the year he married.

## MISS LÖWE.

—♦—

**M**INNA LÖWE was the daughter of Moses Löwe, banker at Bonn. I passed through the town last year, fifteen years after the events I am about to relate, and heard that Moses was imprisoned for forgery and fraudulent bankruptcy. He merited the punishment which the merciful Prussian law inflicted on him.

Minna was the most beautiful creature that my eyes ever lighted on. Sneer not, ye Christian maidens; but the fact was so. I saw her for the first time seated at a window covered with golden vine-leaves, with grapes just turning to purple, and tendrils twisting in the most fantastical arabesques. The leaves cast a pretty chequered shadow over her sweet face, and the simple, thin, white muslin gown in which she was dressed. She had bare white arms, and a blue ribbon confined her little waist. She was knitting, as all German women do, whether of the Jewish sort or otherwise; and in the shadow of the room sat her sister Emma, a powerful woman with a powerful voice. Emma was at the piano, singing, "Herz, mein Herz, warum so trau-an-rig,"—singing much out of tune.

I had come to change one of Coutts's circulars at Lowe's bank, and was looking for the door of the caisse.

"Links, mein Herr!" said Minna Löwe, making the gentlest inclination with her pretty little head; and blushing ever so little, and raising up tenderly a pair of heavy blue eyes, and then dropping them again, overcome by the sight of the stranger. And no wonder; I was a sight worth contemplating then—I had golden hair which fell gracefully over my shoulders, and a slim waist (where are you now, slim waist and golden hair?), and a pair of brown mustachios that curled gracefully under a firm Roman nose, and a tuft to my chin that could not but vanquish *any* woman. "Links, mein Herr," said lovely Minna Löwe.

That little word *links* dropped upon my wounded soul like balm. There is nothing in *links*; it is not a pretty word. Minna Löwe simply told me to turn to the left, when I was debating between that side and its opposite, in order to find the cash-room door. Any other person might have said *links* (or *rechts* for that matter), and would not have made the slightest impression upon me; but Minna's full red lips, as they let slip the monosyllable, wore a smile so tender, and uttered it with such inconceivable sweetness, that I was overcome at once. "Sweet bell!" I could have said, "tinkle that dulcet note for ever—links, clinks, linx!—I love the chime. It soothes and blesses me." All this I could have said, and much more, had I had my senses about me, and had I been a proficient in the German language; but I could not speak, both from ignorance and emotion. I blushed, stuttered, took off my cap, made an immensely foolish bow, and began forthwith fumbling at the door-handle.

The reason why I have introduced the name of this siren is to show that if tobacco in a former unlucky instance has proved my enemy, in the present case it was my firmest friend. I, the descendant of the Norman Fitz-Boodle, the relative of kings and emperors, might, but for tobacco, have married the daughter of Moses Löwe, the Jew forger and convict of Bonn. I would have done it; for I hold the man a slave who calculates in love, and who thinks about prudence when his heart is in question. Men marry their cookmaids and the world looks down upon them. *Ne sit ancille amor pudori*: I exclaim with a notorious poet: if you heartily and entirely love your cookmaid, you are a fool and a coward not to wed her. What more can you want than to have your heart filled up? Can a duchess do more? You talk of the difference of rank and the decencies of society. Away, sir! love is divine, and knows not your paltry worldly calculations. It is, not love you worship, O heartless silly calculator! it is the interest of thirty thousand pounds in the Three per Cents., and the blessing of a genteel mother-in-law in Harley Street, and the ineffable joy of snug dinners, and the butler behind your chair. Fool! love is eternal, butlers and mothers-in-law are perishable: you have but the enjoyment of your Three per Cents. for forty years; and, *then*, what do they avail you? But if you believe that she whom you choose, and to whom your heart clings, is to be your soul's companion, not now merely, but for *ever and ever*; then what a paltry item of

money or time has deterred you from your happiness, what a miserable penny-wise economist you have been !

• And here, if, as a man of the world, I might be allowed to give advice to fathers and mothers of families, it would be this : young men fall in love with people of a lower rank, and they are not strong enough to resist the dread of disinheritance, or of the world's scorn, or of the cursed tyrant gentility, and dare not marry the woman they love above all. But, if prudence is strong, passion is strong too, and principle is not, and women (Heaven keep them !) are weak. We all know what happens then. Prudent papas and mammas say, "George will sow his wild oats soon, he will be tired of that odious woman one day, and we'll get a good marriage for him : meanwhile it is best to hush the matter up and pretend to know nothing about it." But suppose George does the only honest thing in his power, and marries the woman he loves above all ; *then* what a cry you have from parents and guardians, what shrieks from aunts and sisters, what excommunications and disinheriting ! "What a weak fool George is !" say his male friends in the clubs ; and no hand of sympathy is held out to poor *Mrs.* George, who is never forgiven, but shunned like a plague, and sneered at by a relentless pharisaical world until death sets her free. As long as she is *unmarried*, avoid her if you will ; but as soon as she is married, go ! be kind to her, and comfort her, and pardon and forget if you can ! And lest some charitable people should declare that I am setting up here an apology for vice, let me here, and by the way of precaution, flatly contradict them, and declare that I only would offer a *plea for marriage*.

But where has Minna Löwe been left during this page of disquisition ? Gazing through a sunny cluster of vine-leaves upon a young and handsome stranger, of noble face and exquisite proportions, who was trying to find the door of her father's bank. That entrance being through her amiable directions discovered, I entered and found Messrs. Moses and Solomon Löwe in the counting-house, Herr Solomon being the son of Moses, and head clerk or partner in the business. That I was cheated in my little matter of exchange stands to reason. A Jew banker (or such as I have had the honour to know) cannot forego the privilege of cheating ; no, if it be but for a shilling. What do I say,—a shilling ?—a penny ! He will cheat you, in the first place, in the exchanging your note ; he will then



cheat you in giving gold for your silver: and though very likely he will invite you to a splendid repast afterwards that shall have cost him a score of thalers to procure, he will have had the satisfaction of robbing you of your *groschen*, as no doubt he would rob his own father or son.

Herr Moses Lowe must have been a very sharp Israelite, indeed, to rob Herr Solomon, or *vice versâ*. The poor fellows are both in prison for a matter of forgery, as I heard last year when passing through Bonn; and I confess it was not without a little palpitation of the heart (it is a sausage-merchant's now) that I went and took one look at the house where I had at first beheld the bright eyes of Minna Löwe.

For let them say as they will, that woman whom a man has once loved *cannot* be the same to him as another. Whenever one of my passions comes into a room, my cheeks flush,—my knees tremble,—I look at her with pleased tenderness and (for the objects of my adoration do not once in forty times know their good fortune) with melancholy secret wonder. There they are, the same women, and yet not the same; it is the same nose and eyes, if you will, but not the same looks; the same voice, but not the same sweet words as of old. The figure moves, and looks, and talks to you; you know how dear and how different its speech and actions once were; 'tis the hall with all the lights put out and the garlands dead (as I have said in one of my poems). Did you ever have a pocket-book that once contained five thousand pounds? Did you ever look at that pocket-book with the money lying in it? Do you remember how you respected and admired that pocket-book, investing it with a secret awe, imagining it had a superiority to other pocket-books? I have such a pocket-book; I keep it now, and often look at it rather tenderly. It cannot be as other portfolios to me. I remember that it once held five thousand pounds.

Thus it is with love. I have empty pocket-books scattered all over Europe of this kind: and I always go and look at them just for a moment, and the spirit flies back to days gone by; kind eyes look at me as of yore, and echoes of old gentle voices fall tenderly upon the ear. Away! to the true heart the past *never* is past; and some day when Death has cleared our dull faculties, and past and future shall be rolled into one, we shall——

Well, you were quite right, my good sir, to interrupt me; I

can't help it, I am too apt to grow sentimental, and always on the most absurd pretexts. I never know when the fit will come on me, or *à propos* of what. I never was so jolly in my whole life as one day coming home from a funeral; and once went to a masked ball at Paris, the gaiety of which made me so profoundly miserable, that, egad! I wept like Xerxes (wasn't that the fellow's name?), and was sick—sick at heart. This premised, permit me, my friend, to indulge in sentiment *à propos* of Minna Löwe; for three weeks, at least, I adored the wench, and could give any person curious that way a complete psychological history of the passion's rise, progress, and decay;—decay, indeed, why do I say decay? A man does not "decay" when he tumbles down a well, he drowns there; so is love choked sometimes by abrupt conclusions, falls down wells, and, oh, the dismal truth at the bottom of them!

"If, my lord," said Herr Moses, counting out the gold Fredricks to me, "you intend to stay in our town, I hope my daughters and I will have sometimes de pleashure of your high well-born shoshiety!"

"The town is a most delightful one, Mr. Lowe," answered I. "I am myself an Oxford man, and exceedingly interested about—ahem—about the Byzantine historians, of which I see the University is producing an edition; and I shall make, I think a considerable stay." Heaven bless us! 'twas Miss Minna's eyes that had done the business. But for them I should have slept at Coblenz that very night; where, by the way, the Hôtel de la Poste is one of the very best inns in Europe.

A friend had accompanied me to Bonn,—a jolly dragoon, who was quite versed in the German language, having spent some time in the Austrian service before he joined us; or in the "Awthtwian thervith," as he would call it, with a double distilled gentility of accent, very difficult to be acquired out of Regent Street. We had quarrelled already thrice on the passage from England—viz., at Rotterdam, at Cologne, and once here; so that when he said he intended to go to Mayence, I at once proclaimed that I intended to stay where I was; and, with Miss Minna Löwe's image in my heart, went out and selected lodgings for myself as near as possible to her father's house. Wilder said I might go to—any place I liked; he remained in his quarters at the hotel, as I found a couple of days afterwards, when I saw the fellow smoking at the gateway in the company

of a score of Prussian officers, with whom he had made acquaintance.

I for my part have never been famous for that habit of extemporaneous friendship-making which some lucky fellows possess. Like most of my countrymen, when I enter a room I always take care to look about with an air as if I heartily despised every one, and wanted to know what the d—l they did there! Among foreigners I feel this especially; for the truth is, right or wrong, I can't help despising the rogues, and feeling manifestly my own superiority. In consequence of this amiable quality, then (in this particular instance of my life), I gave up the *table-d'hôte* dinner at the "Star" as something low and ungentlemanlike, made a point of staring and not answering when people spoke to me, and thus I have no doubt impressed all the world with a sense of my dignity. Instead of dining at the public place, then, I took my repast alone; though, as Wilder said with some justice, though with a good deal too much *laissez-aller* of tongue, "You gweat fool, if it's only becauth you want to be thilent, why don't you thill dine with uth. You'll get a wegular good dinner inthead of a bad one; and ath for *thpeaking* to you, depend on it every man in the room will thee you hanged futht!"

"Pray allow me to dine in my own why, Wilder," says I, in the most dignified way.

"Dine and be d—d!" said the lieutenant, and so I lived solitary and had my own way.

I proposed to take some German lessons; and for this purpose asked the banker, Mr. Lowe, to introduce me to a master. He procured one, a gentleman of his own persuasion; and, further, had the kindness to say that his clerk, Mr. Hirsch, should come and sit with me every morning and perfect me in the tongue; so that, with the master I had and the society I kept, I might acquire a very decent German pronunciation.

This Hirsch was a little albino of a creature with pinkish eyes, white hair, flame-coloured whiskers, and earrings. His eyes jutted out enormously from his countenance, as did his two large swollen red lips, which had the true Israelitish coarseness. He was always, after a short time, in and out of my apartments. He brought a dozen messages and ran as many errands for me in the course of the day. My way of addressing him was, "Hirsch, you scoundrel, get my boots!" "Hirsch, my Levite,

brush my coat for me!" "Run, you stag of Israel, and put this letter in the post!" and with many similar compliments. The little rascal was, to do him justice, as willing as possible, never minded by what name I called him, and above all,—came from Minna. He was not the rose; no, indeed, nor anything like it; but, as the poet says, "he had lived beside it;" and was there in all Sharon such a rose as Minna Löwe?

If I did not write with a moral purpose, and because my unfortunate example may act wholesomely upon other young men of fashion, and induce them to learn wisdom, I should not say a single syllable about Minna Löwe, nor all the blunders I committed, nor the humiliation I suffered. There is about a young Englishman of twenty a degree of easy self-confidence, hardly possessed even by a Frenchman. The latter swaggers and bullies about his superiority, taking all opportunities to shriek it into your ears, and to proclaim the infinite merits of himself and his nation; but, upon my word, the bragging of the Frenchman is not so conceited or intolerable as that calm, silent, contemptuous conceit of us young Britons, who think our superiority so well established that it is really not worth arguing upon, and who take upon us to despise thoroughly the whole world through which we pass. We are hated on the Continent, they say, and no wonder. If any other nation were to attempt to domineer over us as we do over Europe, we would hate them as heartily and furiously as many a Frenchman and Italian does us.

Now when I went abroad I fancied myself one of the finest fellows under the sun. I patronised a banker's dinners, as if I did him honour in eating them; I took my place before grave professors and celebrated men, and talked vapid nonsense to them in infamous French, laughing heartily in return at their own manner of pronouncing that language. I set down as a point beyond question that their customs were inferior to our own, and would not in the least scruple, in a calm way, to let my opinion be known. What an agreeable young fellow I must have been!

With these opinions, and my pleasant way of expressing them, I would sit for hours by the side of lovely Minna Löwe, ridiculing, with much of that elegant satire for which the English are remarkable, every one of the customs of the country,—the dinners, with the absurd un-English pudding in the very midst

of them; the dresses of the men, with their braided coats and great seal-rings. As for little Hirsch, he formed the constant subject of my raillery with Mademoiselle Minna; and I gave it as my fixed opinion, that he was only fit to sell sealing-wax and oranges to the coaches in Piccadilly.

"O fous avez tant d'esprit, fous autres jeunes Anglais," would she say; and I said, "Oui, nous avons beaucoup d'esprit, beaucoup plus que les Allemands," with the utmost simplicity; and then would half close my eyes, and give her a look that I thought must kill her.

Shall I tell the result of our conversation? In conversation 1, Minna asked me if I did not think the tea remarkably good, with which she and her sister treated me. She said it came overland from China, that her papa's correspondent at Petersburg forwarded it to them, and that no such tea was to be had in Germany. On this I seriously believed the tea to be excellent; and next morning at breakfast little Hirsch walked smirking into my room, with a parcel of six pounds of Congo, for which I had the honour of paying eighteen Prussian thalers, being two pounds fourteen shillings of our money.

The next time I called, Herr Moses insisted on regaling me with a glass of Cyprus wine. His brother Löwe of Constantinople was the only person in the world who possessed this precious liquor. Four days afterwards Löwe came to know how I liked the Cyprus wine which I had ordered, and would I like another dozen? On saying that I had not ordered any, that I did not like sweet wine, he answered, "*Pardon!*" it had been in my cellar three days, and he would send some excellent Médoc, at a moderate price, and would take no refusal. A basket of Médoc came that very night in my absence, with a bill directed to the "High Well-born Count von Fitz-Boodle." This excessive desire of the Löwe family to serve me made me relax my importunities somewhat. "Ah!" says Minna, with a sigh, the next time I saw her, "have we offended you, Herr George? You don't come to see us any more now!"

"I'll come to-morrow," says I; and she gave me a look and a smile which, oh!—"I am a fool, I know I am!" as the honourable member for Montrose said t'other day. And was not Samson ditto? Was not Hercules another? Next day she was seated at the vine-leaves as I entered the court. She smiled, and then retreated. She had been on the look-out for me, I knew

she had. She held out her little hand to me as I came into the room. Oh, how soft it was and how round ! and with a little apricot-coloured glove that—that I have to this day ! 'I had been arranging a little compliment as I came along, something quite new and killing. I had only the heart to say, "Es ist sehr warm."

"Oh, Herr George !" says she ; "*Lieber* Herr George, what a progress have you made in German ! You speak it like a native !"

But somehow I preferred to continue the conversation in French ; and it was made up, as I am bound to say, of remarks equally brilliant and appropriate with that one above given. When old Lowe came in I was winding a skein of silk, seated in an enticing attitude, gazing with all my soul at Delilah, who held down her beautiful eyes.

That day they did not sell me any bargains at all ; and the next found me, you may be very sure, in the same parlour again, where, in his *schlafrock*, the old Israelite was smoking his pipe.

"Get away, papa," said Minna, "English lords can't bear smoke. I'm sure Herr George dislikes it."

"Indeed I smoke occasionally myself," answered your humble servant.

"Get his lordship a pipe, Minna, my soul's darling !" exclaimed the banker.

"Oh yes : the beautiful long Turkish one," cried Minna, springing up, and presently returned, bearing a long cherry-stick covered with a scarlet and gold cloth, at one end an enamelled amber mouthpiece, a gilded pipe at the other. In she came dancing, wand in hand, and looking like a fairy !

"Stop !" she said ; "I must light it for Herr George." (By Jupiter ! there was a way that girl had of pronouncing my name, "George," which I never heard equalled before or since.) And accordingly, bidding her sister get fire, she put herself in the prettiest attitude ever seen ; with one little foot put forward, and her head thrown back, and a little hand holding the pipe-stick between finger and thumb, and a pair of red lips kissing the amber mouthpiece with the sweetest smile ever mortal saw. Her sister, giggling, lighted the tobacco, and presently you saw issuing from between those beautiful, smiling, red lips of Minna's a little curling, graceful white smoke, which rose soaring up to the ceiling. I swear, I felt quite faint with the fragrance of it.

When the pipe was lighted, she brought it to me with quite as pretty an attitude and a glance that—— Psha ! I gave old Moses Löwe fourteen pounds sterling for that pipe that very evening ; and as for the mouthpiece, I would not part with it away from me, but I wrapped it up in a glove that I took from the table, and put both into my breast pocket ; and next morning when Charley Wilder burst suddenly into my room, he found me sitting up in bed in a green silk nightcap, a little apricot-coloured glove lying on the counterpane before me, your humble servant employed in mumbling the mouthpiece as if it were a bit of barley-sugar.

He stopped, stared, burst into a shriek of laughter, and made a rush at the glove on the counterpane ; but, in a fury, I sent a large single-volumed Tom Moore (I am not a poetical man, but I must confess I was reading some passages in " Lalla Rookh " that I found applicable to my situation)—I sent, I say, a Tom Moore at his head, which, luckily, missed him ; and to which he responded by seizing a bolster and thumping me outrageously. It was lucky that he was a good-natured fellow, and had only resorted to that harmless weapon, for I was in such a fury that I certainly would have murdered him at the least insult.

I did not murder him then ; but if he peached a single word upon the subject, I swore I would, and Wilder knew I was a man of my word. He was not unaware of my *tendre* for Minna Löwe, and was for passing some of his delicate light-dragon jokes upon it and her ; but these, too, I sternly cut short.

" Why, cuth me, if I don't think you want to mawwy her ? " blurted out Wilder.

" Well, sir," said I, " and suppose I do ? "

" What ! mawwy the daughter of that thwindling old clotheman ? I tell you what, Fitz-Boodle, they alwayth thaid you were mad in the weg'ment, and, run me thwough, if I don't think you are."

" The nan," says I, " sir, who would address Mademoiselle Löwe in any but an honourable way is a scoundrel ; and the man who says a word against her character is a liar ! "

After a little further parley (which Wilder would not have continued but that he wanted to borrow money of me), that gentleman retired, declaring that " I wath ath thulky ath a bear with a thaw head," and left me to my apricot-coloured glove and my amber mouthpiece.

Wilder's assertion that I was going to act up to opinions which I had always professed, and to marry Minna Löwe, certainly astounded me, and gave me occasion for thought. Marry the daughter of a Jew banker! I, George Fitz-Boodle! That would never do; not unless she had a million to her fortune, at least, and it was not probable that a humble dealer at Bonn could give her so much. But, marry her or not, I could not refrain from the sweet pleasure of falling in love with her, and shut my eyes to the morrow that I might properly enjoy the day. Shortly after Wilder's departure, little Hirsch paid his almost daily visit to me. I determined—and wondered that I had never thought of the scheme before—sagely to sound him regarding Minna's fortune, and to make use of him as my letter and message carrier.

"Ah, Hirsch! my lion of Judah!" says I, "you have brought me the pipe-stick, have you?"

"Yes, my lord, and seven pounds of the tobacco you said you liked. 'Tis real Syrian, and a great bargain you get it, I promise."

"Egad! replied I, affecting an air of much careless ingenuousness. "Do you know, Hirsch, my boy, that the youngest of the Miss Löwes—Miss Anna, I think you call her"—

"Minna," said Hirsch, with a grin.

"Well, Minna—Minna, Hirsch, is a devilish fine girl; upon my soul now, she is."

"Do you really think so?" says Hirsch.

"'Pon my honour, I do. And yesterday, when she was lighting the pipe-stick, she looked so confoundedly handsome that I—I quite fell in love with her; really I did."

"Ho! Vell, you do our people great honour, I'm sure," answered Hirsch.

"Father a warm man?"

"Varm! How do you mean varm?"

"Why, *rich*. We call a rich man *warm* in England; only you don't understand the language. How much will he give his daughter?"

"Oh! very little. Not a veck of your income, my lord," said Hirsch.

"Pooh, pooh! You always talk of me as if I'm rich; but I tell you I am poor—exceedingly poor."



"Go away vid you!" said Hirsch incredulously. "You poor! I wish I had a year of your income; that I do" (and I have no doubt he did, or of the revenue of any one else). "I be a rich man, and have de best house in Bogn."

"Are you so very poor yourself, Hirsch, that you talk in this way?" asked I.

To which the young Israelite replied, that he had not one dollar to rub against another; that Mr. Löwe was a close man; and finally (upon my pressing the point, like a cunning dog as I was!), that he would do anything to earn a little money.

"Hirsch," said I, like a wicked young reprobate and Don Juan, "will you carry a letter to Miss Minna Löwe?"

Now there was no earthly reason why I should have made a twopenny postman of Mr. Hirsch. I might with just as much ease have given Minna the letter myself. I saw her daily, and for hours, and it would be hard if I could not find her for a minute alone, or at least slip a note into her glove or pocket-handkerchief, if secret the note must be. But, I don't mind owning it, I was as ignorant of any love-making which requires mystery as any bishop on the bench, and pitched upon Hirsch, as it were, because in comedies and romances that I had read the hero has always a go-between—a valet, or humble follower—who performs the intrigue of the piece. So I asked Hirsch the above question, "Would he carry a letter to Miss Minna Löwe?"

"Give it me," said he, with a grin.

But the deuce of it was, it wasn't written. Rosina, in the opera, has hers ready in her pocket, and says "*Eccolo quà*" when Figaro makes the same request, so I told Hirsch that I would get it ready. And a very hard task I found it too, in sitting down to compose the document. It shall be in verse, thought I, for Minna understands some English; but there is no rhyme to Minna, as everybody knows, except a Cockney, who might make "thinner, dinner, winner," &c., answer to it. And as for Löwe, it is just as bad. Then it became, as I thought, my painful duty to send her a note in French; and in French finally it was composed, and I blush now when I think of the nonsense and bad grammar it contained—the conceit above all. The easy vulgar assurance of victory with which I, a raw lad from the stupidest country in Europe, assailed one of the most beautiful women in the world!

Hirsch took the letter, and to bribe the fellow to silence, I agreed to purchase a great hideous amethyst brooch, which he had offered me a dozen times for sale, and which I had always refused till now. He said it had been graciously received, but as all the family were present in the evening when I called, of course no allusion could be made to the note; but I thought Minna looked particularly kind, as I sat and lost a couple of Fredericks at *carté* to a very stout Israelite lady, Madame Löwe, junior, the wife of Monsieur Solomon Lowe.—I think it was on this night, or the next, that I was induced to purchase a bale of remarkably fine lawn for shirts, for old Löwe had everything to sell, as is not uncommon with men of his profession and persuasion; and had I expressed a fancy for a coffin or a hod of mortar, I have no doubt Hirsch would have had it at my door next morning.

I went on sending letters to Minna, copying them out of a useful little work called "*Le Petit Secrétaire Français*," and easily adapting them to circumstances by altering a phrase here and there. Day and night I used to dangle about the house. It was provoking, to be sure, that Minna was never alone now; her sister or Madame Solomon was always with her, and as they naturally spoke German, of which language I knew but few words, my evenings were passed in sighing, ogling, and saying nothing. I must have been a very charming companion. One evening was pretty much like another. Four or five times in the week old Lowe would drop in and sell me a bargain. Berlin-iron chains and trinkets for my family at home; Naples soap, a case of *eau de Cologne*; a beautiful dressing-gown, lined with fur, for the winter; a rifle, one of the famous Frankfort make; a complete collection of the German classics; and finally, to my awful disgust, a set of the Byzantine historians.

I must tell you that, although my banking friend had furnished me with half a stone of Syrian tobacco from his brother at Constantinople, and though the most beautiful lips in the world had first taught me to smoke it, I discovered, after a few pipes of the weed, that it was not so much to my taste as that grown in the West Indies; and as his Havannah cigars were also not to my liking, I was compelled, not without some scruples of conscience at my infidelity, to procure my smoking supplies elsewhere.

And now I come to the fatal part of my story. Wilder, who

was likewise an amateur of the weed, once came to my lodgings in the company of a tobacconist whom he patronised; and who brought several boxes and samples for inspection. Herr Rohr, which was the gentleman's name, sat down with us. His wares were very good, and—must I own it?—I thought it would be a very clever and prudent thing on my part to exchange some of my rare Syrian against his canaster and Havannahs. I vaunted the quality of the goods to him, and going into the inner room, returned with a packet of the real Syrian. Herr Rohr looked at the parcel rather contemptuously, I thought.

"I have plenty of these goods in my shop," said he.

"Why, you don't say so," says Wilder, with a grin; "it's the weal wegwular Thywian. My friend Fitz-Boodle got it from hith banketh, and no mithtake!"

"Was it from Mr. Lowe?" says Rohr, with another provoking sneer.

"Exactly. His brother Israel sent it from Constantinople."

"Bah!" says Rohr. "I sold this very tobacco, seven pounds of it, at fourteen groschen a pound, to Miss Minna Löwe and little Mr. Hirsch, who came express to my shop for it. Here's my seal," says Mr. Rohr. And sure enough he produced from a very fat and dirty forefinger, a seal, which bore the engraving on the packet.

"You sold that to Miss Minna Löwe?" groaned poor George Fitz-Boodle.

"Yes, and she bated me down half a gros in the price. Heaven help you, sir! she *always* makes the bargains for her father. There's something so pretty about her that we can't resist her."

"And do you thell *wineth*, too—Thypwuth and Médoc, hey?" continued the brute Wilder, enjoying the joke.

"No," answered Mr. Rohr, with another confounded sneer. "He makes those himself; but I *have* some very fine Médoc and Greek wine, if his high well-born lordship would like a few dozen. Shall I send a panier?"

"*Leave the room*, sir!" here shouted I, in a voice of uncontrollable ferocity, and looked so wildly that little Rohr rushed away in a fright, and Wilder burst into one of his demoniacal laughs again.

"Don't you thee, my good fwiend," continued he, "how wegwularly thethe people have been doing you? I tell you their

chawacterth are known all over the town. There'th not a thitudent in the place but can give you a hithtory of the family. Löwe ith an infarnal old uthuwer, and hith daughterth wegular mantwaphth. At the Thtar, where I dine with the officerth of the garrithon, you and Minna are a thtandard joke. Captain Heerpauk wath caught himthelf for near thix weekth; young Von Twommel wath wemoved by hith fwicndth; old Colonel Blitz wath at one time tho nearly gone in love with the elder, that he would have had a divorce from hith lady. Among the thtudentth the mania hath been jutht the thame. Whenever one wath worth plucking, Löwe uthed to have him to hith houthe and wob him, until at latht the wathcal'th chawacter became tho well known that the thtudentth in a body have detherted him, and you will find that not one of them will dance with hith daughterth, handthome ath they are. Go down to Godesberg to night and thee."

"I *am* going," answered I; "the young ladies asked me to drive down in their carriage;" and I flung myself back on the sofa, and puffed away volumes of smoke, and tossed and tumbled the live-long day, with a horrible conviction that something of what Wilder had told me might be true, and with a vow to sacrifice, at least, one of the officers who had been laughing at me.

There they were, the scoundrels! in their cursed tight frock-coats and hay-coloured mustachios, twirling round in the waltzes with the citizens' daughters, when, according to promise, I arrived with the Israelitish ladies at the garden at Godesberg, where dancing is carried on twice or thrice in a week. There were the students with their long pipes, and little caps, and long hair, tippling at the tables under the leaves, or dancing that absurd waltz which has always been the object of my contempt. The fact is, I am not a dancing man.

Students and officers, I thought every eye was looking at me, as I entered the garden with Miss Minna Löwe on my arm. Wilder tells me that I looked blue with rage, and as if I should cut the throat of any man I met.

We had driven down in old Löwe's landau, the old gentleman himself acting as coachman, with Mr. Hirsch in his best clothes by his side. In the carriage came Madame Solomon, in yellow satin; Miss Löwe, in light green (it is astonishing how persons of a light complexion will wear this detestable colour); Miss Minna was in white muslin, with a pair of black knit gloves on

her beautiful arms, a pink riband round her delicate waist, and a pink scarf on her shoulders, for in those days—and the fashion exists still somewhat on the Rhine—it was the custom of ladies to dress themselves in what we call an evening costume for dinner-time; and so was the lovely Minna attired. As I sat by her on the back seat, I did not say one single word, I confess, but looked unutterable things, and forgot in her beauty all the suspicions of the morning. I hadn't asked her to waltz—for, the fact is, I didn't know how to waltz, and so only begged her hand for a quadrille.

We entered thus Mr. Blintzner's garden as I have described, the men staring at us, the lovely Minna on my arm. I ordered refreshments for the party; and we sat at a table near the boarded place where the people were dancing. No one came up to ask Minna to waltz, and I confess I was not sorry for it—for I own to that dog-in-the-manger jealousy which is common to love—no one came but poor little Hirsch, who had been absent to get sandwiches for the ladies, and came up making his bow just as I was asking Minna whether she would give no response to my letters. She looked surprised—looked at Hirsch, who looked at me, and laying his hand (rather familiarly) upon my arm, put the other paw to his great red blubber lips, as if enjoining silence; and, without a word, carries off Minna, and began twisting her round in a waltz.

The little brute had assumed his best clothes for the occasion. He had a white hat and a pair of white gloves; a green satin stock, with profuse studs of jewels in his shirt; a yellow waistcoat, with one of pink Cashmere underneath; very short nankeen trousers, and striped silk stockings; and a swallow-tailed, short-waisted, light-brown coat, with brass buttons; the tails whirled in the wind as he and his partner spun round to a very quick waltz—not without agility, I confess, on the little scoundrel's part—and oh, with what incomparable grace on Minna's. The other waltzers cleared away, doubtless to look at her performance; but though such a reptile was below my jealousy, I felt that I should have preferred to the same music to kick the little beast round the circle rather than see his hand encircling such a waist as that.

They only made one or two turns, however, and came back. Minna was blushing very red, and very much agitated.

"Will you take one turn, Fräulein Lisa?" said the active

Hirsch ; and after a little to-do on the part of the elder sister, she got up, and advanced to the dancing place.

What was my surprise when the people again cleared off, and left the pair to perform alone ! Hirsch and his partner enjoyed their waltz, however, and returned, looking as ill-humoured as possible. The band struck up presently a quadrille tune. I would not receive any of Minna's excuses. She did not wish to dance ; she was faint—she had no *vis-à-vis*. "Hirsch," said I, with much courtesy, "take out Madame Solomon, and come and dance." We advanced—big Mrs. Solomon and Hirsch, Minna and I—Miss Lisa remaining with her papa over the Rhine wine and sandwiches.

There were at least twenty couple, who were mustering to make a quadrille when we advanced. Minna blushed scarlet, and I felt her trembling on my arm, no doubt 'twas from joy at dancing with the fashionable young Engländer. Hirsch, with a low bow and scrape, led Madame Solomon opposite us, and put himself in the fifth position. It was rather disgusting, certainly, for George Savage Fitz-Boodle to be dancing *vis-à-vis* with such an animal as that !

Mr. Hirsch clapped his hands with a knowing air, to begin. I looked up from Minna (what I had been whispering to her must not be concealed—in fact, I had said so previously, *es ist sehr warm* ; but I said it with an accent that must have gone to her heart),—when I say I looked up from her lovely face, I found that every one of the other couples had retired, and that we four were left to dance the quadrille by ourselves !

Yes, by Heavens ! it was so ! Minna, from being scarlet, turned ghastly pale, and would have fallen back had I not encircled her with my arm. "I'm ill," said she ; "let me go back to my father." "You *must* dance," said I, and held up my clenched fist at Hirsch, who I thought would have moved off too ; on which the little fellow was compelled to stop. And so we four went through the quadrille.

The first figure seemed to me to last a hundred thousand years. I don't know how it was that Minna did not fall down and faint ; but gathering courage all of a sudden, and throwing a quick fierce look round about her, as if in defiance, and a frown which made my little angel for a moment look like a little demon, she went through the dance with as much gracefulness as a duchess. As for me,—at first the whole air seemed to be

peopled with grinning faces, and I moved about almost choked with rage and passion. Then gradually the film of fury wore off, and I became wonderfully calm,—nay, had the leisure to look at Monsicur Hirsch, who performed all the steps with wonderful accuracy; and at every one of the faces round about, officers, students, and citizens. None of the gentlemen, probably, liked my face,—for theirs wore, as I looked at them, a very grave and demure expression. But as Minna was dancing, I heard a voice behind her cry, sneeringly, "Brava!" I turned quickly round and caught the speaker. He turned very red, and so betrayed himself. Our eyes met—it was a settled thing. There was no need of any further arrangement, and it was then, as I have said, that the film cleared off; and I have to thank Captain Heerpauk for getting through the quadrille without an apoplexy.

"Did you hear that—that voice, Herr George?" said Miss Minna, looking beseechingly in my face, and trembling on my arm, as I led her back to her father. Poor soul! I saw it all at once. She loved me,—I knew she did, and trembled lest I should run into any danger. I stuttered, stammered, vowed I did not hear it; at the same time swearing inwardly an oath of the largest dimensions, that I would cut the throat whence that "Brava" issued. I left my lady for a moment, and finding Wilder, pointed out the man to him.

"Oh, Heerpauk," says he, "What do you want with him?"

"Charley," says I, with much heroism and ferocity, "*I want to shoot him; just tell him so.*" And when, on demurring, I swore I would go and put the captain's nose on the ground, Wilder agreed to settle the business for me; and I returned to our party.

It was quite clear that we could not stay longer in the gardens. Löwe's carriage was not to come for an hour yet; for the banker would not expend money in stabling his horses at the inn, and had accordingly sent them back to Bonn. What should we do? There is a ruined castle at Godesberg, which looks down upon the fair green plain of the Rhine, where Mr. Blintzner's house stands (and let the reader be thankful that I don't give a description of scenery here); there is, I say, a castle at Godesberg. "*Explorons le shatto,*" says I; which elegant French Hirsch translated; and this suggestion was adopted by the five Israelites, to the fairest of whom I offered my arm.

The lovely Minna took it, and away we went ; Wilder, who was standing at the gate, giving me a nod, to say all was right. I saw him presently strolling up the hill after me, with a Prussian officer, with whom he was talking. Old Löwe was with his daughter, and as the old banker was infirm, the pair walked but slowly. Monsieur Hirsch had given his arm to Madame Solomon. She was a fat woman ; the consequence was that Minna and I were soon considerably ahead of the rest of the party, and were ascending the hill alone. I said several things to her, such as only lovers say. " Com il fay bo issy," says I, in the most insinuating way. No answer. " Es ist etwas kalt," even I continued, admirably varying my phrase. She did not speak ; she was agitated by the events of the evening, and no wonder.

That fair round arm resting on mine,—that lovely creature walking by my side in the calm moonlight,—the silver Rhine flashing before us, with Drachenfels and the Seven Mountains rising clear in the distance,—the music of the dance coming up to us from the plain below,—the path winding every now and then into the darkest foliage, and at the next moment giving us rich views of the moonlit river and plain below. Could any man but feel the influence of a scene so exquisitely lovely ?

" Minna," says I, as she wouldn't speak,—"*Minna*, I love you ; you have known it long, long ago, I know you have. Nay, do not withdraw your hand ; your heart has spoken for me. Be mine, then !" and taking her hand, I kissed it rapturously, and should have proceeded to her cheek, no doubt, when—she gave me a swinging box on the ear, started back, and incontinently fell a-screaming as loudly as any woman ever did.

" *Minna*, *Minna* !" I heard the voice of that cursed Hirsch shouting. "*Minna*, *meine Gattin* !" and he rushed up the hill ; and Minna flung herself in his arms, crying, "*Lorenzo*, my husband, save me !"

The Löwe family, Wilder, and his friend, came skurrying up the hill at the same time ; and we formed what in the theatres is called a tableau.

" You coward !" says Minna, her eyes flashing fire, " who could see a woman insulted, and never defend her !"

" You coward," roared Hirsch ; " coward as well as profligate ! You communicated to me your lawless love for this angel,—to me her affianced husband ; and you had the audacity



to send her letters, not one of which, so help me Heaven, has been received. Yes, you will laugh at Jews,—will you, you brutal Englishman? You will insult our people,—will you, you stupid islander? Psha! I spit upon you!" and here Monsieur Hirsch snapped his fingers in my face, holding Minna at the same time round the waist, who thus became the little monster's buckler.

They presently walked away, and left me in a pleasant condition. I was actually going to fight a duel on the morrow for the sake of this fury, and it appeared that she had flung me off for cowardice. I had allowed myself to be swindled by her father, and insulted by her filthy little bridegroom, and for what? All the consolation I got from Wilder was,—“I told you tho, my boy, but you wouldn't lithen, you gweat thtoopid blundewing ignowamuth; and now I shall have to thee you shot and buwied to-morrow; and I dare thay you won't even remember me in your will. Captain Schläger,” continued he, presenting me to his companion, “Mr. Fitz-Boodle; the Captain acts for Heerpauk in the morning, and we were just talking matters over, when Webecca yonder quied out, and we found her in the armth of Bwian de Bois-Guilbert here.”

Captain Schläger was a little, social, good-humoured man, with a mustachio of straw and silver mixed, and a brilliant purple sabre-cut across a rose-coloured nose. He had the Iron Cross at his buttonhole, and looked, as he was, a fierce little fighter. But he was too kind-hearted to allow of two boys needlessly cutting each other's throats; and much to the disappointment of Wilder, doubtless, who had been my second in the Martingale affair, and enjoyed no better sport, he said in English, laughing, “Vell, make your mint easy, my goot young man, I tink you af got into enough sgraves about dis tam Shewess; and dat you and Heerpauk haf no need to blow each other's brains off.”

“Ath for Fithth apologithing,” burst out Wilder, “that'th out of the quethtion. He gave the challenge, you know; and how the *dooth* ith he to apologithe now?”

“He gavé the challenge, and you took it, and you are de greatest fool of de two. I say the two young men shall not fight;” and then the honest Captain entered into a history of the worthy family of Israel, which would have saved me at least

fifty pounds, had I known it sooner. It did not differ in substance from what Rohr and Wilder had both told me in the morning. The venerable Löwe was a great thief and extortioner: the daughters were employed as decoy-ducks, in the first place for the University and the garrison, and afterwards for young strangers, such as my wise self, who visited the place. There was some very sad story about the elder Miss Löwe and a tutor from Saint John's College, Cambridge, who came to Bonn on a reading tour; but I am not at liberty to set down here the particulars. And with regard to Minna, there was a still more dismal history. A fine handsome young student, the pride of the University, had first ruined himself through the offices of the father, and then shot himself for love of the daughter; from which time the whole town had put the family into Coventry; nor had they appeared for two years in public until upon the present occasion with me. As for Monsieur Hirsch, he did not care. He was of a rich Frankfort family of the people, serving his apprenticeship with Löwe, a cousin, and the destined husband of the younger daughter. He traded as much as he could on his own account, and would run upon any errand, and buy or sell anything for a consideration. And so, instead of fighting Captain Heerpauk, I agreed, willingly enough, to go back to the hotel at Godesberg, and shake hands with that officer. The reconciliation, or, rather, the acquaintance between us, was effected over a bottle of wine, at Mr. Blintzner's hotel; and we rode comfortably back in a drosky together to Bonn, where the friendship was still more closely cemented by a supper. At the close of the repast, Heerpauk made a speech on England, fatherland, and German truth and love, and kindly saluted me with a kiss, which is at any lady's service who peruses this little narrative.

As for Mr. Hirsch, it must be confessed, to my shame, that the next morning a gentleman having the air of an old clothesman off duty presented me with an envelope, containing six letters of my composition addressed to Miss Minna Löwe (among them was a little poem in English, which has since called tears from the eyes of more than one lovely girl); and, furthermore, a letter from himself, in which he, Baron Hirsch, of Hirschenwald (the scoundrel, like my friend Wilder, purchased his title in the "Awthtwian Thervith")—in which he, I

say, Baron Hirsch, of Hirschenwald, challenges me for insulting Miss Minna Löwe, or demands an apology.

This, I said, Mr. Hirsch might have whenever he chose to come and fetch it, pointing to a horsewhip which lay in a corner: but that he must come early, as I proposed to quit Bona the next morning. The Baron's friend, hearing this, asked whether I would like some remarkably fine cigars for my excursion, which he could give me a great bargain? He was then shown to the door by my body-servant; nor did Hirsch von Hirschenwald come for the apology.

Twice every year, however, I get a letter from him, dated Frankfort, and proposing to make me a present of a splendid palace in Austria or Bohemia, or 200,000 florins, should I prefer money. I saw his lady at Frankfort only last year, in a front box at the theatre loaded with diamonds, and at least sixteen stone in weight.

Ah! Minna, Minna! thou mayest grow to be as ugly as sin, and as fat as Daniel Lambert, but I have the amber mouthpiece still, and swear that the prettiest lips in Jewry have kissed it!

[The MS. here concludes with a rude design of a young lady smoking a pipe.]



## DOROTHEA.

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BEYOND sparring and cricket, I do not recollect I learned anything useful at Slaughter House School, where I was educated (according to an old family tradition; which sends particular generations of gentlemen to particular schools in the kingdom; and such is the force of habit, that though I hate the place, I shall send my own son thither too, should I marry any day). I say I learned little that was useful at Slaughter House, and nothing that was ornamental. I would as soon have thought of learning to dance as of learning to climb chimneys. Up to the age of seventeen, as I have shown, I had a great contempt for the female race, and when age brought with it warmer and juster sentiments, where was I?—I could no more dance nor prattle to a young girl than a young bear could. I have seen the ugliest little low-bred wretches carrying off young and lovely creatures, twirling with them in waltzes, whispering between their glossy curls in quadrilles, simpering with perfect equanimity, and cutting *pas* in that abominable "cavalier seul," until my soul grew sick with fury. In a word, I determined to learn to dance.

But such things are hard to be acquired late in life, when the bones and habits of a man are formed. Look at a man in a hunting-field who has not been taught to ride as a boy. All the pluck and courage in the world will not make the man of him that I am, or as any man who has had the advantages of early education in the field.

In the same way with dancing. Though I went to work with immense energy, both in Brewer Street, Golden Square (with an advertising fellow), and afterwards with old Coulon at Paris, I never was able to be *easy* in dancing; and though little Coulon instructed me in a smile, it was a cursed forced one, that looked like the grin of a person in extreme agony. I once caught sight of it in a glass, and have hardly ever smiled since.

Most young men about London have gone through that strange secret ordeal of the dancing-school. I am given to understand that young snobs from attorneys' offices, banks, shops, and the like, make not the least mystery of their proceedings in the saltatory line, but trip gaily, with pumps in hand, to some dancing-place about Soho, waltz and quadrille it with Miss Greengrocer or Miss Butcher, and fancy they have had rather a pleasant evening. There is one house in Dover Street, where, behind a dirty curtain, such figures may be seen hopping every night, to a perpetual fiddling; and I have stood some-



times wondering in the street, with about six blackguard boys wondering too, at the strange contortions of the figures jumping up and down to the mysterious squeaking of the kit. Have they no shame *ces gens*? are such degrading initiations to be held in public? No, the snob may, but the man of refined mind never can submit to show himself in public labouring at the apprenticeship of this most absurd art. It is owing, perhaps, to this modesty, and the fact that I had no sisters at home; that I have never thoroughly been able to dance; for though I always arrive at the end of a quadrille (and thank Heaven for it too!) and though, I believe, I make no mistake in particular,

yet I solemnly confess I have never been able thoroughly to comprehend the mysteries of it, or what I have been about from the beginning to the end of the dance. I always look at the lady opposite, and do as she does; if *she* did not know how to dance, *par hasard*, it would be all up. But if they can't do anything else, women can dance; let us give them that praise at least.

In London, then, for a considerable time, I used to get up at eight o'clock in the morning, and pass an hour alone with Mr. Wilkinson of the Theatres Royal, in Golden Square—an hour alone. It was "one, two, three; one, two, three—now jump—right foot more out, Mr. Smith: and if you *could* try and look a little more cheerful, your partner, sir, would like you all the better." Wilkinson called me Smith, for the fact is, I did not tell him my real name, nor (thank Heaven!) does he know it to this day.

I never breathed a word of my doings to any soul among my friends; once a pack of them met me in the strange neighbourhood, when, I am ashamed to say, I muttered something about a "little French milliner," and walked off, looking as knowing as I could.

In Paris, two Cambridge men and myself, who happened to be staying at a boarding-house together, agreed to go to Coulon, a little creature of four feet high with a pigtail. His room was hung round with glasses. He made us take off our coats, and dance each before a mirror. Once he was standing before us playing on his kit—the sight of the little master and the pupil was so supremely ridiculous, that I burst into a yell of laughter, which so offended the old man that he walked away abruptly, and begged me not to repeat my visits. Nor did I. I was just getting into waltzing then, but determined to drop waltzing, and content myself with quadrilling for the rest of my days.

This was all very well in France and England; but in Germany what was I to do? What did Hercules do when Omphale captivated him? What did Rinaldo do when Armida fixed upon him her twinkling eyes? Nay, to cut all historical instances short, by going at once to the earliest, what did Adam do when Eve tempted him? He yielded and became her slave; and so I do heartily trust every honest man will yield until the end of the world—he has no heart who will not. When I was

in Germany, I say, I began to learn to *waltz*. The reader from this will no doubt expect that some new love-adventures befell me, —nor will his gentle heart be disappointed. Two deep and tremendous incidents occurred which shall be notified on the present occasion.

The reader, perhaps, remembers the brief appearance of his Highness the Duke of Kalbsbraten-Pumpnickel at B— House, in the first part of my Memoirs, at that unlucky period of my life when the Duke was led to remark the odour about my clothes which lost me the hand of Mary M'Alister. I somehow found myself in his Highness's territories, of which anybody may read a description in the *Almanach de Gotha*. His Highness's father, as is well known, married Emilia Kunegunda Thomasina Charleria Emanuela Louisa Georgina, Princess of Saxe-Pumpnickel, and a cousin of his Highness the Duke. Thus the two principalities were united under one happy sovereign in the person of Philibert Sigismund Emanuel Maria, the reigning Duke, who has received from his country (on account of the celebrated pump which he erected in the market-place of Kalbsbraten) the well-merited appellation of the Magnificent. The allegory which the statues round about the pump represent, is of a very mysterious and complicated sort. Minerva is observed leading up Ceres to a river-god, who has his arms round the neck of Pomona; while Mars (in a full-bottomed wig) is driven away by Peace, under whose mantle two lovely children, representing the Duke's two provinces, repose. The celebrated Speck is, as need scarcely be said, the author of this piece; and of other magnificent edifices in the Residenz, such as the 'guard-room, the skittle-hall (*Grossherzoglich Kalbsbratenpumpnickelisch Schkittelspielsaal*), &c., and the superb sentry-boxes before the Grand-Ducal Palace. He is Knight Grand Cross of the ancient Kartoffel Order, as, indeed, is almost every one else in his Highness's dominions.

The town of Kalbsbraten contains a population of two thousand inhabitants, and a palace which would accommodate about six times that number. The principality sends three and a half men to the German Confederation, who are commanded by a General (Excellency), two Major-Generals, and sixty-four officers of lower grades; all noble, all knights of the Order, and almost all chamberlains to his Highness the Grand Duke. An excellent band of eighty performers is the admiration of the surrounding

country, and leads the Grand-Ducal troops to battle in time of war. Only three of the contingent of soldiers returned from the battle of Waterloo, where they won much honour; the remainder was cut to pieces on that glorious day.

There is a chamber of representatives (which, however, nothing can induce to sit), home and foreign ministers, residents from neighbouring courts, law presidents, town councils, &c., all the adjuncts of a big or little government. The Court has its chamberlains and marshals, the Grand Duchess her noble ladies in waiting and blushing maids of honour. Thou wert one, Dorothea! Dost remember the poor young Englishman? We parted in anger; but I think—I think thou hast not forgotten him.

The way in which I have Dorothea von Speck present to my mind is this: not as I first saw her in the garden—for her hair was in bandeaux then, and a large Leghorn hat with a deep riband covered half her fair face,—not in a morning-dress, which, by the way, was none of the newest nor the best made—but as I saw her afterwards at a ball at the pleasant splendid little Court, where she moved the most beautiful of the beauties of Kalbsbraten. The grand saloon of the palace is lighted—the Grand Duke and his officers, the Duchess and her ladies, have passed through. I, in my uniform of the —th, and a number of young fellows (who are evidently admiring my legs and envying my *distinguished* appearance), are waiting round the entrance-door, where a huge Heyduke is standing, and announcing the titles of the guests as they arrive.

"HERR OBERHOF-UND BAU-INSPEKTOR VON SPECK!" shouts the Heyduke; and the little Inspector comes in. His lady is on his arm—huge, in towering plumes, and her favourite costume of light blue. Fair women always dress in light blue or light green; and Frau von Speck is very fair and stout.

But who comes behind her? Lieber Himmel! It is Dorothea! Did earth, among all the flowers which have sprung from its bosom, produce ever one more beautiful? She was none of your heavenly beauties, I tell you. She had nothing ethereal about her. No, sir; she was of the earth earthy, and must have weighed ten stone four or five, if she weighed an ounce. She had none of your Chinese feet, nor waspy unhealthy waists, which those may admire who will. No: Dorothea's foot was a good stout one; you could see her ankle (if her robe was



short enough) without the aid of a microscope; and that envious little sour-skinny Amalia von Mangelwürzel used to hold up her four fingers and say (the two girls were most intimate friends of course), "Dear Dorothea's vaist is so much dicker as dis." And so I have no doubt it was.

But what then? Goethe sings in one of his divine epigrams:—

"Epicures vaunting their taste, entitle me vulgar and savage:  
Give them their Brussels-sprouts, but I am contented with cabbage."

I hate your little women—that is, when I am in love with a tall one; and who would not have loved Dorothea?

Fancy her, then, if you please, about five feet four inches high—fancy her in the family colour of light blue, a little scarf covering the most brilliant shoulders in the world; and a pair of gloves clinging close round an arm that may, perhaps, be somewhat too large now, but that Juno might have envied then. After the fashion of young ladies on the Continent, she wears no jewels or gimcracks: her only ornament is a wreath of vine-leaves in her hair, with little clusters of artificial grapes. Down on her shoulders falls the brown hair, in rich liberal clusters; all that health, and good-humour, and beauty can do for the face, kind nature has done for hers. Her eyes are frank, sparkling, and kind. As for her cheeks, what paint-box or dictionary contains pigments or words to describe their red? They say she opens her mouth and smiles always to show the dimples in her cheeks. Psha! she smiles because she is happy, and kind, and good-humoured, and not because her teeth are little pearls.

All the young fellows crowd up to ask her to dance, and, taking from her waist a little mother-of-pearl remembrancer, she notes them down. Old Schnabel for the polonaise; Klingenspoehr, first waltz; Haarbart, second waltz; Count Hornpieper (the Danish envoy), third; and so on. I have said why I could not ask her to waltz, and I turned away with a pang, and played *carté* with Colonel Trumpenpack all night.

In thus introducing this lovely creature in her ball-costume, I have been somewhat premature, and had best go back to the beginning of the history of my acquaintance with her.

Dorothea, then, was the daughter of the celebrated Speck before mentioned. It is one of the oldest names in Germany, where her father's and mother's houses, those of Speck and

Eyer, are loved wherever they are known. Unlike his warlike progenitor, Lorenzo von Speck, Dorothea's father, had early shown himself a passionate admirer of art; had quitted home to study architecture in Italy, and had become celebrated throughout Europe, and been appointed Oberhofarchitect and Kunst- und Bau-Inspektor of the united principalities. They are but four miles wide, and his genius has consequently but little room to play. What art can do, however, he does. The palace is frequently whitewashed under his eyes; the theatre painted occasionally; the noble public buildings erected of which I have already made mention.

I had come to Kalbsbraten, scarce knowing whither I went; and having, in about ten minutes, seen the curiosities of the place (I did not care to see the King's palace, for chairs and tables have no great charm for me), I had ordered horses, and wanted to get on I cared not whither, when Fate threw Dorothea in my way. I was yawning back to the hotel through the palace-garden, a *valet-de-place* at my side, when I saw a young lady seated under a tree reading a novel, her mamma on the same bench (a fat woman in light blue) knitting a stocking, and two officers, choked in their stays, with various orders on their spinach-coloured coats, standing by in first attitudes: the one was caressing the fat lady-in-blue's little dog; the other was twirling his own moustache, which was already as nearly as possible curled into his own eye.

I don't know how it is, but I hate to see men evidently intimate with nice-looking women, and on good terms with themselves. There's something annoying in their cursed complacency—their evident sunshiny happiness. I've no woman to make sunshine for *me*; and yet my heart tells me that not one, but several such suns, would do good to my system.

"Who are those pert-looking officers," says I, peevishly, to the guide, "who are talking to those vulgar-looking women?"

"The big one, with the epaulets, is Major von Schnabel; the little one, with the pale face, is Stiefel von Klingenspoehr."

"And the big blue woman?"

"The Grand-Ducal Pumpnickelian-Court-architectress and Upper-Palace-and-building-Inspectress von Speck, born von Eyer," replied the guide. "Your well-born honour has seen the pump in the market-place; that is the work of the great Von Speck."

"And yonder young person?"

"Mr. Court-architect's daughter, the Fräulein Dorothea."

Dorothea looked up from her novel here, and turned her face towards the stranger who was passing, and then blushing turned it down again. Schnabel looked at me with a scowl, Klingenspoehr with a simper, the dog with a yelp, the fat lady in blue just gave one glance, and seemed, I thought, rather well pleased. "Silence, Lischen!" said she to the dog. "Go on, darling Dorothea," she added, to her daughter, who continued her novel.

Her voice was a little tremulous, but very low and rich. For some reason or other, on getting back to the inn, I countermanded the horses, and said I would stay for the night.

I not only stayed that night, but many many afterwards; and as for the manner in which I became acquainted with the Speck family, why it was a good joke against me at the time, and I did not like then to have it known; but now it may as well come out at once. Speck, as everybody knows, lives in the market-place, opposite his grand work of art, the town pump, or fountain. I bought a large sheet of paper, and, having a knack at drawing, sat down, with the greatest gravity, before the pump and sketched it for several hours. I knew it would bring out old Speck to see. At first he contented himself by flattening his nose against the window-glasses of his study, and looking what the Englander was about. Then he put on his grey cap with the huge green shade, and sauntered to the door: then he walked round me, and formed one of a band of street-idlers who were looking on: then at last he could restrain himself no more, but, pulling off his cap, with a low bow, began to discourse upon arts, and architecture in particular.

"It is curious," says he, "that you have taken the same view of which a print has been engraved."

"That is extraordinary," says I (though it wasn't, for I had traced my drawing at a window off the very print in question). I added that I was, like all the world, immensely struck with the beauty of the edifice; heard of it at Rome, where it was considered to be superior to any of the celebrated fountains of that capital of the fine arts; finally, that unless perhaps the celebrated fountain of Aldgate in London might compare with it, Kalbsbraten building, *except* in that case, was incomparable.

This speech I addressed in French, of which the worthy

Hofarchitect understood somewhat, and continuing to reply in German, our conversation grew pretty close. It is singular that I can talk to a man and pay him compliments with the utmost gravity, whereas, with a woman, I at once lose all self-possession, and have never said a pretty thing in my life.

My operations on old Speck were so conducted, that in a quarter of an hour I had elicited from him an invitation to go over the town with him, and see its architectural beauties. So we walked through the huge half-furnished chambers of the palace, we panted up the copper pinnacle of the church-tower, we went to see the Museum and Gymnasium, and coming back into the market-place again, what could the Hofarchitect do but offer me a glass of wine and a seat in his house. He introduced me to his Gättinn, his Leocadia (the fat woman in blue), "as a young world-observer, and worthy art-friend, a young scion of British Adel, who had come to refresh himself at the Urquellen of his race, and see his brethren of the great family of Hernann."

I saw instantly that the old fellow was of a romantic turn from this rodomontade to his lady: nor was she a whit less so; nor was Dorothea less sentimental than her mamma. She knew everything regarding the literature of Albion, as she was pleased to call it; and asked me news of all the famous writers there. I told her that Miss Edgeworth was one of the loveliest young beauties at our Court; I described to her Lady Morgan, herself as beautiful as the wild Irish girl she drew; I promised to give her a signature of Mrs. Hemans (which I wrote for her that very evening); and described a fox-hunt, at which I had seen Thomas Moore and Samuel Rogers, Esquires; and a boxing-match, in which the athletic author of "Pelham" was pitted against the hardy mountain bard, Wordsworth. You see my education was not neglected, for though I have never read the works of the above-named ladies and gentlemen, yet I knew their names well enough.

Time passed away. I, perhaps, was never so brilliant in conversation as when excited by the Assmannshauser and the brilliant eyes of Dorothea that day. She and her parents had dined at their usual heathen hour; but I was, I don't care to own it, so smitten, that for the first time in my life I did not even miss the meal, and talked on until six o'clock, when tea was served. Madame Speck said they always drank it; and so, placing a tea-spoonful of bohea in a cauldron of water, she placidly handed

out this decoction, which we took with cakes and tartines. I leave you to imagine how disgusted Klingenspoehr and Schnabel looked when they stepped in as usual that evening to make their party of whist with the Speck family! Down they were obliged to sit; and the lovely Dorothea, for that night, declined to play altogether, and—sat on the sofa by me.

What we talked about, who shall tell? I would not, for my part, break the secret of one of those delicious conversations, of which I, and every man in his time, have held so many. You begin, very probably, about the weather—'tis a common subject, but what sentiments the genius of Love can fling into it! I have often, for my part, said to the girl of my heart for the time being, "It's a fine day," or, "It's a rainy morning!" in a way that has brought tears to her eyes. Something beats in your heart, and twangle! a corresponding string thrills and echoes in hers. You offer her anything—her knitting-needles, a slice of bread-and-butter—what causes the grateful blush with which she accepts the one or the other? Why, she sees your heart handed over to her upon the needles, and the bread-and-butter is to her a sandwich with love inside it. If you say to your grandmother, "Ma'am, it's a fine day," or what not, she would find in the words no other meaning than their outward and visible one; but say so to the girl you love, and she understands a thousand mystic meanings in them. Thus, in a word, though Dorothea and I did not, probably, on the first night of our meeting, talk of anything more than the weather, or trumps, or some subjects which to such listeners as Schnabel and Klingenspoehr and others might appear quite ordinary, yet to *us* they had a different signification, of which Love alone held the key.

Without further ado then, after the occurrences of that evening, I determined on staying at Kalbsbraten, and presenting my card the next day to the Hof-Marshal, requesting to have the honour of being presented to his Highness the Prince, at one of whose Court-halls my Dorothea appeared as I have described her.

It was summer when I first arrived at Kalbsbraten. The little Court was removed to Siegmundslust, his Highness's country-seat: no balls were taking place, and, in consequence, I held my own with Dorothea pretty well. I treated her admirer, Lieutenant Klingenspoehr, with perfect scorn, had a manifest advantage over Major Schnabel, and used somehow

to meet the fair one every day, walking in company with her mamma in the palace garden, or sitting under the acacias, with Bette in her mother's lap, and the favourite romance beside her. Dear dear Dorothea ! what a number of novels she must have read in her time ! She confessed to me that she had been in love with Uncas, with St. Preux, with Ivanhoe, and with hosts of German heroes of romance ; and when I asked her if she, whose heart was so tender towards imaginary youths, had never had a preference for any one of her living adorers, she only looked, and blushed, and sighed, and said nothing.

You see I got on as well as man could do, until the confounded Court season and the balls began, and then,—why, then came my usual luck.

Waltzing is a part of a German girl's life. With the best will in the world—which, I doubt not, she entertains for me, for I never put the matter of marriage directly to her—Dorothea could not go to balls and not waltz. It was madness to me to see her whirling round the room with officers, *attachés*, prim little chamberlains with gold keys and embroidered coats, her hair floating in the wind, her hand reposing upon the abominable little dancer's epaulet, her good-humoured face lighted up with still greater satisfaction. I saw that I must learn to waltz too, and took my measures accordingly.

The leader of the ballet at the Kallbsbraten theatre in my time was Springbock, from Vienna. He had been a regular Zephyr once, 'twas said, in his younger days ; and though he is now fifteen stone weight, I can, *helas !* recommend him conscientiously as a master ; and I determined to take some lessons from him in the art which I had neglected so foolishly in early life.

It may be said, without vanity, that I was an apt pupil, and in the course of half-a-dozen lessons I had arrived at very considerable agility in the waltzing line, and could twirl round the room with him at such a pace as made the old gentleman pant again, and hardly left him breath enough to puff out a compliment to his pupil. I may say, that in a single week I became an expert waltzer ; but as I wished, when I came out publicly in that character, to be quite sure of myself, and as I had hitherto practised not with a lady but with a very fat old man, it was agreed that he should bring a lady of his acquaintance to perfect me. and accordingly, at my eighth lesson, Madame

Springbock herself came to the dancing-room, and the old Zephyr performed on the violin.

If any man ventures the least sneer with regard to this lady, or dares to insinuate anything disrespectful to her or myself, I say, at once that he is an impudent calumniator. Madame Springbock is old enough to be my grandmother, and as ugly a woman as I ever saw; but, though old, she was *passionnée pour la danse*, and not having (on account, doubtless, of her age and unprepossessing appearance) many opportunities of indulging in her favourite pastime, made up for lost time by immense activity whenever she could get a partner. In vain, at the end of the hour, would Springbock exclaim, "Amalia, my soul's blessing, the time is up!" "Play on, dear Alphonso!" would the old lady exclaim, whisking me round: and though I had not the least pleasure in such a homely partner, yet, for the sake of perfecting myself, I waltzed and waltzed with her, until we were both half dead with fatigue.

At the end of three weeks I could waltz as well as any man in Germany.

At the end of four weeks there was a grand ball at Court in honour of H.H. the Prince of Dummerland and his Princess, and *then* I determined I would come out in public. I dressed myself with unusual care and splendour. My hair was curled and my moustache dyed to a nicety; and of the four hundred gentlemen present, if the girls of Kalbsbraten *did* select one who wore an English hussar uniform, why should I disguise the fact? In spite of my silence, the news had somehow got abroad, as news will in such small towns,—Herr von Fitz-Boodle was coming out in a waltz that evening. His Highness the Duke even made an allusion to the circumstance. When on this eventful night, I went, as usual, and made him my bow in the presentation, "Vous, monsieur," said he—"vous qui êtes si jeune, devez aimer la danse." I blushed as red as my trousers, and bowing went away.

I stepped up to Dorothea. Heavens! how beautiful she looked! and how archly she smiled as, with a thumping heart, I asked her hand for a *waltz*! She took out her little mother-of-pearl dancing-book, she wrote down my name with her pencil: we were engaged for the fourth waltz, and till then I left her to other partners.

Who says that his first waltz is not a nervous moment? I

vow I was more excited than by any duel I ever fought. I would not dance any contre-dance or galop. I repeatedly went to the buffet, and got glasses of punch (dear simple Germany! 'tis with rum-punch and egg-flip thy children strengthen themselves for the dance!) I went into the ballroom and looked—the couples bounded before me, the music clashed and rang in my ears—all was fiery, feverish, indistinct. The gleaming white columns, the polished oaken floors in which the innumerable tapers were reflected—all together swam before my eyes, and I was at a pitch of madness almost when the fourth waltz at length came. “*Will you dance with your sword on?*” said the sweetest voice in the world. I blushed, and stammered, and trembled, as I laid down that weapon and my cap, and hark! the music began!

Oh, how my hand trembled as I placed it round the waist of Dorothea! With my left hand I took her right—did she squeeze it? I think she did—to this day I think she did. Away we went! we tripped over the polished oak floor like two young fairies. “*Courage, monsieur,*” said she, with her sweet smile. Then it was “*Très bien, monsieur.*” Then I heard the voices humming and buzzing about. “*Il danse bien, l’Anglais.*” “*Ma foi, oui,*” says another. On we went, twirling and twisting, and turning and whirling: couple after couple dropped panting off. Little Klingenspolir himself was obliged to give in. All eyes were upon us—we were going round *alone*. Dorothea was almost exhausted, when——

\* \* \* \* \*

I have been sitting for two hours since I marked the asterisks, thinking—thinking. I have committed crimes in my life—who hasn't? But talk of remorse, what remorse is there like *that* which rushes up in a flood to my brain sometimes when I am alone, and causes me to blush when I'm abed in the dark?

I fell, sir, on that infernal slippery floor. Down we came like shot; we rolled over and over in the midst of the ballroom, the music going ten miles an hour, eight hundred pairs of eyes fixed upon us, a cursed shriek of laughter bursting out from all sides. Heavens! how clear I heard it, as we went on rolling and rolling! “*My child! my Dorothea!*” shrieked out Madame Speck, rushing forward, and as soon as she had breath to do so, Dorothea of course screamed too; then she fainted, then she



was disentangled from out my spurs, and borne off by a bevy of tittering women. "Clumsy brute!" said Madame Speck, turning her fat back upon me. I remained upon my *seant*, wild, ghastly, looking about. It was all up with me—I knew it was. I wished I could have died there, and I wish so still.

Klingenspohr married her, that is the long and short; but before that event I placed a sabre-cut across the young scoundrel's nose, which destroyed *his* beauty for ever.

O Dorothea! you can't forgive me—you oughtn't to forgive me; but I love you madly still.

\* My next flame was Ottilia: but let us keep her for another number; my feelings overpower me at present.



## OTTILIA.

### CHAPTER I.

#### *The Album—The Mediterranean Heath.*

**T**RAVELLING some little time back in a wild part of Connemara, where I had been for fishing and seal-shooting, I had the good luck to get admission to the château of a hospitable Irish gentleman, and to procure some news of my once dear Ottilia.

Yes, of no other than Ottilia v. Schlippenschlopp, the Muse of Kalbsbraten-Pumpnickel, the friendly little town far away in Sachsenland,—where old Speck built the town pump, where Klingenspohr was slashed across the nose,—where Dorothea rolled over and over in that horrible waltz with Fitz-Boo—Psha!—away with the recollection; but wasn't it strange to get news of Ottilia in the wildest corner of Ireland, where I never should have thought to hear her gentle name? Walking on that very Urrisbeg Mountain under whose shadow I heard Ottilia's name, Mackay, the learned author of the "*Flora Patlandica*," discovered the Mediterranean heath,—such a flower as I have often plucked on the sides of Vesuvius, and as Proserpine, no doubt, amused herself in gathering as she strayed in the fields of Enna. Here it is—the self-same flower, peering out at the Atlantic from Roundstone Bay; here, too, in this wild lonely place, nestles the fragrant memory of my Ottilia!

In a word, after a day on Ballylynch Lake (where, with a brown fly and a single hair, I killed fourteen salmon, the smallest twenty-nine pounds weight, the largest somewhere about five stone ten), my young friend Blake Bodkin Lynch Browne (a fine lad who has made his Continental tour) and I adjourned, after dinner, to the young gentleman's private room, for the purpose of smoking a certain cigar; which is never more pleasant than

after a hard day's sport, or a day spent indoors, or after a good dinner, or a bad one, or at night when you are tired, or in the morning when you are fresh, or of a cold winter's day, or of a scorching summer's afternoon, or at any other moment you choose to fix upon.

What should I see in Blake's room but a rack of pipes, such as are to be found in almost all the bachelors' rooms in Germany, and amongst them was a porcelain pipe-head bearing the image of the Kalbsbraten pump! There it was: the old spout, the old familiar allegory of *Mars*, *Bacchus*, *Apollo virorum*, and the rest, that I had so often looked at from Hofarchitect Speck's window, as I sat there by the side of Dorothea. The old gentleman had given me one of these very pipes; for he had hundreds of them painted, wherewith he used to gratify almost every stranger who came into his native town.

Any old place with which I have once been familiar (as, perhaps, I have before stated in these "Confessions"—but never mind that) is in some sort dear to me: and were I Lord Shootingcastle or Colonel Popland, I think after a residence of six months there I should love the Fleet Prison. As I saw the old familiar pipe, I took it down, and crammed it with Cavendish tobacco, and lay down on a sofa, and puffed away for an hour well-nigh, thinking of old old times.

"You're very entertaining to-night, Fitz," says young Blake, who had made several tumblers of punch for me, which I had gulped down without saying a word. "Don't ye think ye'd be more easy in bed than snorting and sighing there on my sofa, and groaning fit to make me go hang myself?"

"I am thinking, Blake," says I, "about Pumpernickel, where old Speck gave you this pipe."

"'Deed he did," replies the young man; "and did ye know the old Bar'n?"

"I did," said I. "My friend, I have been by the banks of the Bendemeer. Tell me, are the nightingales still singing there, and do the roses still bloom?"

"The *hwhat*?" cries Blake. "What the divvle, Fitz, are you growling about? Bendemeer Lake's in Westmoreland, as I preshume; and as for roses and nightingales, I give ye my word it's Greek ye're talking to me." And Greek it very possibly was, for my young friend, though as good across country as any man in his county, has not the fine feeling and

tender perception of beauty which may be found elsewhere, dear madam.

"Tell me about Speck, Blake, and Kalbsbraten, and Dorothea, and Klingenspoehr her husband."

"He with the cut across the nose, is it?" cries Blake. "I know him well, and his old wife."

"His old what, sir!" cries Fitz-Boodle, jumping up from his seat. "Klingenspoehr's wife old!—Is he married again?—Is Dorothea, then, d-d-dead?"

"Dead!—no more dend than you are, only I take her to be five-and-thirty. And when a woman has had nine children, you know, she looks none the younger; and I can tell ye, that when she trod on my corrums at a ball at the Grand Juke's, I felt something heavier than a leather on my foot."

"Madame de Klingenspoehr, then," replied I, hesitating somewhat, "has grown rather—rather st-st out?" I could hardly get out the *out*, and trembled I don't know why as I asked the question.

"Stout, begad!—she weighs fourteen stone, saddle and bridle. That's right, down goes my pipe; flop! crash falls the tumbler into the sander. Break away, my boy, and remember, whoever breaks a glass here pays a dozen."

The fact was, that the announcement of Dorothea's changed condition caused no small disturbance within me, and I expressed it in the abrupt manner mentioned by young Blake.

Roused thus from my reverie, I questioned the young fellow about his residence at Kalbsbraten, which has been always since the war a favourite place for our young gentry, and heard with some satisfaction that Potzdorff was married to the Behrenstein, Haarbart had left the dragoons, the Crown Prince had broken with the—— but mum! of what interest are all these details to the reader, who has never been at friendly little Kalbsbraten?

Presently Lynch reaches me down one of the three books that formed his library (the "Racing Calendar" and a book of fishing-flies making up the remainder of the set). "And there's my album," says he. "You'll find plenty of hands in it that you'll recognise, as you are an old Pumpnickelaner." And so I did, in truth: it was a little book after the fashion of German albums, in which good simple little ledger every friend or acquaintance of the owner inscribes a poem or stanza from some

favourite poet or philosopher, with the transcriber's own name, as thus :—

"To the true house-friend, and beloved Irelandish youth.

*'Sera nunquam est ad bonos mores via.'*

WACKERBART, Professor at the Grand-Ducal  
Kalbsbraten-Pumpnickelisch Gymnasium."

Another writes,—

*"Wander on roses and forget me not."*

AMALIA V. NACHTMUTZE,  
GEB. V. SCHLAFROCK,

with a flourish, and the picture mayhap of a rose. Let the reader imagine some hundreds of these interesting inscriptions, and he will have an idea of the book.



Turning over the leaves I came presently on *Dorothea's* hand. There it was, the little neat pretty handwriting, the dear old up-and-down strokes that I had not looked at for many a long year, —the Mediterranean heath, which grew on the sunniest banks of Fitz-Boodle's existence, and here found, dear dear little sprig ! in rude Galwegian bog-lands.

"Look at the other side of the page," says Lynch, rather

sarcastically (for I don't care to confess that I kissed the name of "Dorothea v. Klingenspohr, born v. Speck" written under an extremely feeble passage of verse). "Look at the other side of the paper!"

I did, and what do you think I saw?

I saw the writing of five of the little Klingenspohrs, who have all sprung up since my time.

"Ha! ha! haw!" screamed the impertinent young Irishman;—and the story was all over Connemara and Joyce's Country in a day after.

## CHAPTER II.

### *Ottilia in Particular.*

SOME kind critic who peruses these writings will, doubtless, have the goodness to point out that the simile of the Mediterranean heath is applied to two personages in this chapter—to Ottilia and Dorothea, and say, Psha! the fellow is but a poor unimaginative creature not to be able to find a simile apiece at least for the girls: how much better would *we* have done the business!

Well, it is a very pretty simile. The girls were rivals, were beautiful, I loved them both,—which should have the sprig of heath? Mr. Cruikshank (who has taken to serious painting) is getting ready for the Exhibition a fine piece, representing Fitz-Boodle on the Urrisbeg Mountain, county Galway, Ireland, with a sprig of heath in his hand, hesitating, like Paris, on which of the beauties he should bestow it. In the background is a certain animal between two bundles of hay; but that I take to represent the critic, puzzled to which of my young beauties to assign the choice.

If Dorothea had been as rich as Miss Coutts, and had come to me the next day after the accident at the ball and said, "George, will you marry me?" it must not be supposed I would have done any such thing. *That* dream had vanished for ever: rage and pride took the place of love; and the only chance I had of recovering from my dreadful discomfiture was by bearing it bravely, and trying, if possible, to awaken a little compassion in my favour. I limped home (arranging my scheme with great

presence of mind as I actually sat spinning there on the ground) —I limped home, sent for Pflastersticken, the Court-surgeon, and addressed him to the following effect: "Pflastersticken!" says I, "there has been an accident at Court of which you will hear. You will send in leeches, pills, and the deuce knows what, and you will say that I have dislocated my leg. for some days you will state that I am in considerable danger. You are a good fellow and a man of courage I know, for which very reason you can appreciate those qualities in another; so mind, if you breathe a word of my secret, either you or I must lose a life."

Away went the surgeon, and the next day all Kalbsbraten knew that I was on the point of death: I had been delirious all night, had had eighty leeches, besides I don't know how much medicine; but the Kalbsbrateners knew to a scruple. Whenever anybody was ill, this little kind society knew what medicines were prescribed. Everybody in the town knew what everybody had for dinner. If Madame Rumpel had her satin dyed ever so quietly, the whole society was on the *qui vive*; if Countess Pultuski sent to Berlin for a new set of teeth, not a person in Kalbsbraten but what was ready to compliment her as she put them on; if Potzdorff paid his tailor's bill, or Muffinstein bought a piece of black wax for his moustaches, it was the talk of the little city. And so, of course, was my accident. In their sorrow for my misfortune, Dorothea's was quite forgotten, and those eighty leeches saved me. I became interesting; I had cards left at my door; and I kept my room for a fortnight, during which time I read every one of Monsieur Kotzebue's plays.

At the end of that period I was convalescent, though still a little lame. I called at old Speck's house and apologised for my clumsiness, with the most admirable coolness; I appeared at Court, and stated calmly that I did not intend to dance any more; and when Klingenspolir grinned, I told that young gentleman such a piece of my mind as led to his wearing a large sticking-plaster patch on his nose: which was split as neatly down the middle as you would split an orange at dessert. In a word, what man could do to repair my defeat, I did.

There is but one thing now of which I am ashamed—of those killing epigrams which I wrote (*mon Dieu!* must I own it?—but, even the fury of my anger proves the extent of my love!) against

the Speck family. They were landed about in confidence at Court, and made a frightful sensation :—

*"Is it possible ?*

"There happened at Schloss P-mp-rn-ckel,  
A strange mishap our sides to tickle,  
And set the people in a roar ;—  
A strange caprice of Fortune fickle :  
I never thought at Pumpeinickel  
To see a SPECK upon the floor' "

*"La Perfide Albion ; or, a Caution to Waltzers.*

" 'Come to the dance,' the Briton said,  
And forward D-r-r-th-a led,  
Fair, fresh, and thirce-and-twenty !  
Ah, girls, beware of Britons red !  
What wonder that it *turned her head* ?  
SAT VERBUM SAPIENTII."

*"Reasons for not Marrying.*

" 'The lovely Miss S.  
Will surely say "yes,"  
You've only to ask and try ;'  
 'That subject we'll quit,'  
 Says Georgy the wit,  
 'I've a much better Snee in my eye' "

This last epigram especially was voted so killing that it flew like wildfire ; and I know for a fact that our Chargé-d'Affaires at Kalbsbruten sent a courier express with it to the Foreign Office in England, whence, through our amiable Foreign Secretary, Lord P-lm-rston, it made its way into every fashionable circle : nay, I have reason to believe caused a smile on the cheek of R-y-lty itself. Now that Time has taken away the sting of these epigrams, there can be no harm in giving them ; and 'twas well enough then to endeavour to hide under the lash of wit the bitter pangs of humiliation : but my heart bleeds now to think that I should have ever brought a tear on the gentle cheek of Dorothea.

Not content with this—with humiliating her by satire, and with wounding her accepted lover across the nose—I determined to carry my revenge still farther, and to fall in love with somebody else. This person was Ottilia v. Schlippenschlopp.

Otho Sigismund Freyherr von Schlippenschlopp, Knight Grand Cross of the Ducal Order of the Two-Necked Swan of Pumpeinickel, of the Porc-et-Sifflet of Kalbsbruten, Commander



of the George and Blue Boar of Dummerland, Excellency, and High Chancellor of the united Duchies, lived in the second-floor of a house in the Schnapsgasse; where, with his private income and his revenues as Chancellor, amounting together to some £300 per annum, he maintained such a state as very few other officers of the Grand-Ducal Crown could exhibit. The Baron is married to Maria Antoinetta, a Countess of the house of Kartoffelstadt, branches of which have taken root all over Germany. He has no sons, and but one daughter, the Fräulein OTTILIA.

The Chancellor is a worthy old gentleman, too fat and wheezy to preside at the Privy Council, fond of his pipe, his ease, and his rubber. His lady is a very tall and pale Roman-nosed Countess, who looks as gentle as Mrs. Robert Roy, where, in the novel, she is for putting Bailie Nicol Jarvie into the lake, and who keeps the honest Chancellor in the greatest order. The Fräulein Ottilia had not arrived at Kallsbraten when the little affair between me and Dorothea was going on; or rather had only just come in for the conclusion of it, being presented for the first time that year at the ball where I—where I met with my accident.

At the time when the Countess was young, it was not the fashion in her country to educate the young ladies so highly as since they have been educated; and provided they could waltz, sew, and make puddings, they were thought to be decently bred: being seldom called upon for algebra or Sanscrit in the discharge of the honest duties of their lives. But Fräulein Ottilia was of the modern school in this respect, and came back from her *pension* at Strasburg speaking all the languages, dabbling in all the sciences: an historian, a poet,—a blue of the ultra-marine sort, in a word. What a difference there was, for instance, between poor simple Dorothea's love of novel-reading and the profound encyclopædic learning of Ottilia!

Before the latter arrived from Strasburg (where she had been under the care of her aunt the canoness, Countess Ottilia of Kartoffelstadt, to whom I here beg to offer my humblest respects), Dorothea had passed for a *bel esprit* in the little Court circle, and her little simple stock of accomplishments had amused us all very well. She used to sing "Herz, mein Herz" and "T'en souviens-tu?" in a decent manner (*once, before Heaven, I thought her singing better than Grisi's*), and then she had a little album

in which she drew flowers, and used to embroider slippers wonderfully, and was very merry at a game of loto or forfeits, and had a hundred small *agrémens de société* which rendered her an acceptable member of it.

But when Ottilia arrived, poor Dolly's reputation was crushed in a month. The former wrote poems both in French and German; she painted landscapes and portraits in real oil; and she twanged off a rattling piece of Liszt or Kalkbrenner in such a brilliant way, that Dora scarcely dared to touch the instrument after her, or venture, after Ottilia had trilled and gurgled through "Una voce," or "Di piacer" (Rossini was in fashion then), to lift up her little modest pipe in a ballad. What was the use of the poor thing going to sit in the Park, where so many of the young officers used ever to gather round her? Whirr! Ottilia went by galloping on a chestnut mare with a groom after her, and presently all the young fellows who could buy or hire horseflesh were prancing in her train.

When they met, Ottilia would bounce towards her soul's darling, and put her hands round her waist, and call her by a thousand affectionate names, and then talk of her as only ladies or authors can talk of one another. How tenderly she would hint at Dora's little imperfections of education!—how cleverly she would insinuate that the poor girl had no wit! and, thank God, no more she had. The fact is, that do what I will I see I'm in love with her still, and would be if she had fifty children; but my passion blinded me *then*, and every arrow that fiery Ottilia discharged I marked with savage joy. Dolly, thank Heaven, didn't mind the wit much; she was too simple for that. But still the recurrence of it would leave in her heart a vague indefinite feeling of pain, and somehow she began to understand that her empire was passing away, and that her dear friend hated her like poison; and so she married Klingensphor. I have written myself almost into a reconciliation with the silly fellow; for the truth is, he has been a good honest husband to her; and she has children, and makes puddings, and is happy.

Ottilia was pale and delicate. She wore her glistening black hair in bands, and dressed in vapoury white muslin. She sang her own words to her harp, and they commonly insinuated that she was alone in the world,—that she suffered some inexpressible and mysterious heart-pangs, the lot of all finer geniuses—that though she lived and moved in the world she was not of it,—that

she was of a consumptive tendency and might look for a premature interment. She even had fixed on the spot where she should lie: the violets grew there, she said, the river went moaning by; the grey willow whispered sadly over her head, and her heart pined to be at rest. "Mother," she would say, turning to her parent, "promise me—promise me to lay me in that spot when the parting hour has come!" At which Madame de Schlippenschlopp would shriek, and grasp her in her arms; and at which, I confess, I would myself blubber like a child. She



had six darling friends at school, and every courier from Kalbsbraten carried off whole reams of her letter-paper.

In Kalbsbraten, as in every other German town, there are a vast number of literary characters, of whom our young friend quickly became the chief. They set up a literary journal, which appeared once a week, upon light-blue or primrose paper, and which, in compliment to the lovely Ottilia's maternal name, was called the *Kartoffelkranz*. Here are a couple of her ballads extracted from the *Kranz*, and by far the most cheerful specimen of her style. For in her songs she never would willingly let off

the heroines without a suicide or a consumption. She never could hear of such a thing as a happy marriage, and had an appetite for grief quite amazing in so young a person. As for her dying and desiring to be buried under the willow-tree, of which the first ballad is the subject, though I believed the story then, I have at present some doubts about it. For, since the publication of my *Memoirs*, I have been thrown much into the society of literary persons (who admire my style hugely), and egad ! though some of them are dismal enough in their works, I find them in their persons the least sentimental class that ever a gentleman fell in with.

#### THE WILLOW-TREE.

“ Know ye the willow-tree  
Whose grey leaves quiver,  
Whispering gloomily  
To yon pale river?  
Lady, at eventide  
Wander not near it :  
They say its branches hide  
A sad lost spirit !

Once to the willow-tree  
A maid came fearful,  
Pale seemed her cheek to be,  
Her blue eye tearful ;  
Soon as she saw the tree,  
Her step moved fleetly.  
No one was there—ah me !  
No one to meet her !

Quick beat her heart to hear  
The far bell's chime  
Toll from the chapel-tower  
The trysting-time :  
But the red sun went down  
In golden flame,  
And though she look'd round,  
Yet no one came !

Presently came the night  
Sadly to greet her,—  
Moon in her silver light,  
Stars in their glitter.  
Then sank the moon away  
Under the billow,  
Still wept the maid alone—  
There by the willow !

Through the long darkness,  
 By the stream rolling,  
 Hour after hour went on  
 Tolling and tolling.  
 Long was the darkness,  
 Lonely and stilly;  
 Shrill came the night-wind,  
 Piercing and chilly.

Shrill blew the morning breeze,  
 Biting and cold,  
 Bleak peers the grey dawn  
 Over the wold.  
 Bleak over moor and stream  
 Looks the grey dawn,  
 Grey, with dishevelled hair,  
 Still stands the willow there—  
 THE MAID IS GONE!

*Domine, Domine!  
 Sing we a litany,—  
 Sing for poor maiden-hearts broken and weary;  
 Domine, Domine!  
 Sing we a litany,  
 Wail we and weep we a wild Misere!*"

One of the chief beauties of this ballad (for the translation of which I received some well-merited compliments) is the delicate way in which the suicide of the poor young woman under the willow-tree is hinted at; for that she threw herself into the water and became one among the lilies of the stream, is as clear as a pikestaff. Her suicide is committed some time in the darkness, when the slow hours move on tolling and tolling, and is hinted at darkly as befits the time and the deed.

But that unromantic brute, Van Cutsem, the Dutch Chargé-d'Affaires, sent to the *Kartoffelnkranz* of the week after a conclusion of the ballad, which shows what a poor creature he must be. His pretext for writing it was, he said, because he could not bear such melancholy endings to poems and young women, and therefore he submitted the following lines:—

'LONG by the willow-trees  
 Vainly they sought her,  
 Wild rang the mother's screams  
 O'er the grey water:  
 'Where is my lovely one?  
 Where is my daughter?

## II.

'Rouse thee, Sir Constable—  
 Rouse thee and look;  
 Fi-herman, bring your net,  
 Boatman, your hook.  
 Beat in the lily-beds,  
 Dive in the brook!'

## III.

Vainly the constable  
 Shouted and called her  
 Vainly the fisherman  
 Beat the green alder;  
 Vainly he flung the net,  
 Never it hauled her!

## IV.

Mother, beside the fire  
 Sa', her nightcap in;  
 Father, in easy-chair,  
 Gloomily napping;  
 When at the window-sill  
 Came a light tapping!

## V.

And a pale countenance  
 Looked through the casement.  
 Loud beat the mother's heart  
 Sick with amazement;  
 And at the vision, which  
 Came to surprise her,  
 Shrieked in an agony—  
 'Lor'! it's Elizar!

## VI.

Yes, 'twas Elizabeth—  
 Yes, 'twas their girl;  
 Pale was her cheek, and her  
 Hair out of curl.  
 'Mother!' the loving one,  
 Blushing, exclaimed,  
 'Let not your innocent  
 Lizzy be blamed.

## VII.

Yesterday, going to Aunt  
 Jones's to tea,  
 Mother, dear mother, I  
*Forgot the door key!*  
 And as the night was cold,  
 And the way steep,  
 Mrs. Jones kept me to  
 Breakfast and sleep.

## VIII

Whether her Pa and Ma  
 Fully believed her,  
 That we shall never know :  
 Stern they received her ;  
 And for the work of that  
 Cruel, though short, night  
 Sent her to bed without  
 Tea for a fortnight.

## MORAL.

*Hey diddle diddley,  
 Cat and the Fiddley,  
 Maidens of England, take caution by she !  
 Let love and suicide  
 Never tempt you aside,  
 And always remember to take the door-key !*

Some people laughed at this parody and even preferred it to the original ; but for myself I have no patience with the individual who can turn the finest sentiments of our nature into ridicule, and make everything sacred a subject of scorn. The next ballad is less gloomy than that of "The Willow Tree," and in it the lovely writer expresses her longing for what has charmed us all, and, as it were, squeezes the whole spirit of the fairy tale into a few stanzas :—

## FAIRY DAYS.

" BESIDE the old hall-fire—upon my nurse's knee,  
 Of happy fairy days—what tales were told to me !  
 I thought the world was once—ad peopled with princesses,  
 And my heart would beat to hear—their loves and their distresses ;  
 And many a quiet night,—in slumber sweet and deep,  
 The pretty fairy people—would visit me in sleep.

I saw them in my dreams—come flying east and west,  
 With wondrous fairy gits—the new-born babe they blessed ;  
 One has brought a jewel—and one a crown of gold,  
 And one has brought a curse—but she is wrinkled and old.  
 The gentle queen turns pale—to hear those words of sin,  
 But the king he only laughs—and bids the dance begin.

The babe has grown to be—the fairest of the land,  
 And rides the forest green—a hawk upon her hand.  
 An ambling palfrey white—a golden robe and crown ;  
 I've seen her in my dreams—riding up and down ;  
 And heard the ogre laugh—as she fell into his snare,  
 At the little tender creature—who wept and tore her hair !

But ever when it seemed—her need was at the sorest  
 A prince in shining mail—comes prancing through the forest.  
 A waving ostrich-plume—a buckler burnished bright;  
 I've seen him in my dreams—good sooth! a gallant knight.  
 His lips are coral red—beneath a dark moustache;  
 See how he waves his hand—and how his blue eyes flash!

'Come forth, thou Paynim knight!' he shouts in accents clear.  
 The giant and the maid—both tremble his voice to hear.  
 Saint Mary guard him well!—he draws his falchion keen,  
 The giant and the knight—are fighting on the green.  
 I see them in my dreams—his blade gives stroke on stroke,  
 The giant pants and reels—and tumbles like an oak!

With what a blushing grace—he falls upon his knee  
 And takes the lady's hand—and whispers, 'You are fair!'  
 Ah! happy childish tales—of knight and faerie!  
 I waken from my dreams—but there's ne'er a knight for me:  
 I waken from my dreams—and wish that I could be  
 A child by the old hall-fire—upon my nurse's knee."

Indeed, Ottilia looked like a fairy herself: pale, small, slim, and airy. You could not see her face, as it were, for her eyes, which were so wild, and so tender, and shone so that they would have dazzled an eagle, much more a poor goose of a Fitz-Boodle. In the theatre, when she sat on the opposite side of the house, those big eyes used to pursue me as I sat pretending to listen to the "Zauberflöte," or to "Don Carlos," or "Egmont," and at the tender passages, especially, they would have such a winning, weeping, imploring look with them, as flesh and blood could not bear.

Shall I tell you how I became a poet for the dear girl's sake? 'Tis surely unnecessary after the reader has perused the above versions of her poems. Shall I tell what wild follies I committed in prose as well as in verse? how I used to watch under her window of icy evenings, and, with chillslainy fingers, sing serenades to her on the guitar? Shall I tell how, in a sledging-party, I had the happiness to drive her, and of the delightful privilege which is, on these occasions, accorded to the driver!

Any reader who has spent a winter in Germany perhaps knows it. A large party of a score or more of sledges is formed. Away they go to some pleasure-house that has been previously fixed upon, where a ball and collation are prepared, and where each man, as his partner descends, has the delicious privilege of saluting her. O heavens and earth! I may grow to be a thousand years old, but I can never forget the rapture of that salute.



"The keen air has given me an appetite," said the dear angel, as we entered the supper-room; and to say the truth, fairy as she was, she made a remarkably good meal—consuming a couple of basins of white soup, several kinds of German sausages, some Westphalia ham, some white puddings, an anchovy-salad made with cornichons and onions, sweets innumerable, and a considerable quantity of old Steinwein and rum-punch afterwards. Then she got up and danced as brisk as a fairy; in which operation I of course did not follow her, but had the honour, at the close of the evening's amusement, once more to have her by my side in the sledge, as we swept in the moon-light over the snow.

Kalbsbraten is a very hospitable place as far as tea-parties are concerned, but I never was in one where dinners were so scarce. At the palace they occurred twice or thrice in a month; but on these occasions spinsters were not invited, and I seldom had the opportunity of seeing my Otilia except at evening parties.

Nor are these, if the truth must be told, very much to my taste. Dancing I have forsworn, whist is too severe a study for me, and I do not like to play *carté* with old ladies, who are sure to cheat you in the course of an evening's play.

But to have an occasional glance at Otilia was enough; and many and many a napolcon did I lose to her mamma, Madame de Schlippenchlopp, for the blest privilege of looking at her daughter. Many is the tea-party I went to, shivering into cold clothes after dinner (which is my abomination) in order to have one little look at the lady of my soul.

At these parties there were generally refreshments of a nature more substantial than mere tea—punch, both milk and rum, hot wine, *consommé*, and a peculiar and exceedingly disagreeable sandwich made of a mixture of cold white puddings and garlic, of which I have forgotten the name, and always detested the savour.

Gradually a conviction came upon me that Otilia ate a great deal.

I do not dislike to see a woman eat comfortably. I even think that an agreeable woman ought to be *friande*, and should love certain little dishes and knicknacks. I know that though at dinner they commonly take nothing, they have had roast-mutton with the children at two, and laugh at their pretensions to starvation.

No ! a woman who eats a grain of rice, like Amina in the "Arabian Nights," is absurd and unnatural ; but there is a *modus in rebus* : there is no reason why she should be a ghoul, a monster, an ogress, a horrid gormandiseress—faugh !

It was, then, with a rage amounting almost to agony, that I found Ottilla ate too much at every meal. She was always eating, and always eating too much. If I went there in the morning, there was the horrid familiar odour of those oniony sandwiches ; if in the afternoon, dinner had been just removed, and I was choked by reeking reminiscences of roast-meat. Tea we have spoken of. She gobbled up more cakes than any six people present ; then came the supper and the sandwiches again, and the egg-flip and the horrible rum-punch.

She was as thin as ever—paler if possible than ever ;—but, by heavens ! *her nose began to grow red !*

*Mon Dieu !* how I used to watch and watch it ! Some days it was purple, some days had more of the vermilion—I could take an affidavit that after a heavy night's supper it was more swollen, more red than before.

I recollect one night when we were playing a round game (I had been looking at her nose very eagerly and sadly for some time) she of herself brought up the conversation about eating, and confessed that she had five meals a day.

"*That accounts for it !*" says I, flinging down the cards, and springing up and rushing like a madman out of the room. I rushed away into the night, and wrestled with my passion. "What ! Marry," said I, "a woman who eats meat twenty-one times in a week, besides breakfast and tea ? Marry a sarcophagus, a cannibal, a butcher's shop !—Away !" I strove and strove. I drank. I groaned, I wrestled and fought with my love—but it overcame me : one look of those eyes brought me to her feet again. I yielded myself up like a slave : I fawned and whined for her ; I thought her nose was not so *very red*.

Things came to this pitch that I sounded his Highness's Minister to know whether he would give me service in the Duchy ; I thought of purchasing an estate there. I was given to understand that I should get a chamberlain's key and some post of honour did I choose to remain, and I even wrote home to my brother Tom in England, hinting a change in my condition.

At this juncture the town of Hamburg sent his Highness the Grand Duke (*à propos* of a commercial union which was pending between the two States) a singular present: no less than a certain number of barrels of oysters, which are considered extreme luxuries in Germany, especially in the inland parts of the country, where they are almost unknown.

In honour of the oysters and the new commercial treaty (which arrived in *fourgons* despatched for the purpose), his Highness announced a grand supper and ball, and invited all the quality of all the principalities round about. It was a splendid affair: the grand saloon brilliant with hundreds of uniforms and brilliant toilettes—not the least beautiful among them, I need not say, was Ottilia.

At midnight the supper-rooms were thrown open, and we formed into little parties of six, each having a table, nobly served with plate, a lacquey in attendance, and a gratifying ice-pail or two of champagne to *égayer* the supper. It was no small cost to serve five hundred people on silver, and the repast was certainly a princely and magnificent one.

I had, of course, arranged with Mademoiselle de Schlippen-schlopp. Captains Frumpel and Fiddelberger of the Duke's Guard, Mesdames de Butterbrod and Bopp, formed our little party.

The first course, of course, consisted of the *oysters*. Ottilia's eyes gleamed with double brilliancy as the lacquey opened them. There were nine apiece for us—how well I recollect the number!

I never was much of an oyster-eater, nor can I relish them *à naturalibus* as some do, but require a quantity of sauces, lemons, cayenne peppers, bread and butter, and so forth, to render them palatable.

By the time I had made my preparations, Ottilia, the Captains, and the two ladies, had well-nigh finished theirs. Indeed Ottilia had gobbled up all hers, and there were only my nine left in the dish.

I took one—IT WAS BAD. The scent of it was enough,—they were all bad. Ottilia had eaten nine bad oysters.

I put down the horrid shell. Her eyes glistened more and more; she could not take them off the tray.

"Dear Herr George," she said, "*will you give me your oysters?*"

She had them all down - before I could say—Jack—Robinson!

I left Kalbsbraten that night, and have never been there since.



## FITZ-BOODLE'S PROFESSIONS:

BEING APPEALS TO THE UNEMPLOYED YOUNGER  
SONS OF THE NOBILITY.



### *First Profession.*

THE fair and honest proposition in which I offered to communicate privately with parents and guardians, relative to two new and lucrative professions which I had discovered, has, I find from the publisher, elicited not one single inquiry from those personages, who I can't but think are very little careful of their children's welfare to allow such a chance to be thrown away. It is not for myself I speak, as my conscience proudly tells me; for though I actually gave up Ascot in order to be in the way should any father of a family be inclined to treat with me regarding my discoveries, yet I am grieved, not on my own account, but on theirs, and for the wretched penny-wise policy that has held them back.

That they must feel an interest in my announcement is unquestionable. Look at the way in which the public prints of all parties have noticed my appearance in the character of a literary man? Putting aside my personal narrative, look at the offer I made to the nation,—a choice of no less than two new professions! Suppose I had invented as many new kinds of butcher's-meat: does any one pretend that the world, tired as it is of the perpetual recurrence of beef, mutton, veal, cold beef, cold veal, cold mutton, hashed ditto, would not have jumped eagerly at the delightful intelligence that their old, stale, stupid meals were about to be varied at last?

Of course people would have come forward. I should have had deputations from Mr. Giblets and the fashionable butchers of this world; petitions would have poured in from Whitechapel salesmen; the speculators panting to know the discovery; the cautious with stock in hand eager to bribe me to silence and

prevent the certain depreciation of the goods which they already possessed. I should have dealt with them, not greedily or rapaciously, but on honest principles of fair barter. "Gentlemen," I should have said, or rather "Gents"—which affectionate diminutive is, I am given to understand, at present much in use among commercial persons—"Gents, my researches, my genius, or my good fortune, have brought me to the valuable discovery about which you are come to treat. Will you purchase it outright, or will you give the discoverer an honest share of the profits resulting from your speculation? My position in the world puts *me* out of the power of executing the vast plan I have formed, but 'twill be a certain fortune to him who engages in it; and why should not I, too, participate in that fortune?"

Such would have been my manner of dealing with the world, too, with regard to my discovery of the new professions. Does not the world want new professions? Are there not thousands of well-educated men panting, struggling, pushing, starving, in the old ones? Grim tenants of chambers looking out for attorneys who never come?—wretched physicians practising the stale joke of being called out of church until people no longer think fit even to laugh or to pity? Are there not hoary-headed midshipmen, antique ensigns growing mouldy upon fifty years' half-pay? Nay, are there not men who would pay anything to be employed rather than remain idle? But such is the glut of professionals, the horrible cut-throat competition among them, that there is no chance for one in a thousand, be he ever so willing, or brave, or clever: in the great ocean of life he makes a few strokes, and puffs, and sputters, and sinks, and the innumerable waves overwhelm him and he is heard of no more.

Walking to my banker's t'other day—and I pledge my sacred honour this story is true—I met a young fellow whom I had known attaché to an embassy abroad, a young man of tolerable parts, unwearied patience, with some fortune too, and, moreover, allied to a noble Whig family, whose interest had procured him his appointment to the legation at Krahwinkel, where I knew him. He remained for ten years a diplomatic character; he was the working-man of the legation: he sent over the most diffuse translations of the German papers for the use of the Foreign Secretary; he signed passports with most astonishing ardour; he exiled himself for ten long years in a wretched German town, dancing attendance at Court-balls and paying no end of money

for uniforms. And for what? At the end of the ten years—during which period of labour he never received a single shilling from the Government which employed him (rascally spendthrift of a Government, *va!*),—he was offered the paid attachéship to the Court of H. M. the King of the Mosquito Islands, and refused that appointment a week before the Whig Ministry retired. Then he knew that there was no further chance for him, and incontinently quitted the diplomatic service for ever,



and I have no doubt will sell his uniform a bargain. The Government had *him* a bargain certainly; nor is he by any means the first person who has been sold at that price.

Well, my worthy friend met me in the street and informed me of these facts with a smiling countenance,—which I thought a masterpiece of diplomacy. Fortune had been belabouring and kicking him for ten whole years, and here he was grinning in my face: could Monsieur de Talleyrand have acted better? "I have

given up diplomacy," said Protocol, quite simply and good-humouredly, "for between you and me, my good fellow, it's a very slow profession; sure perhaps, but slow. But though I gained no actual pecuniary remuneration in the service, I have learned all the languages in Europe, which will be invaluable to me in my new profession—the mercantile one—in which directly I looked out for a post I found one."

"What! and a good pay?" said I.

"Why, no; that's absurd, you know. No young men, strangers to business, are paid much to speak of. Besides, I don't look to a paltry clerk's pay. Some day, when thoroughly acquainted with the business (I shall learn it in about seven years), I shall go into a good house with my capital and become junior partner."

"And meanwhile?"

"Meanwhile I conduct the foreign correspondence of the eminent house of Jam, Ram, and Johnson; and very heavy it is, I can tell you. From nine till six every day, except foreign post days, and then from nine till eleven. Dirty dark court to sit in; snobs to talk to,—great change, as you may fancy."

"And you do all this for nothing?"

"I do it to learn the business." And so saying, Protocol gave me a knowing nod and went his way.

Good heavens! I thought, and is this a true story? Are there hundreds of young men in a similar situation at the present day, giving away the best years of their youth for the sake of a mere windy hope of something in old age, and dying before they come to the goal? In seven years he hopes to have a business, and then to have the pleasure of risking his money? He will be admitted into some great house as a particular favour, and three months after the house will fail. Has it not happened to a thousand of our acquaintance? I thought I would run after him and tell him about the new professions that I have invented.

"Oh! ay! those you wrote about in *Fraser's Magazine*. Egad! George, Necessity makes strange fellows of us all. Who would ever have thought of you *spelling*, much more writing?"

"Never mind that. Will you, if I tell you of a new profession that, with a little cleverness and instruction from me,



you may bring to a most successful end—will you, I say, make me a fair return?"

"My dear creature," replied young Protocol, "what nonsense you talk! I saw that very humbug in the Magazine. You say you have made a great discovery—very good; you puff your discovery—very right; you ask money for it—nothing can be more reasonable; and then you say that you intend to make your discovery public in the next number of the Magazine. Do you think I will be such a fool as to give you money for a thing which I can have next month for nothing? Good-bye, George my boy; the next discovery you make I'll tell you how to get a better price for it." And with this the fellow walked off, looking supremely knowing and clever.

This tale of the person I have called Protocol is not told without a purpose, you may be sure. In the first place, it shows what are the reasons that nobody has made application to me concerning the new professions, namely, because I have passed my word to make them known in this Magazine, which persons may have for the purchasing, stealing, borrowing, or hiring, and, therefore, they will never think of applying personally to me. And, secondly, his story proves also my assertion, viz., that all professions are most cruelly crowded at present, and that men will make the most absurd outlay and sacrifices for the smallest chance of success at some future period. Well, then, I will be a benefactor to my race, if I cannot be to one single member of it, whom I love better than most men. What I have discovered I will make known; there shall be no shilly-shallying work here, no circumlocution, no bottle-conjuring business. But oh! I wish for all our sakes that I had had an opportunity to impart the secret to one or two persons only; for, after all, but one or two can live in the manner I would suggest. And when the discovery is made known, I am sure ten thousand will try. The rascals! I can see their brass-plates gleaming over scores of doors. Competition will ruin my professions, as it has all others.

• It must be premised that the two professions are intended for gentlemen, and gentlemen only—men of birth and education. No others could support the parts which they will be called upon to play.

And, likewise, it must be honestly confessed that these professions have, to a certain degree, been exercised before. Do

not cry out at this and say it is no discovery! I say it *is* a discovery. It is a discovery if I show you—a gentleman—a profession which you may exercise without derogation, or loss of standing, with certain profit, nay, possibly with honour, and of which, until the reading of this present page, you never thought but as of a calling beneath your rank and quite below your reach. Sir, I do not mean to say that I create a profession, I cannot create gold; but if, when discovered, I find the means of putting it in your pocket, do I or do I not deserve credit?

I see you sneer contemptuously when I mention to you the word AUCTIONEER. "Is this all," you say, "that this fellow brags and prates about? An auctioneer forsooth; he might as well have 'invented' chimney-sweeping!"

No such thing. A little boy of seven, be he ever so low of birth, can do this as well as you. Do you suppose that little stolen Master Montague made a better sweeper than the lowest-bred chummy that yearly commemorates his release? No, sir. And he might have been ever so much a genius or a gentleman, and not have been able to make his trade respectable.

But all such trades as can be rendered decent the aristocracy has adopted one by one. At first they followed the profession of arms, flouting all others as unworthy, and thinking it ungentlemanlike to know how to read or write. They did not go into the Church in very early days, till the money to be got from the Church was strong enough to tempt them. It is but of later years that they have condescended to go to the bar, and since the same time only that we see some of them following trades. I know an English lord's son, who is, or was, a wine-merchant (he may have been a bankrupt for what I know). As for bankers, several partners in banking-houses have four balls to their coronets, and I have no doubt that another sort of banking, viz., that practised by gentlemen who lend small sums of money upon deposited securities, will be one day followed by the noble order, so that they may have four balls on their coronets and carriages, and three in front of their shops.

Yes, the nobles come peoplewards as the people, on the other hand, rise and mingle with the nobles. With the *plebs*, of course. Fitz-Boodle, in whose veins flows the blood of a thousand kings, can have nothing to do; but, watching the progress of the world, 'tis impossible to deny that the good old days of our race are passed away. We want money still as much as ever we

did ; but we cannot go down from our castles with horse and sword and waylay fat merchants—no, no, confounded new policemen and the assize-courts prevent that. Younger brothers cannot be pages to noble houses, as of old they were, serving gentle dames without disgrace, handing my Lord's rose-water to wash, or holding his stirrup as he mounted for the chase. A page, forsooth ! A pretty figure would George Fitz-Boodle or any other man of fashion cut, in a jacket covered with sugar-loafed buttons, and handing in penny-post notes on a silver tray. The *plebs* have robbed us of *that* trade among others : nor, I confess, do I much grudge them their *trouvaille*. Neither can we collect together a few scores of free-lances, like honest Hugh Calverly in the Black Prince's time, or brave Harry Butler of Wallenstein's dragoons, and serve this or that prince, Peter the Cruel or Henry of Trastamare, Gustavus or the Emperor, at our leisure ; or, in default of service, fight and rob on our own gallant account, as the good gentlemen of old did. Alas ! no. In South America or Texas, perhaps, a man might have a chance that way ; but in the ancient world no man can fight except in the king's service (and a mighty bad service that is too), and the lowest European sovereign, were it Baldomero Espartero himself, would think nothing of seizing the best-born condottiere that ever drew sword, and shooting him down like the vulgarlest deserter.

What, then, is to be done ? We must discover fresh fields of enterprise—of peaceable and commercial enterprise in a peaceful and commercial age. I say, then, that the auctioneer's pulpit has never yet been ascended by a scion of the aristocracy, and am prepared to prove that they might scale it, and do so with dignity and profit.

For the auctioneer's pulpit is just the peculiar place where a man of social refinement, of elegant wit, of polite perceptions, can bring his wit, his eloquence, his taste, and his experience of life, most delightfully into play. It is not like the bar, where the better and higher qualities of a man of fashion find no room for exercise. In defending John Jorrocks in an action of trespass, for cutting down a stick in Sam Snooks's field, what powers of mind do you require ?—powers of mind, that is, which Mr. Serjeant Snorter, a butcher's son with a great loud voice, a sizar at Cambridge, a wrangler, and so forth, does not possess as well as yourself ? Snorter has never been in decent society in his life.

He thinks the bar-mess the most fashionable assemblage in Europe, and the jokes of "grand day" the *ne plus ultra* of wit. Snorter lives near Russell Square, eats beef and Yorkshire-pudding, is a judge of port-wine, is in all social respects your inferior. Well, it is ten to one but in the case of Snooks v. Jorrocks, before mentioned, he will be a better advocate than you; he knows the law of the case entirely, and better probably than you. He can speak long, loud, to the point, grammatically—more grammatically than you, no doubt, will condescend to do. In the case of Snooks v. Jorrocks he is all that can be desired. And so about dry disputes, respecting real property, he knows the law; and, beyond this, has no more need to be a gentleman than my body-servant has—who, by the way, from constant intercourse with the best society, is almost a gentleman. But this is apart from the question.

Now, in the matter of auctioneering, this, I apprehend, is not the case, and I assert that a high-bred gentleman, with good powers of mind and speech, must, in such a profession, make a fortune. I do not mean in all auctioneering matters. I do not mean that such a person should be called upon to sell the goodwill of a public-house, or discourse about the value of the beer-barrels, or bars with pewter fittings, or the beauty of a trade doing a stroke of so many hogsheads a week. I do not ask a gentleman to go down and sell pigs, ploughs, and cart-horses, at Stoke Pogis; or to enlarge at the Auction Rooms, Wapping, upon the beauty of the "Lively Sally" schooner. These articles of commerce or use can be better appreciated by persons in a different rank of life to his.

But there are a thousand cases in which a gentleman only can do justice to the sale of objects which the necessity or convenience of the genteel world may require to change hands. All articles properly called of taste should be put under his charge. Pictures,—he is a travelled man, has seen and judged the best galleries of Europe, and can speak of them as a common person cannot. For, mark you, you must have the confidence of your society, you must be able to be familiar with them, to plant a happy *mot* in a graceful manner, to appeal to my Lord or the Duchess in such a modest, easy, pleasant way as that her Grace should not be hurt by your allusion to her—nay, amused (like the rest of the company) by the manner in which it was done.

What is more disgusting than the familiarity of a snob?

What more loathsome than the swaggering quackery of some present holders of the hammer? There was a late sale, for instance, which made some noise in the world (I mean the late Lord Gimcrack's at Dilberry Hill). Ah! what an opportunity was lost there! I declare solemnly that I believe, but for the absurd quackery and braggadocio of the advertisements, much more money would have been bid; people were kept away by the vulgar trumpeting of the auctioneer, and could not help thinking the things were worthless that were so outrageously lauded.

They say that sort of Bartholomew-fair advocacy (in which people are invited to an entertainment by the medium of a hoarse yelling beef-eater, twenty-four drums, and a jack-pudding turning head over heels) is absolutely necessary to excite the public attention. What an error! I say that the refined individual so accosted is more likely to close his ears, and, shuddering, run away from the booth. Poor Horace Waddlepoodle! to think that thy gentle accumulation of bric-à-brac should have passed away in such a manner, by means of a man who brings down a butterfly with a blunderbuss, and talks of a pin's head through a speaking-trumpet! Why, the auctioneer's very voice was enough to crack the Sèvres porcelain and blow the lace into annihilation. Let it be remembered that I speak of the gentleman in his public character merely, meaning to insinuate nothing more than I would by stating that Lord Brougham speaks with a northern accent, or that the voice of Mr. Sheil is sometimes unpleasantly shrill.

Now the character I have formed to myself of a great auctioneer is this. I fancy him a man of first-rate and irreproachable birth and fashion. I fancy his person so agreeable that it must be a pleasure for ladies to behold and tailors to dress it. As a private man he must move in the very best society, which will flock round his pulpit when he mounts it in his public calling. It will be a privilege for vulgar people to attend the hall where he lectures; and they will consider it an honour to be allowed to pay their money for articles the value of which is stamped by his high recommendation. Nor can such a person be a mere fribble; nor can any loose hanger-on of fashion imagine he may assume the character. The gentleman auctioneer must be an artist above all, adoring his profession; and adoring it, what must he not know? He must

have a good knowledge of the history and language of all nations ; not the knowledge of the mere critical scholar, but of the lively and elegant man of the world. He will not commit the gross blunders of pronunciation that untravelled Englishmen perpetrate ; he will not degrade his subject by coarse eulogy, or sicken his audience with vulgar banter. He will know where to apply praise and wit properly ; he will have the tact only acquired in good society, and know where a joke is in place, and how far a compliment may go. He will not outrageously and indiscriminately laud all objects committed to his charge, for he knows the value of praise ; that diamonds, could we have them by the bushel, would be used as coals ; that, above all, he has a character of sincerity to support ; that he is not merely the advocate of the person who employs him, but that the public is his client too, who honours him and confides in him. Ask him to sell a copy of Raffaele for an original ; a trumpery modern Brussels counterfeit for real old Mechlin ; some common French forged crockery for the old delightful delicate Dresden china ; and he will quit you with scorn, or order his servant to show you the door of his study.

Study, by the way,—no, "study" is a vulgar word ; every word is vulgar which a man uses to give the world an exaggerated notion of himself or his condition. When the wretched bagman, brought up to give evidence before Judge Coltman, was asked what his trade was, and replied that "he represented the house of Dobson and Hobson," he showed himself to be a vulgar mean-souled wretch, and was most properly reprimanded by his Lordship. To be a bagman is to be humble, but not of necessity vulgar. Pomposity is vulgar, to ape a higher rank than your own is vulgar, for an ensign of militia to call himself captain is vulgar, or for a bagman to style himself the "representative" of Dobson and Hobson. The honest auctioneer, then, will not call his room his study ; but his "private room," or his office, or whatever may be the phrase commonly used among auctioneers.

He will not for the same reason call himself (as once in a momentary feeling of pride and enthusiasm for the profession I thought he should)—he will not call himself an "advocate," but an auctioneer. There is no need to attempt to awe people by big titles : let each man bear his own name without shame. And a very gentlemanlike and agreeable, though exceptional

position (for it is clear that there cannot be more than two of the class), may the auctioneer occupy.

He must not sacrifice his honesty, then, either for his own sake or his clients', in any way, nor tell fibs about himself or them. He is by no means called upon to draw the long-bow in their behalf; all that his office obliges him to do—and let us hope his disposition will lead him to do it also—is to take a favourable, kindly, philanthropic view of the world; to say what can fairly be said by a good-natured and ingenious man in praise of any article for which he is desirous to awaken public sympathy. And how readily and pleasantly may this be done! I will take upon myself, for instance, to write a eulogium upon So-and-So's last novel, which shall be every word of it true; and which work, though to some discontented spirits it might appear dull, may be shown to be really amusing and instructive,—nay, is amusing and instructive to those who have the art of discovering where those precious qualities lie.

An auctioneer should have the organ of truth large; of imagination and comparison, considerable: of wit, great; of benevolence, excessively large.

And how happy might such a man be, and cause others to be! He should go through the world laughing, merry, observant, kind-hearted. He should love everything in the world, because his profession regards everything. With books of lighter literature (for I do not recommend the genteel auctioneer to meddle with heavy antiquarian and philological works) he should be elegantly conversant, being able to give a neat history of the author, a pretty sparkling kind criticism of the work, and an appropriate eulogium upon the binding, which would make those people read who never read before; or buy, at least, which is his first consideration. Of pictures we have already spoken. Of china, of jewellery, of gold-headed canes, valuable arms, picturesque antiquities, with what eloquent *entrainement* might he not speak! He feels every one of these things in his heart. He has all the tastes of the fashionable world. Dr. Meyrick cannot be more enthusiastic about an old suit of armour than he; Sir Harris Nicholas not more eloquent regarding the gallant times in which it was worn, and the brave histories connected with it. He takes up a pearl necklace with as much delight as any beauty who was sighing to wear it round her own snowy throat, and hugs a china monster with as much joy as the

oldest duchess could do. Nor must he affect these things; he must feel them. He is a glass in which all the tastes of fashion are reflected. He must be every one of the characters to whom he addresses himself—a genteel Goethe or Shakespeare, a fashionable world-spirit.

How can a man be all this and not be a gentleman; and not have had an education in the midst of the best company—an insight into the most delicate feelings, and wants, and usages? The pulpit oratory of such a man would be invaluable; people would flock to listen to him from far and near. He might out of a single teacup cause streams of world-philosophy to flow, which would be drunk in by grateful thousands; and draw out of an old pincushion points of wit, morals, and experience, that would make a nation wise.

Look round, examine *THE ANNALS OF AUCTIONS*, as Mr. Robins. remarks, and (with every respect for him and his brethren) say, is there in the profession *SUCH A MAN*? Do we want such a man? Is such a man likely or not likely to make an immense fortune? Can we get such a man except out of the very best society, and among the most favoured there?

Everybody answers: "No!" I knew you would answer no. And now, gentlemen who have laughed at my pretension to discover a profession, say, have I not? I have laid my finger upon the spot where the social deficit exists. I have shown that we labour under a want; and when the world wants, do we not know that a man will step forth to fill the vacant space that Fate has left him? Pass we now to the

### Second Profession.

THIS profession, too, is a great, lofty, and exceptional one, and discovered by me considering these things and deeply musing upon the necessities of society. Nor let honourable gentlemen imagine that I am enabled to offer them in this profession, more than any other, a promise of what is called future glory, deathless fame, and so forth. All that I say is, that I can put young men in the way of making a comfortable livelihood, and leaving behind them, not a name, but, what is better, a decent maintenance to their children. Fitz-Boodle is as good a



name as any in England. General Fitz-Boodle, who, in Marlborough's time, and in conjunction with the famous Van Snaap, beat the French in the famous action of Vischzouchee, near Mardyck, in Holland, on the 14th of February, 1709, is promised an immortality upon his tomb in Westminster Abbey; but he died of apoplexy, deucedly in debt, two years afterwards; and what after that is the use of a name?

No, no; the age of chivalry is past. Take the twenty-four first men who come into the club, and ask who they are, and how they made their money? 'There's Woolsey-Sackville': his father was Lord Chancellor, and sat on the woolsack, whence he took his title; his grandfather dealt in coal-sacks, and not in wool-sacks,—small coal-sacks, dribbling out little supplies of black diamonds to the poor. Yonder comes Frank Leveson, in a huge broad-brimmed hat, his shirt-cuffs turned up to his elbows. Leveson is as gentlemanly a fellow as the world contains, and if he has a fault, is perhaps too finikin. Well, you fancy him related to the Sutherland family: nor, indeed, does honest Frank deny it; but *entre nous*, my good sir, his father was an attorney, and his grandfather a bailiff in Chancery Lane, bearing a name still older than that of Leveson, namely, Levy. So it is that this confounded equality grows and grows, and has laid the good old nobility by the heels. Look at that venerable Sir Charles Kitley, of Kitley Park: he is interested about the Ashantees, and is just come from Exeter Hall. Kitley discounted bills in the city in the year 1787, and gained his baronetcy by a loan to the French princes. All these points of history are perfectly well known; and do you fancy the world cares? P'sha! Profession is no disgrace to a man: be what you like, provided you succeed. If Mr. Fauntleroy could come to life with a million of money, you and I would dine with him: you know we would; for why should we be better than our neighbours?

Put, then, out of your head the idea that this or that profession is unworthy of you: take any that may bring you profit, and thank him that puts you in the way of being rich.

The profession I would urge (upon a person duly qualified to undertake it) has, I confess, at the first glance, something ridiculous about it; and will not appear to young ladies so romantic as the calling of a gallant soldier, blazing with glory, gold lace, and vermilion coat; or a dear delightful clergyman, with a sweet blue eye, and a pocket-handkerchief scented charmingly

with lavender-water. The profession I allude to *will*, I own, be to young women disagreeable, to sober men trivial, to great stupid moralists unworthy.

But mark my words for it, that in the religious world (I have once or twice, by mistake no doubt, had the honour of dining in "serious" houses, and can vouch for the fact that the dinners there are of excellent quality)--in the serious world, in the great mercantile world, among the legal community (notorious feeders), in every house in town (except some half-dozen which can afford to do without such aid), the man I propose might speedily render himself indispensable.

Does the reader now begin to take? Have I hinted enough for him that he may see with eagle glance the immense beauty of the profession I am about to unfold to him? We have all seen Gunter and Chevet; Fregoso, on the Puerta del Sol (a relation of the ex Minister Calomarde), is a good purveyor enough for the benighted olla-eaters of Madrid; nor have I any fault to find with Guimard, a Frenchman, who has lately set up in the Toledo, at Naples, where he furnishes people with decent food. It has given me pleasure, too, in walking about London—in the Strand, in Oxford Street, and elsewhere, to see founrisseurs and comestible-merchants newly set up. Messrs. Morell have excellent articles in their warehouses; Fortnum & Mason are known to most of my readers.

But what is not known, what is wanted, what is languished for in England is a *dinner-master*,--a gentleman who is not a provider of meat or wine, like the parties before named, who can have no earthly interest in the price of truffled turkeys or dry champagne beyond that legitimate interest which he may feel for his client, and which leads him to see that the latter is not cheated by his tradesmen. For the dinner-giver is almost naturally an ignorant man. How in mercy's name can Mr. Serjeant Snorter, who is all day at Westminster, or in chambers, know possibly the mysteries, the delicacy, of dinner-giving? How can Alderman Pogson know anything beyond the fact that venison is good with currant-jelly, and that he likes lots of green fat with his turtle? Snorter knows law, Pogson is acquainted with the state of the tallow-market; but what should he know of eating, like you and me, who have given up our time to it? (I say *me* only familiarly, for I have only reached so far in the science as to know that I know nothing.) But men there

are, gifted individuals, who have spent years of deep thought—not merely intervals of labour, but hours of study every day—over the gormandising science,—who, like alchemists, have let their fortunes go, guinea by guinea, into the all-devouring pot;—who, ruined as they sometimes are, never get a guinea by chance but they will have a plate of peas in May with it, or a little feast of ortolans, or a piece of Glo'ster salmon, or one more flask from their favourite claret-bin.

It is not the ruined gastronomist that I would advise a person to select as his *table-master*; for the opportunities of speculation would be too great in a position of such confidence—such complete abandonment of one man to another. A ruined man would be making bargains with the tradesmen. They would offer to cash bills for him, or send him opportune presents of wine, which he could convert into money, or bribe him in one way or another. Let this be done, and the profession of table-master is ruined. Snorter and Pogson may almost as well order their own dinners, as be at the mercy of a "gastronomic agent" whose faith is not beyond all question.

A vulgar mind, in reply to these remarks regarding the gastronomic ignorance of Snorter and Pogson, might say, "True, these gentlemen know nothing of household economy, being occupied with other more important business elsewhere. But what are their wives about? Lady Pogson in Harley Street has nothing earthly to do but to mind her poodle, and her mantua-maker's and housekeeper's bills. Mrs. Snorter in Bedford Place, when she has taken her drive in the Park with the young ladies, may surely have time to attend to her husband's guests and preside over the preparations of his kitchen, as she does worthily at his hospitable mahogany." To this I answer, that a man who expects a woman to understand the philosophy of dinner-giving, shows the strongest evidence of a low mind. He is unjust towards that lovely and delicate creature, woman, to suppose that she heartily understands and cares for what she eats and drinks. No: taken as a rule, women have no real appetites. They are children in the gormandising way; loving sugar, sops, tarts, trifles, apricot-creams, and such gewgaws. They would take a sip of Malmsey, and would drink currant wine just as happily, if that accursed liquor were presented to them by the butler. Did you ever know a woman who could lay her fair hand upon her gentle heart and say on her conscience

that she preferred dry Sillery to sparkling champagne? Such a phenomenon does not exist. They are not made for eating and drinking; or, if they make a pretence to it, become downright odious. Nor can they, I am sure, witness the preparations of a really great repast without a certain jealousy. They grudge spending money (ask guards, coachmen, inn-waiters, whether this be not the case). They will give their all, Heaven bless them! to serve a son, a grandson, or a dear relative, but they have not the heart to pay for small things magnificently. They are jealous of good dinners, and no wonder. I have shown in a former discourse how they are jealous of smoking, and other personal enjoyments of the male. I say, then, that Lady Pogson or Mrs. Snorter can never conduct her husband's table properly. Fancy either of them consenting to allow a calf to be stewed down into gravy for one dish, or a dozen hares to be sacrificed to a single *farde* of game, or the best Madeira to be used for a sauce, or half-a-dozen of champagne to boil a ham in. They will be for bringing a bottle of Marsala in place of the old particular, or for having the ham cooked in water. But of these matters—of kitchen philosophy—I have no practical or theoretic knowledge; and must beg pardon if, only understanding the goodness of a dish when cooked, I may have unconsciously made some blunder regarding the preparation.

Let it, then, be set down as an axiom, without further trouble of demonstration, that a woman is a bad dinner-caterer: either too great and simple for it, or too mean—I don't know which it is; and gentlemen, according as they admire or condemn the sex, may settle that matter their own way. In brief, the mental constitution of lovely woman is such that she cannot give a great dinner. It must be done by a man. It can't be done by an ordinary man, because he does not understand it. Vain fool! and he sends off to the pastrycook in Great Russell Street or Baker Street, he lays on a couple of extra waiters (green-grocers in the neighbourhood), he makes a great pother with his butler in the cellar, and fancies he has done the business.

*Bon Dieu!* Who has not been at those dinners?—those monstrous exhibitions of the pastrycook's art? Who does not know those made dishes with the universal sauce to each: *fricandeaux*, sweetbreads, damp dumpty cutlets, &c., seasoned with the compound of grease, onions, bad port-wine, cayenne pepper, curry-powder (Warren's blacking, for what I know, but

the taste is always the same)—there they lie in the old corner-dishes, the poor wiry Moselle and sparkling Burgundy in the ice-coolers, and the old story of white and brown soup, turbot, little smelts, boiled turkey, saddle-of-mutton, and so forth? "Try a little of that fricandeau," says Mrs. Snorter, with a kind smile. "You'll find it, I think, very nice." Be sure it has come in a green tray from Great Russell Street. "Mr. Fitz-Boodle, you have been in Germany," cries Snorter knowingly; "taste the hock, and tell me what you think of *that*."

How should he know better, poor benighted creature; or she, dear good soul that she is? If they would have a leg-of-mutton and an apple-pudding, and a glass of sherry and port (or simple brandy-and-water called by its own name) after dinner, all would be very well; but they must shine, they must dine as their neighbours. There is no difference in the style of dinners in London; people with five hundred a year treat you exactly as those of five thousand. They *will* have their Moselle or hock, their fatal side-dishes brought in the green trays from the pastry-cook's.

Well, there is no harm done; not as regards the dinner-givers at least, though the dinner-eaters may have to suffer somewhat; it only shows that the former are hospitably inclined, and wish to do the very best in their power,—good honest fellows! If they do wrong, how can they help it? they know no better.

And now, is it not as clear as the sun at noonday, that A WANT exists in London for a superintendent of the table—a gastronomic agent—a dinner-master, as I have called him before? A man of such a profession would be a metropolitan benefit; hundreds of thousands of people of the respectable sort, people in white waistcoats, would thank him daily. Calculate how many dinners are given in the City of London, and calculate the numbers of benedictions that "the Agency" might win.

And as no doubt the observant man of the world has remarked that the freeborn Englishman of the respectable class is, of all others, the most slavish and truckling to a lord; that there is no fly-blown peer but he is pleased to have him at his table, proud beyond measure to call him by his surname (without the lordly prefix); and that those lords whom he does not know, he yet (the freeborn Englishman) takes care to have their pedigrees and ages by heart from his world-bible, the "Peerage:" as this is

an indisputable fact, and as it is in this particular class of Britons that our agent must look to find clients, I need not say it is necessary that the agent should be as high-born as possible, and that he should be able to tack, if possible, an honourable or some other handle to his respectable name. He must have it on his professional card—

**The Honourable George Gormand Gobbleton,**

*Apician Chambers, Pall Mall.*

Or,

**Sir Augustus Earber Cramley Cramley,**

*Amphitryonic Council Office, Swallow Street.*

Or, in some such neat way, Gothic letters on a large handsome crockery-ware card, with possibly a gilt coat-of-arms and supporters, or the blood-red hand of baronetcy duly displayed. Depend on it plenty of guineas will fall in it, and that Gobbleton's supporters will support him comfortably enough.

For this profession is not like that of the auctioneer, which I take to be a far more noble one, because more varied and more truthful; but in the Agency case, a little humbug at least is necessary. A man cannot be a successful agent by the mere force of his simple merit or genius in eating and drinking. He must of necessity impose upon the vulgar to a certain degree. He must be of that rank which will lead them naturally to respect him, otherwise they might be led to jeer at his profession; but let a noble exercise it, and bless your soul, all the "Court Guide" is dumb.

He will then give out in a manly and somewhat pompous address what has before been mentioned, namely, that he has seen the fatal way in which the hospitality of England has been perverted hitherto, *accapard'd* by a few eboks with green trays. (He must use a good deal of French in his language, for that is considered very gentlemanlike by vulgar people.) He will take

a set of chambers in Carlton Gardens, which will be richly though severely furnished, and the door of which will be opened by a French valet (he *must* be a Frenchman, remember), who will say, on letting Mr. Snorter or Sir Benjamin Pogson in, that "*Milor* is at home." Pogson will then be shown into a library furnished with massive book-cases, containing all the works on cookery and wines (the titles of them) in all the known languages in the world. Any books, of course, will do, as you will have them handsomely bound, and keep them under plate-glass. On a side-table will be little sample-bottles of wines, a few truffles on a white porcelain saucer, a prodigious strawberry or two, perhaps, at the time when such fruit costs much money. On the book-case will be busts marked Ude, Carême, Béchamel, in marble (never mind what heads, of course); and, perhaps, on the clock should be a figure of the Prince of Condé's cook killing himself because the fish had not arrived in time: there may be a wreath of *immortelles* on the figure to give it a more decidedly Frenchified air. The walls will be of a dark rich paper, hung round with neat gilt frames, containing plans of *menus* of various great dinners,—those of Cambacérès, Napoleon, Louis XIV., Louis XVIII., Heliogabalus if you like, each signed by the respective cook.

After the stranger has looked about him at these things, which he does not understand in the least, especially the truffles, which look like dirty potatoes, you will make your appearance, dressed in a dark dress, with one handsome enormous gold chain, and one large diamond ring; a gold snuff-box, of course, which you will thrust into the visitor's paw before saying a word. You will be yourself a portly grave man, with your head a little bald and grey. In fact, in this, as in all other professions, you had best try to look as like Canning as you can.

When Pogson has done sneezing with the snuff, you will say to him, "*Take a fauteuil.* I have the honour of addressing Sir Benjamin Pogson, I believe?" And then you will explain to him your system.

This, of course, must vary with every person you address. But let us lay down a few of the heads of a plan which may be useful, or may be modified infinitely, or may be cast aside altogether, just as circumstances dictate. After all *I am not* going to turn gastronomic agent, and speak only for the benefit perhaps of the very person who is reading this:—

**"SYNOPSIS OF THE GASTRONOMIC AGENCY OF THE HONOUR-  
ABLE GEORGE GOBBLETON.**

"The Gastronomic Agent having traversed Europe, and dined with the best society of the world, has been led naturally, as a patriot, to turn his thoughts homeward, and cannot but deplore the lamentable ignorance regarding gastronomy displayed in a country for which Nature has done almost everything.

"But it is ever singularly thus. Inherent ignorance belongs to man; and The Agent, in his Continental travels, has always remarked, that the countries most fertile in themselves were



Invariably worse tilled than those more barren. The Italians and the Spaniards leave their fields to Nature, as we leave our vegetables, fish, and meat. And, heavens! what riches do we fling away—what dormant qualities in our dishes do we disregard—what glorious gastronomic crops (if The Agent may be permitted the expression)—what glorious gastronomic crops do we sacrifice, allowing our goodly meats and fishes to lie fallow! 'Chance,' it is said by an ingenious historian, who, having been long a secretary in the East India House, must certainly have had access to the best information upon Eastern matters—'Chance,' it is said by Mr. Charles Lamb, 'which burned down a Chinaman's house, with a litter of sucking-pigs that were unable to escape from the interior, discovered to the world the excellence



of roast-pig.' Gunpowder, we know, was invented by a similar fortuity." [The reader will observe that my style in the supposed character of a Gastronomic Agent is purposely pompous and loud.] "So, 'tis said, was printing—so glass. We should have drunk our wine poisoned with the villainous odour of the *borrachá*, had not some Eastern merchants, lighting their fires in the Desert, marked the strange composition which now glitters on our sideboards, and holds the costly produce of our vines.

"We have spoken of the natural riches of a country. Let the reader think but for one moment of the gastronomic wealth of our country of England, and he will be lost in thankful amazement as he watches the astonishing riches poured out upon us from Nature's bounteous cornucopia! Look at our fisheries!—the trout and salmon tossing in our brawling streams; the white and full-breasted turbot struggling in the mariner's net; the purple lobster lured by hopes of greed into his basket-prison, which he quits only for the red ordeal of the pot. Look at whitebait, great heavens!—look at whitebait, and a thousand frisking, glittering, silvery things besides, which the nymphs of our native streams bear kindly to the duties of our kitchens—our kitchens such as they are.

"And though it may be said that other countries produce the freckle-backed salmon and the dark broad-shouldered turbot; though trout frequent many a stream besides those of England, and lobsters sprawl on other sands than ours; yet, let it be remembered, that our native country possesses these altogether, while other lands only know them separately; that, above all, whitebait is peculiarly our country's—our city's own! Blessings and eternal praises be on it, and, of course, on brown bread and butter! And the Briton should further remember, with honest pride and thankfulness, the situation of his capital, of London: the lordly turtle floats from the sea into the stream, and from the stream to the city; the rapid fleets of all the world *se donnent rendezvous* in the docks of our silvery Thames; the produce of our coasts and provincial cities, east and west, is borne to us on the swift lines of lightning railroads. In a word—and no man but one who like The Agent, has travelled Europe over, can appreciate the gift—there is no city on earth's surface so well supplied with fish as London!

"With respect to our meats, all praise is supererogatory. Ask the wretched hunter of *chevreuil*, the poor devourer of *rehbraten*, what they think of the noble English haunch, that, after bounding in the Park of Knole or Windsor, exposes its magnificent flank upon some broad silver platter at our tables? It is enough to say of foreign venison, that *they are obliged to lard it*. Away! ours is the palm of roast: whether of the crisp mutton that crops the thymy herbage of our downs, or the noble ox who revels on lush Althorpien oil-cakes. What game is like to

ours? Mans excels us in poultry, 'tis true; but 'tis only in merry England that the partridge has a flavour, that the turkey can almost *se passer de truffes*, that the jolly juicy goose can be eaten as he deserves.

"Our vegetables, moreover, surpass all comment; Art (by the means of glass) has wrung fruit out of the bosom of Nature, such as she grants to no other clime. And if we have no vineyards on our hills, we have gold to purchase their best produce. Nature, and enterprise that masters Nature, have done everything for our land.

"But, with all these prodigious riches in our power, is it not painful to reflect how absurdly we employ them? Can we say that we are in the habit of dining well? Alas, no; and The Agent, roaming o'er foreign lands, and seeing how, with small means and great ingenuity and perseverance, great ends were effected, comes back sadly to his own country, whose wealth he sees absurdly wasted, whose energies are misdirected, and whose vast capabilities are allowed to lie idle. . . ." [Here should follow what I have only hinted at previously, a vivid and terrible picture of the degradation of our table.] ". . . Oh, for a master spirit, to give an impetus to the land, to see its great power directed in the right way, and its wealth not squandered or hidden, but nobly put out to interest and spent!

"The Agent dares not hope to win that proud station—to be the destroyer of a barbarous system wallowing in abusive prodigality—to become a dietetic reformer—the Luther of the table.

"But convinced of the wrongs which exist, he will do his humble endeavour to set them right, and to those who know that they are ignorant (and this is a vast step to knowledge) he offers his counsels, his active co-operation, his frank and kindly sympathy. The Agent's qualifications are these:—

"1. He is of one of the best families in England; and has in himself or through his ancestors been accustomed to good living for centuries. In the reign of Henry V., his maternal great-grandfather, Roger de Gobylton" [*the name may be varied, of course, or the king's reign, or the dish invented*], "was the first who discovered the method of roasting a peacock whole, with his tail-feathers displayed; and the dish was served to the two kings at Rouen. Sir Walter Cramley, in Elizabeth's reign, produced before Her Majesty, when at Killingworth Castle, mackerel with the famous *gooseberry sauce*, &c.

"2. He has, through life, devoted himself to no other study than that of the table: and has visited to that end the Courts of all the monarchs of Europe: taking the receipts of the cooks, with whom he lives on terms of intimate friendship, often at enormous expense to himself.

"3. He has the same acquaintance with all the vintages of

the Continent; having passed the autumn of 1811 (the comet year) on the great Weinberg of Johannisberg; being employed similarly at Bordeaux, in 1834; at Oporto, in 1820; and at Xeres de la Frontera, with his excellent friends, Duff, Gordon, & Co., the year after. He travelled to India and back in company with fourteen pipes of Madeira (on board of the 'Samuel Snob,' East Indiaman, Captain Scuttler), and spent the vintage season in the island, with unlimited powers of observation granted to him by the great houses there.

"4. He has attended Mr. Groves of Charing Cross, and Mr. Giblet of Bond Street, in a course of purchases of fish and meat; and is able at a glance to recognise the age of mutton, the primeness of beef, the firmness and freshness of fish of all kinds.

"5. He has visited the parks, the grouse-manors, and the principal gardens of England, in a similar professional point of view."

The Agent then, through his subordinates, engages to provide gentlemen who are about to give dinner-parties—

"1. With cooks to dress the dinners; a list of which gentlemen he has by him, and will recommend none who are not worthy of the strictest confidence.

"2. With a *menu* for the table, according to the price which the Amphitryon chooses to incur.

"3. He will, through correspondences with the various fournisseurs of the metropolis, provide them with viands, fruit, wine, &c., sending to Paris, if need be, where he has a regular correspondence with Messrs. Chevet.

"4. He has a list of dexterous table-waiters (all answering to the name of John for fear of mistakes, the butler's name to be settled according to pleasure), and would strongly recommend that the servants of the house should be locked in the back-kitchen or servants' hall during the time the dinner takes place.

"5. He will receive and examine all the accounts of the fournisseurs—of course pledging his honour as a gentleman not to receive one shilling of paltry gratification from the tradesmen he employs, but to see that the bills are more moderate, and their goods of better quality, than they would provide to any person of less experience than himself.

"6. His fee for superintending a dinner will be five guineas: and The Agent entreats his clients to trust *entirely* to him and his subordinates for the arrangement of the repast—not to think of inserting dishes of their own invention, or producing wine from their own cellars, as he engages to have it brought in the

best order, and fit for immediate drinking. Should the Amphitryon, however, desire some particular dish or wine, he must consult The Agent, in the first case by writing, in the second by sending a sample to The Agent's chambers. For it is manifest that the whole complexion of a dinner may be altered by the insertion of a single dish; and, therefore, parties will do well to mention their wishes on the first interview with The Agent. He cannot be called upon to recompose his bill of fare, except at great risk to the *ensemble* of the dinner and enormous inconvenience to himself.

"7. The Agent will be at home for consultation from ten o'clock until two—earlier, if gentlemen who are engaged at early hours in the City desire to have an interview: and be it remembered, that a *personal interview* is always the best: for it is greatly necessary to know not only the number but the character of the guests whom the Amphitryon proposes to entertain—whether they are fond of any particular wine or dish, what is their state of health, rank, style, profession, &c.

"8. At two o'clock, he will commence his rounds; for as the metropolis is wide, it is clear that he must be early in the field in some districts. From 2 till 3 he will be in Russell Square and the neighbourhood; 3 to 3½, Harley Street, Portland Place, Cavendish Square, and the environs; 3½ to 4½, Portman Square, Gloucester Place, Baker Street, &c.; 4½ to 5, the new district about Hyde Park Terrace; 5 to 5½, St. John's Wood and the Regent's Park. He will be in Grosvenor Square by 6; and in Belgrave Square, Jimico, and its vicinity, by 7. Parties there are requested not to dine until 8 o'clock: and The Agent, once for all, peremptorily announces that he will NOT go to the Palace, where it is utterly impossible to serve a good dinner."

#### "To Tradesmen.

"EVERY Monday evening during the season the Gastronomic Agent proposes to give a series of trial dinners, to which the principal gourmands of the metropolis, and a few of The Agent's most respectable clients, will be invited. Covers will be laid for *ten* at nine o'clock precisely. And as The Agent does not propose to exact a single shilling of profit from their bulls, and as his recommendation will be of infinite value to them, the tradesmen he employs will furnish the weekly dinner gratis. Cooks will attend (who have acknowledged characters) upon the same terms. To save trouble, a book will be kept where butchers, poulterers, fishmongers, &c., may inscribe their names in order, taking it by turns to supply the trial-table. Wine-merchants will naturally compete every week promiscuously, sending what they consider their best samples, and leaving with the hall-porter tickets of the prices. Confectionery to be done out of

the house. Fruiterers, market-men, as butchers and poulterers. The Agent's *maitre-d'hôtel* will give a receipt to each individual for the articles he produces ; and let all remember, that The Agent is a *very keen judge*, and woe betide those who serve him or his clients ill !

"GEORGE GORMAND GOBBLETON.

"CARLTON GARDENS: *June 10, 1842.*"

Here I have sketched out the heads of such an address as I conceive a gastronomic agent might put forth ; and appeal pretty confidently to the British public regarding its merits and my own discovery. If this be not a profession—a new one—a feasible one—a lucrative one—I don't know what it is. Say that a man attends but fifteen dinners daily, that is seventy-five guineas, or five hundred and fifty pounds weekly, or fourteen thousand three hundred pounds for a season of six months : and how many of our younger sons have such a capital even ? Let, then, some unemployed gentleman with the requisite qualifications come forward. It will not be necessary that he should have done all that is stated in the prospectus ; but, at any rate, let him *say* he has : there can't be much harm in an innocent fib of that sort ; for the gastronomic agent must be a sort of dinner-pope, whose opinions cannot be supposed to err.

And as he really will be an excellent judge of eating and drinking, and will bring his whole mind to bear upon the question, and will speedily acquire an experience which no person out of the profession can possibly have ; and as, moreover, he will be an honourable man, not practising upon his client in any way, or demanding sixpence beyond his just fee, the world will gain vastly by the coming forward of such a person,—gain in good dinners, and absolutely save money : for what is five guineas for a dinner of sixteen ? The sum may be *gaspillé* by a cook-wench, or by one of those abominable before-named pastry cooks with their green trays.

If any man take up the business, he will invite me, of course, to the Monday dinners. Or does ingratitude go so far as that a man should forget the author of his good fortune ? I believe it does. Turn we away from the sickening theme !

And now, having concluded my professions, how shall I express my obligations to the discriminating press of this country for the

unanimous applause which hailed my first appearance? It is the more wonderful, as I pledge my sacred word, I never wrote a document before much longer than a laundress's bill, or the acceptance of an invitation to dinner. But enough of this egotism: thanks for praise conferred sound like vanity; gratitude is hard to speak of, and at present it swells the full heart of

GEORGE SAVAGE FITZ-BOODLE.

END OF "THE FITZ-BOODLE PAPERS."



## CHARACTER SKETCHES.





## CHARACTER SKETCHES.

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### *CAPTAIN ROOK AND MR. PIGEON.*

THE statistic-mongers and dealers in geography have calculated to a nicety how many quartern loaves, bars of iron, pigs of lead, sacks of wool, Turks, Quakers, Methodists, Jews, Catholics, and Church-of-England men are consumed or produced in the different countries of this wicked world : I should like to see an accurate table showing the rogues and dupes of each nation ; the calculation would form a pretty matter for a philosopher to speculate upon. The mind loves to repose and broods benevolently over this expanded theme. What thieves are there in Paris, O heavens ! and what a power of rogues with pigtails and mandarin buttons at Pekin ! What crowds of swindlers are there at this very moment pursuing their trade at St. Petersburg ! how many scoundrels are saying their prayers alongside of Don Carlos ! how many scores are jobbing under the pretty nose of Queen Christina ! what an inordinate number of rascals is there, to be sure, puffing tobacco and drinking flat small-beer in all the capitals of Germany ; or else, without a rag to their ebony backs, swigging quass out of calabashes, and smeared over with palm oil, lolling at the doors of clay huts in the sunny city of Timbuctoo ! It is not necessary to make any more topographical allusions, or, for illustrating the above position, to go through the whole Gazetteer ; but he is a bad philosopher who has not all these things in mind, and does not in his speculations or his estimate of mankind duly consider and weigh them. And it is fine and consolatory to think that thoughtful Nature, which has provided sweet flowers for the humming bee ; fair running streams for glittering fish ; store of kids, deer, goats, and other fresh meat for roaring lions ; for active cats, mice ; for mice, cheese, and so on ; establishing throughout the

whole of her realm the great doctrine that where a demand is, there will be a supply (see the romances of Adam Smith, Malthus, and Ricardo, and the philosophical works of Miss Martineau): I say it is consolatory to think that, as Nature has provided flies for the food of fishes, and flowers for bees, so she has created fools for rogues; and thus the scheme is consistent throughout. Yes, observation, with extensive view, will discover Captain Rooks all over the world, and Mr. Pigeons made for their benefit. Wherever shines the sun, you are sure to find Folly basking in it; and knavery is the shadow at Folly's heels.

It is not, however, necessary to go to St. Petersburg or Peldin for rogues (and in truth I don't know whether the Tímbutton Captain Rooks prefer cribbage or billiards). "We are not birds," as the Irishman says, "to be in half-a-dozen places at once;" so let us pretermit all considerations of rogues in other countries, examining only those who flourish under our very noses. I have travelled much, and seen many men and cities; and, in truth, I think that our country of England produces the best soldiers, sailors, razors, tailors, brewers, hatters, and rogues of all. Especially there is no cheat like an English cheat. Our society produces them in the greatest numbers as well as of the greatest excellence. We supply all Europe with them. I defy you to point out a great city of the Continent where half-a-dozen of them are not to be found! proofs of our enterprise and samples of our home manufacture. Try Rome, Cheltenham, Baden, Toeplitz, Madrid, or Tzarskeselo: I have been in every one of them, and give you my honour that the Englishman is the best rascal to be found in all: better than your eager Frenchman; your swaggering Irishman, with a red velvet waistcoat and red whiskers; your grave Spaniard, with horrid goggle eyes and profuse diamond shirt-pins; your tallow-faced German baron, with white moustache and double chin, fat, pudgy, dirty fingers, and great gold thumb-ring; better even than your nondescript Russian—swindler and spy as he is by loyalty and education—the most dangerous antagonist we have. Who has the best coat even at Vienna? who has the neatest britzka at Baden? who drinks the best champagne at Paris? Captain Rook, to be sure, of Her Britannic Majesty's service:—he *has* been of the service, that is to say, but often finds it convenient to sell out.

The life of a blackleg, which is the name contemptuously applied to Captain Rook in his own country, is such an easy,

comfortable, careless, merry one, that I can't conceive why all the world do not turn Captain Rooks ; unless, maybe, there are some mysteries and difficulties in it which the vulgar know nothing of, and which only men of real genius can overcome. Call on Captain Rook in the day (in London, he lives about St. James's ; abroad, he has the very best rooms in the very best hotels), and you will find him at one o'clock dressed in the very finest *robe-de-chambre*, before a breakfast-table covered with the prettiest patties and delicacies possible ; smoking, perhaps, one of the biggest meerschaum pipes you ever saw ; reading, possibly, the *Morning Post*, or a novel (he has only one volume in his whole room, and that from a circulating library) ; or having his hair dressed ; or talking to a tailor about waistcoat patterns ; or drinking soda-water with a glass of sherry ; all this he does every morning, and it does not seem very difficult, and lasts until three. At three, he goes to a horse-dealer's, and lounges there for half-an-hour ; at four he is to be seen at the window of his Club ; at five, he is cantering and curvetting in Hyde Park with one or two more (he does not know any ladies, but has many male acquaintances : some, stout old gentlemen riding colts, who knew his family, and give him a surly grunt of recognition ; some, very young lads with pale dissolute faces, little moustaches perhaps, or at least little tufts on their chin, who hail him eagerly as a man of fashion) : at seven he has a dinner at "Long's" or at the "Clarendon ;" and so to bed very likely at five in the morning, after a quiet game of whist, broiled bones, and punch.

Perhaps he dines early at a tavern in Covent Garden ; after which, you will see him at the theatre in a private box (Captain Rook affects the Olympic a good deal). In the box, beside himself, you will remark a young man—very young—one of the lads who spoke to him in the Park this morning, and a couple of ladies : one shabby, melancholy, raw-boned, with numberless small white ringlets, large hands and feet, and a faded light-blue silk gown ; she has a large cap, trimmed with yellow, and all sorts of crumpled flowers and greasy blonde lace ; she wears large gilt earrings, and sits back, and nobody speaks to her, and she to nobody, except to say, "Law, Maria, how well you do look to-night ; there's a man opposite has been staring at you this three hours ; I'm blest if it isn't him as we saw in the Park. dear !"

"I wish, Hannah, you'd 'old your tongue, and not bother me about the men. You don't believe Miss 'Ickman, Freddy, do you?" says Maria, smiling fondly on Freddy. Maria is sitting in front: she says she is twenty-three, though Miss Hickman knows very well she is thirty-one (Freddy is just of age). She wears a purple velvet gown, three different gold bracelets on each arm, as many rings on each finger of each hand; to one is hooked a gold smelling-bottle: she has an enormous fan, a laced pocket-handkerchief, a Cashmere shawl, which is continually falling off, and exposing, very unnecessarily, a pair of very white shoulders: she talks loud, always lets her playbill drop into the pit, and smells most pungently of Mr. Delcroix's shop. After this description it is not at all necessary to say who Maria is: Miss Hickman is her companion, and they live together in a very snug little house in Mayfair, which has just been new-furnished *a la Louis Quatorze* by Freddy, as we are positively informed. It is even said that the little carriage, with two little white ponies, which Maria drives herself in such a fascinating way through the Park, was purchased for her by Freddy too; ay, and that Captain Rook got it for him—a great bargain of course.

Such is Captain Rook's life. Can anything be more easy? Suppose Maria says, "Come home, Rook, and heat a cold chicken with us, and a glass of hiced champagne;" and suppose he goes, and after chicken—just for fun—Maria proposes a little chicken-hazard;—she only plays for shillings, while Freddy, a little bolder, won't mind half-pound stakes himself. Is there any great harm in all this? Well, after half-an-hour Maria grows tired, and Mrs Hickman has been nodding asleep in the corner long ago; so off the two ladies set, candle in hand.

"D—n it, Fred," says Captain Rook, pouring out for that young gentleman his fifteenth glass of champagne, "what luck you are in, if you did but know how to back it!"

What more natural, and even kind, of Rook than to say this? Fred is evidently an inexperienced player; and every experienced player knows that there is nothing like backing your luck. Freddy does. Well; fortune is proverbially variable; and it is not at all surprising that Freddy, after having had so much luck at the commencement of the evening, should have the tables turned on him at some time or other.—Freddy loses.

It is deuced unlucky, to be sure, that he should have won.

all the little *coups* and lost all the great ones ; but there is a plan which the commonest play-man knows, an infallible means of retrieving yourself at play : it is simply doubling your stake. Say, you lose a guinea : you bet two guineas, which if you win, you win a guinea and your original stake : if you lose, you have but to bet four guineas on the third stake, eight on the fourth, sixteen on the fifth, thirty-two on the sixth, and so on. It stands to reason that you cannot lose *always* ; and the very first time you win, all your losings are made up to you. There is but one drawback to this infallible process : if you begin at a guinea, double every time you lose, and lose fifteen times, you will have lost exactly sixteen thousand three hundred and eighty-four guineas ; a sum which probably exceeds the amount of your yearly income ;—mine is considerably under that figure.

Freddy does not play this game then, yet ; but being a poor-spirited creature, as we have seen he must be by being afraid to win, he is equally poor-spirited when he begins to lose. he is frightened ; that is, increases his stakes, and backs his ill-luck : when a man does this, it is all over with him.

When Captain Rook goes home (the sun is peering through the shutters of the little drawing-room in Curzon Street, and the ghastly foot-boy—oh, how bleared his eyes look as he opens the door!)—when Captain Rook goes home, he has Freddy's I.O.U.'s in his pocket to the amount, say, of three hundred pounds. Some people say that Maria has half of the money when it is paid, but this I don't believe : is Captain Rook the kind of fellow to give up a purse when his hand has once clawed hold of it ?

Be this, however, true or not, it concerns us very little. The Captain goes home to King Street, plunges into bed much too tired to say his prayers, and wakes the next morning at twelve to go over such another day as we have just chalked out for him. As for Freddy, not poppy, nor mandragora, nor all the soda-water at the chemist's can ever medicine him to that sweet sleep which he might have had but for his loss. "If I had but played my king of hearts," sighed Fred, "and kept back my trump ; but there's no standing against a fellow who turns up a king seven times running : if I *had* even but pulled up when Thomas (curse him !) brought up that infernal Curaçoa punch, I should have saved a couple of hundred," and so on go Freddy's lamentations. O luckless Freddy ! dismal Freddy ! silly

gaby of a Freddy! you are hit now, and there is no cure for you but bleeding you almost to death's door. The homœopathic maxim of *similia similibus*—which means, I believe, that you are to be cured "by a hair of the dog that bit you"—must be put in practice with regard to Freddy—only not in homœopathic infinitesimal doses: no hair of the dog that bit him; but *vice versa*, the dog of the hair that tickled him. Freddy has begun to play—a mere trifle at first, but he must play it out; he must go the whole hog now, or there is no chance for him. He must play until he can play no more; he *will* play until he has not a shilling left to play with, when, perhaps, he may turn out an honest man, though the odds are against him: the betting is in favour of his being a swindler always; a rich or a poor one, as the case may be. I need not tell Freddy's name, I think, now; it stands on his card:—

MR. FREDERICK PIGEON.

*Long's Hotel.*

I have said the chances are that Frederick Pigeon, Esquire, will become a rich or a poor swindler, though the first chance, it must be confessed, is very remote. I once heard an actor, who could not write, speak, or even read English; who was not fit for any trade in the world, and had not the "nous" to keep an apple-stall, and scarcely even enough sense to make a Member of Parliament; I once, I say, heard an actor,—whose only qualifications were a large pair of legs, a large voice, and a very large neck,—cursè his fate and his profession, by which, do what he would, he could only make eight guineas a week. "No men," said he, with a great deal of justice, "were so ill paid as 'dramatic artists'; they laboured for nothing all their youth, and had no provision for old age." With this, he sighed, and called for (it was on a Saturday night) the forty-ninth glass of brandy-and-water which he had drunk in the course of the week.

The excitement of his profession, I make no doubt, caused my friend Claptrap to consume this quantity of spirit-and-water, besides beer in the morning after rehearsal; and I could

not help musing over his fate. It is a hard one. To eat, drink, work a little, and be jolly ; to be paid twice as much as you are worth, and then to go to ruin ; to drop off the tree when you are swelled out, seedy, and over-ripe ; and to lie rotting in the mud underneath, until at last you mingle with it.

Now, badly as the actor is paid (and the reader will the more readily pardon the above episode, because, in reality, it has nothing to do with the subject in hand), and luckless as his fate is, the lot of the poor blackleg is cast lower still. You never hear of a rich gambler ; or of one who wins in the end. Where does all the money go to which is lost among them ? Did you ever play a game at loo for sixpences ? At the end of the night a great many of those small coins have been lost, and in consequence, won. But ask the table all round, one man has won three shillings ; two have neither lost nor won ; one rather thinks he has lost ; and the three others have lost two pounds each. Is not this the fact, known to everybody who indulges in round games, and especially the noble game of loo ? I often think that the devil's books, as cards are called, are lent out to us from Old Nick's circulating library, and that he lays his paw upon a certain part of the winnings, and carries it off privily : else, what becomes of all the money ?

For instance, there is the gentleman whom the newspapers call "a noble earl of sporting celebrity ;"—if he has lost a shilling according to the newspaper accounts, he has lost fifty millions : he drops fifty thousand pounds at the Derby, just as you and I would lay down twopence halfpenny for half an ounce of Macabaw. Who has won these millions ? Is it Mr. Crockford, or Mr. Bond, or Mr. *Salon-des-Étrangers* ? (I do not call these latter gentlemen gamblers, for their speculation is a certainty ;) but who wins his money, and everybody else's money who plays and loses ? Much money is staked in the absence of Mr. Crockford ; many notes are given without the interference of the Bonds ; there are hundreds of thousands of gamblers who are *Étrangers* even to the *Salon-des-Étrangers*.

No, my dear sir, it is not in the public gambling-houses that the money is lost ; it is not in them that your virtue is chiefly in danger. Better by half lose your income, your fortune, or your master's money, in a decent public hell, than in the private society of such men as my friend Captain Rook. But we are again and again digressing : the point is, is the Captain's trade



a good one, and does it yield tolerably good interest for outlay and capital?

To the latter question first :—at this very season of May, when the Rooks are very young, have you not, my dear friend, often tasted them in pies?—they are then so tender that you cannot tell the difference between them and pigeons. So, in like manner, our Rook has been in his youth undistinguishable from a pigeon. He does as he has been done by : yea, he has been plucked as even now he plucks his friend Mr. Frederick Pigeon. Say that he began the world with ten thousand pounds : every maravedi of this is gone ; and may be considered as the capital which he has sacrificed to learn his trade. Having spent £10,000, then, on an annuity of £650, he must look to a larger interest for his money—say fifteen hundred, two thousand, or three thousand pounds, decently to repay his risk and labour. Besides the money sunk in the first place, his profession requires continual annual outlays, as thus—

Horses, carriages (including Epsom, Goodwood, Ascot, &c.)	£500 0 0
Lodgings, servants, and board	350 0 0
Watering-places, and touring	300 0 0
Dinners to give	150 0 0
Pocket-money	150 0 0
Gloves, handkerchiefs, perfumery, and tobacco (very moderate)	150 0 0
Tailor's bills (£100 say, never paid)	0 0 0
Total	£1,600 0 0

I defy any man to carry on the profession in a decent way under the above sum : ten thousand sunk, and sixteen hundred annual expenses ; no, it is *not* a good profession : it is *not* good interest for one's money ; it is *not* a fair remuneration for a gentlemen of birth, industry, and genius ; and my friend Claptrap, who growls about *his* pay, may bless his eyes that he was not born a gentleman and bred up to such an unprofitable calling as this. Considering his trouble, his outlay, his birth, and breeding, the Captain is most wickedly and basely rewarded. And when he is obliged to retreat, when his hand trembles, his credit is fallen, his bills laughed at by every money-lender in Europe, his tailors rampant and inexorable—in fact, when the

*coupe* of life will *sauter* for him no more—who will help the play-worn veteran? As Mitchel sings after Aristophanes—

“In glory he was seen, when his years as yet *were green*;  
But now when his dotage is on him,  
God help him;— for no eye of those who pass him by  
Throws a look of compassion upon him.”

Who indeed will help him?—not his family, for he has bled his father, his uncle, his old grandmother; he has had slices out of his sister's portions, and quarrelled with his brothers-in-law; the old people are dead; the young ones hate him, and will give him nothing. Who will help him?—not his friends: in the first place, my dear sir, a man's friends very seldom do: in the second place, it is Captain Rook's business not to keep, but to give up his friends. His acquaintances do not last more than a year: the time, namely, during which he is employed in plucking them; then they part. Pigeon has not a single feather left to his tail, and how should he help Rook, whom, *au reste*, he has learnt to detest most cordially, and has found out to be a rascal? When Rook's ill day comes, it is simply because he has no more friends; he has exhausted them all, plucked every one as clean as the palm of your hand. And to arrive at this conclusion, Rook has been spending sixteen hundred a year, and the prime of his life, and has moreover sunk ten thousand pounds! Is this a proper reward for a gentleman? I say it is a sin and a shame that an English gentleman should be allowed thus to drop down the stream without a single hand to help him.

The moral of the above remarks I take to be this: that black-legging is as bad a trade as can be; and so let parents and guardians look to it, and not apprentice their children to such a villainous scurvy way of living.

It must be confessed, however, that there are some individuals who have for the profession such a natural genius that no entreaties or example of parents will keep them from it, and no restraint or occupation occasioned by another calling. They do what Christians do not do: they leave all to follow their master the devil; they cut friends, families, and good, thriving, profitable trades, to put up with this one, that is both unthrifty and unprofitable. They are in regiments: ugly whispers about certain midnight games at blind-hookey, and a few odd bargains in horseflesh, are borne abroad, and Cornet Rook receives the

gentlest hint in the world that he had better sell out. They are in counting-houses with a promise of partnership, for which papa is to lay down a handsome premium; but the firm of Hobbs, Bobbs, & Higgory can never admit a young gentleman who is a notorious gambler, is much oftener at the races than at his desk, and has bills daily falling due at his private banker's. The father, that excellent old man, Sam Rook, so well known on 'Change in the war-time, discovers, at the end of five years, that his son has spent rather more than the four thousand pounds intended for his partnership, and cannot, in common justice to his other thirteen children, give him a shilling more. A pretty pass for flash young Tom Rook, with four horses in stable, a protemporaneous Mrs. Rook, very likely, in an establishment near the Regent's Park, and a bill for three hundred and seventy-five pounds coming due on the fifth of next month.

Sometimes young Rook is destined to the bar: and I am glad to introduce one of these gentlemen and his history to the notice of the reader. He was the son of an amiable gentleman, the Reverend Athanasius Rook, who took high honours at Cambridge in the year 1: was a fellow of Trinity in the year 2: and so continued a fellow and tutor of the College until a living fell vacant, on which he seized. It was only two hundred and fifty pounds a year; but the fact is, Athanasius was in love. Miss Gregory, a pretty, demure, simple governess at Miss Mickle's establishment for young ladies in Cambridge (where the reverend gentleman used often of late to take his tea), had caught the eye of the honest College tutor: and in Trinity walks, and up and down the Trumpington Road, he walked with her (and another young lady, of course), talked with her, and told his love.

Miss Gregory had not a rap, as might be imagined; but she loved Athanasius with her whole soul and strength, and was the most orderly, cheerful, tender, smiling, bustling little wife that ever a country parson was blest withal. Athanasius took a couple of pupils at a couple of hundred guineas each, and so made out a snug income; ay, and laid by for a rainy day—a little portion for Harriet, when she should grow up and marry, and a help for Tom at College and at the bar. For you must know there were two little Rooks now growing in the Rookery; and very happy were father and mother, I can tell you, to put meat down their tender little throats. Oh, if ever a man was good and happy, it was Athanasius; if ever a woman was

happy and good, it was his wife : not the whole parish, not the whole county, not the whole kingdom, could produce such a snug rectory, or such a pleasant *ménage*.

Athanasius's fame as a scholar, too, was great ; and as his charges were very high, and as he received but two pupils, there was, of course, much anxiety among wealthy parents to place their children under his care. Future squires, bankers, yea, lords and dukes, came to profit by his instructions, and were led by him gracefully over the "Asses' bridge" into the sublime regions of mathematics, or through the syntax into the pleasant paths of classic lore.

In the midst of these companions, Tom Rook grew up ; more fondled and petted, of course, than they ; cleverer than they ; as handsome, dashing, well-instructed a lad for his years as ever went to College to be a senior wrangler, and went down without any such honour.

Fancy, then, our young gentleman installed at College, whither his father has taken him, and with fond veteran recollections has surveyed hall and grass-plots, and the old porter, and the old fountain, and the old rooms in which he used to live. Fancy the sobs of good little Mrs. Rook, as she parted with her boy ; and the tears of sweet pale Harriet, as she clung round his neck, and brought him (in a silver paper, slobbered with many tears) a little crimson silk purse (with two guineas of her own in it, poor thing !). Fancy all this, and fancy young Tom, sorry too, but yet restless and glad, panting for the new life opening upon him ; the freedom, the joy of the manly struggle for fame, which he vows he will win. Tom Rook, in other words, is installed at Trinity College, attends lectures, reads at home, goes to chapel, uses wine-parties moderately, and bids fair to be one of the topmost men of his year.

Tom goes down for the Christmas vacation. (What a man he is grown, and how his sister and mother quarrel which shall walk with him down the village ; and what stories the old gentleman lugs out with his old port, and how he quotes *Æschylus*, to be sure !) The pupils are away too, and the three have Tom in quiet. Alas ! I fear the place has grown a little too quiet for Tom : however, he reads very stoutly of mornings ; and sister Harriet peeps with a great deal of wonder into huge books of scribbling-paper, containing many strange diagrams, and complicated arrangements of *x*'s and *y*'s.

May comes, and the College examinations; the delighted parent receives at breakfast, on the 10th of that month, two letters, as follows:—

*From the Rev. Solomon Snorter to the Rev. Athanasius Rook.*

"TRINITY: May 10.

"DEAR CREDO,\*—I wish you joy. Your lad is the best man of his year, and I hope in four more to see him at our table. In classics he is, my dear friend, *facile princeps*; in mathematics he was run hard (*entre nous*) by a lad of the name of Snick, a Westmoreland man and a sizar. We must keep up Thomas to his mathematics, and I have no doubt we shall make a fellow and a wrangler of him.

"I send you his college bill, £105, 10s.: rather heavy, but this is the first term, and that you know is expensive: I shall be glad to give you a receipt for it. By the way, the young man is *rather* too fond of amusement, and lives with a very expensive set. Give him a lecture on this score.—Yours,

"SOL. SNORTER."

Next comes Mr. Tom Rook's own letter: it is long, modest; we only give the postscript:—

"P.S.—Dear Father, I forgot to say that, as I live in the very best set in the University (Lord Bagwig, the Duke's eldest son you know, vows he will give me a living), I have been led into one or two expenses which will frighten you: I lost £30 to the Honourable Mr. Deuceace (a son of Lord Crabs) at Bagwig's, the other day, at dinner; and owe £54 more for desserts and hiring horses, which I can't send into Snorter's bill.† Hiring horses is so damned expensive; next term I must have a nag of my own, that's positive."

The Reverend Athanasius read the postscript with much less gusto than the letter: however, Tom has done his duty, and the old gentleman won't balk his pleasure; so he sends him £100, with a "God bless you!" and mamma adds, in a postscript, that "he must always keep well with his aristocratic friends, for he was made only for the best society."

A year or two passes on: Tom comes home for the vacation;

\* This is most probably a joke on the Christian name of Mr. Rook.

† It is, or was, the custom for young gentlemen at Cambridge to have unlimited credit with tradesmen, whom the College tutors paid, and then sent the bills to the parents of the young men.

but Tom has sadly changed ; he has grown haggard and pale. At the second year's examination (owing to an unlucky illness) Tom was not classed at all ; and Snick, the Westmoreland man, has carried everything before him. Tom drinks more after dinner than his father likes ; he is always riding about and dining in the neighbourhood, and coming home quite odd, his mother says—ill-humoured, unsteady on his feet, and husky in his talk. The Reverend Athanasius begins to grow very very grave : they have high words, even the father and son ; and oh ! how Harriet and her mother tremble and listen at the study-door when these disputes are going on !

The last term of Tom's undergraduateship arrives : he is in ill health, but he will make a mighty effort to retrieve himself for his degree ; and early in the cold winter's morning,—late, late at night—he toils over his books ; and the end is that, a month before the examination, Thomas Rook, Esquire, has a brain fever, and Mrs. Rook, and Miss Rook, and the Reverend Athanasius Rook, are all lodging at the " Hoop," an inn in Cambridge town, and day and night round the couch of poor Tom . . . . .

O sin, woe, repentance ! O touching reconciliation and burst of tears on the part of son and father, when one morning at the parsonage, after Tom's recovery, the old gentleman produces a bundle of receipts, and says, with a broken voice, " There, boy, don't be vexed about your debts. Boys will be boys, I know, and I have paid all demands." Everybody cries in the house at this news ; the mother and daughter most profusely, even Mrs. Stokes the old housekeeper, who shakes master's hand, and actually kisses Mr. Tom.

Well, Tom begins to read a little for his fellowship, but in vain ; he is beaten by Mr. Snick, the Westmoreland man. He has no hopes of a living ; Lord Bagwig's promises were all moonshine. Tom must go to the bar ; and his father, who has long left off taking pupils, must take them again, to support his son in London.

Why tell you what happens when there ? Tom lives at the West End of the town, and never goes near the Temple ; Tom goes to Ascot and Epsom along with his great friends ; Tom has a long bill with Mr. Rymell, another long bill with Mr. Nugee ; he gets into the hands of the Jews—and his father

rushes up to London on the outside of the coach to find Tom in a spunging-house in Cursitor Street—the nearest approach he has made to the Temple during his three years' residence in London.

I don't like to tell you the rest of the history. The Reverend Athanasius was not immortal, and he died a year after his visit to the spunging-house, leaving his son exactly one farthing, and his wife one hundred pounds a year, with remainder to his daughter. But, Heaven bless you! the poor things would never allow Tom to want while they had plenty, and they sold out and sold out the three thousand pounds, until, at the end of three years, there did not remain one single stiver of them; and now Miss Harriet is a governess, with sixty pounds a year, supporting her mother, who lives upon fifty.

As for Tom, he is a regular *leg* now—leading the life already described. When I met him last it was at Baden, where he was on a professional tour, with a carriage, a courier, a valet, a confederate, and a case of pistols. He has been in five duels, he has killed a man who spoke lightly about his honour; and at French or English hazard, at lilliards, at whist, at loo, *carté*, blind hookey, drawing straws, or beggar-my-neighbour, he will cheat you—cheat you for a hundred pounds or for a guinea, and murder you afterwards if you like.

Abroad, our friend takes military rank, and calls himself Captain Rook; when asked of what service, he says he was with Don Carlos or Queen Christina; and certain it is that he was absent for a couple of years nobody knows where: he may have been with General Evans, or he may have been at the Sainte-Pélagie in Paris, as some people vow he was.

We must wind up this paper with some remarks concerning poor little Pigeon. Vanity has been little Pigeon's failing through life. He is a linendraper's son, and has been left with money: and the silly fashionable works that he has read, and the silly female relatives that he has—(N.B. All young men with money have silly flattering she-relatives)—and the silly trips that he has made to watering-places, where he has scraped acquaintance with the Honourable Tom Mountcoffehouse, Lord Ballyhooly, the celebrated German Prince, Sweller Mob-skau, and their like (all Captain Rooks in their way), have been the ruin of him.

I have not the slightest pity in the world for little Pigeon.

Look at him! See in what absurd finery the little prig is dressed. Wine makes his poor little head ache, but he will drink because it is manly. In mortal fear he puts himself behind a curvetting camelopard of a cab-horse; or, perched on the top of a prancing dromedary, is borne through Rotten Row, when he would give the world to be on his own sofa, or with his own mamma and sisters, over a quiet pool of commerce and a cup of tea. How riding does scarify his poor little legs, and shake his poor little sides! Smoking, how it does turn his little stomach inside out; and yet smoke he will: Sweller Mobskaun smokes; Mountcoffeehouse don't mind a cigar; and as for Ballyhooly, he will puff you a dozen in a day, and says very truly that Pontet won't supply *him* with near such good ones as he sells Pigeon. The fact is, that Pontet vowed seven years ago not to give his Lordship a sixpence more credit; and so the good-natured nobleman always helps himself out of Pigeon's box.

On the shoulders of these aristocratic individuals, Mr. Pigeon is carried into certain clubs, or perhaps we should say he walks into them by the aid of these "legs." But they keep him always to themselves. Captain Rooks must rob in companies; but of course, the greater the profits, the fewer the partners must be. Three are positively requisite, however, as every reader must know who has played a game at whist: Number One to be Pigeon's partner, and curse his stars at losing, and propose higher play, and "settle" with Number Two; Number Three to transact business with Pigeon, and drive him down to the City to sell out. We have known an instance where, after a very good night's work, Number Three has bolted with the winnings altogether, but the practice is dangerous; not only disgraceful to the profession, but it cuts up your own chance afterwards, as no one will act with you. There is only one occasion on which such a manœuvre is allowable. Many are sick of the profession, and desirous to turn honest men: in this case, when you can get a good *coup*, five thousand say, bolt without scruple. One thing is clear, the other men *must* be *num*, and you can live at Vienna comfortably on the interest of five thousand pounds.

Well, then, in the society of these amiable confederates little Pigeon goes through that period of time which is necessary for the purpose of plucking him. To do this you must



not, in most cases, tug at the feathers so as to hurt him, else he may be frightened, and hop away to somebody else: nor, generally speaking, will the feathers come out so easily at first as they will when he is used to it, and then they drop in handfuls. Nor need you have the least scruple in so causing the little creature to moult artificially: if you don't, somebody, else will: a Pigeon goes into the world fated, as Chateaubriand says—

“ Pigeon, il va subir le sort de tout pigeon.”

He *must* be plucked, it is the purpose for which Nature has formed him: if you, Captain Rook, do not perform the operation on a green table lighted by two wax-candles, and with two packs of cards to operate with, some other Rook will: are there not railroads, and Spanish bonds, and bituminous companies, and Cornish tin mines, and old dowagers with daughters to marry? If you leave him, Rook of Birchin Lane will have him as sure as fate: if Rook of Birchin Lane don't hit him, Rook of the Stock Exchange will blaze away both barrels at him, which, if the poor trembling flutterer escape, he will fly over and drop into the rookery, where dear old swindling Lady Rook and her daughters will find him and nestle him in their bosoms, and in that soft place pluck him until he turns out as naked as a cannon-ball.

Be not thou scrupulous, O Captain! Seize on Pigeon; pluck him gently but boldly; but, above all, never let him go. If he is a stout cautious bird, of course *you* must be more cautious; if he is excessively silly and scared, perhaps the best way is just to take him round the neck at once, and strip the whole stock of plumage from his back.

The feathers of the human pigeon being thus violently abstracted from him, no others supply their place: and yet I do not pity him. He is now only undergoing the destiny of pigeons, and is, I do believe, as happy in his plucked as in his feathered state. He cannot purse out his breast, and bury his head, and fan his tail, and strut in the sun as if he were a turkey-cock. Under all those fine airs and feathers, he was but what he is now, a poor little meek, silly, cowardly bird, and his state of pride is not a whit more natural to him than his fallen condition. He soon grows used to it. He is too great a coward to despair; much too mean to be frightened because he must live by doing meanness. He is sure, if he cannot fly, to fall.

somehow or other on his little miserable legs : on these he hops about, and manages to live somewhere in his own mean way. He has but a small stomach, and doesn't mind what food he puts into it. He sponges on his relatives ; or else just before his utter ruin he marries and has nine children (and such a family *always* lives) ; he turns bully most likely, takes to drinking, and beats his wife, who supports him, or takes to drinking too ; or he gets a little place, a very little place : you hear he has some tide-waitership, or is clerk to some new milk company, or is lurking about a newspaper. He dies, and a subscription is raised for the Widow Pigeon, and we look no more to find a likeness of him in his children, who are as a new race. Blessed are ye, little ones, for ye are born in poverty and may bear it, or surmount it and die rich. But woe to the pigeons of this earth, for they are born rich that they may die poor.

The end of Captain Rook—for we must bring both him and the paper to an end—is not more agreeable, but somewhat more manly and majestic than the conclusion of Mr. Pigeon. If you walk over to the Queen's Bench Prison, I would lay a wager that a dozen such are to be found there in a moment. They have a kind of Lucifer look with them, and stare at you with fierce, twinkling, crow-footed eyes ; or grin from under huge grizzly moustaches, as they walk up and down in their tattered brocades. What a dreadful activity is that of a mad-house, or a prison ! a dreary flagged courtyard, a long dark room, and the inmates of it, like the inmates of the menagerie cages, ceaselessly walking up and down ! Mary Queen of Scots says very touchingly :—

“ Pour mon mal e stranger  
 Je ne m'arreste en place ;  
 Mais, j'en ay beau changer  
 Si ma douleur n'y face ! ”

Up and down, up and down—the inward woe seems to spur the body onwards ; and I think in both madhouse and prison you will find plenty of specimens of our Captain Rook. It is fine to mark him under the pressure of this woe, and see how fierce he looks when stirred up by the long pole of memory. In these asylums the Rooks end their lives ; or, more happy, they die miserably in a miserable provincial town abroad, and for the benefit of coming Rooks they commonly die early ; you as seldom hear of an old Rook (practising his trade) as of a

rich one. It is a short-lived trade : not merry, for the gains are most precarious, and perpetual doubt and dread are not pleasant accompaniments of a profession ;—not agreeable either, for though Captain Rook does not mind *being* a scoundrel, no man likes to be considered as such, and as such, he knows very well, does the world consider Captain Rook : not profitable, for the expenses of the trade swallow up all the profits of it, and in addition leave the bankrupt with certain habits that have become as nature to him, and which, to live, he must gratify. I know no more miserable wretch than our Rook in his autumn days, at dismal Calais or Boulogne, or at the Bench yonder, with a whole load of diseases and wants, that have come to him in the course of his profession : the diseases and wants of sensuality, always pampered, and now agonising for lack of its unnatural food ; the mind, which *must* think now, and has only bitter recollections, mortified ambitions, and unavailing scoundrelisms to con over ! Oh, Captain Rook ! what nice “chums” do you take with you into prison ! what pleasant companions of exile follow you over the *finis patriæ*, or attend, the only watchers, round your miserable deathbed !

My son, be not a Pigeon in thy dealings with the world :—but it is better to be a Pigeon than a Rook.

## THE FASHIONABLE AUTHORESS.



PAYING a visit the other day to my friend Timson, who, I need not tell the public, is editor of that famous evening paper, the \*\*\*\* (and let it be said that there is no more profitable acquaintance than a gentleman in Timson's situation, in whose office, at three o'clock daily, you are sure to find new books, lunch, magazines, and innumerable tickets for concerts and plays): going, I say, into Timson's office, I saw on the table an immense paper cone or funnel, containing a bouquet of such a size, that it might be called a bosquet, wherein all sorts of rare geraniums, luscious magnolias, stately dahlias, and other floral produce were gathered together—a regular flower-stack.

Timson was for a brief space invisible, and I was left alone in the room with the odours of this tremendous bow-pot, which filled the whole of the inky, smutty, dingy apartment with an agreeable incense. "O rus! quando te aspiciam?" exclaimed I, out of the Latin Grammar, for imagination had carried me away to the country, and I was about to make another excellent and useful quotation (from the 14th book of the Iliad, madam), concerning "ruddy lotuses, and crocuses, and hyacinths," when all of a sudden Timson appeared. His head and shoulders had, in fact, been engulphed in the flowers, among which he might be compared to any Cupid, butterfly, or bee. His little face was screwed up into such an expression of comical delight and triumph, that a Methodist parson would have laughed at it in the midst of a funeral sermon.

"What are you giggling at?" said Mr. Timson, assuming a high aristocratic air.

"Has the goddess Flora made you a present of that bower, wrapped up in white paper; or did it come by the vulgar hands of yonder gorgeous footman, at whom all the little printer's devils are staring in the passage?"

"Stuff!" said Timson, picking to pieces some rare exotic worth at the very least fifteenpence; "a friend, who knows that Mrs. Timson and I are fond of these things, has sent us a nosegay, that's all."

I saw how it was. "Augustus Timson," exclaimed I sternly, "the Pimlico has been with you; if that footman did not wear the Pimlico plush, ring the bell and order me out; if that three-cornered billet lying in your snuff-box has not the Pimlico seal to it, never ask me to dinner again."

"Well, if it *does*," says Mr. Timson, who flushed as red as a peony, "what is the harm? Lady Fanny Flummery may send flowers to her friends, I suppose? The conservatories at Pimlico House are famous all the world over, and the Countess promised me a nosegay the very last time I dined there."

"Was that the day when she gave you a box of bonbons for your darling little Ferdinand?"

"No, another day."

"Or the day when she promised you her carriage for Epsom Races?"

"No."

"Or the day when she hoped that her Lucy and your Barbara-Jane might be acquainted, and sent to the latter from the former a new French doll and tea-things?"

"Fiddlestick!" roared out Augustus Timson, Esquire: "I wish you wouldn't come bothering here. I tell you that Lady Pimlico is my friend—my friend, mark you, and I will allow no man to abuse her in my presence; I say again *no man!*" wherewith Mr. Timson plunged both his hands violently into his breeches-pockets, looked me in the face sternly, and began jingling his keys and shillings about.

At this juncture (it being about half-past three o'clock in the afternoon), a one-horse chaise drove up to the \*\*\*\* office (Timson lives at Clapham, and comes in and out in this machine)—a one-horse chaise drove up; and amidst a scuffling and crying of small voices, good-humoured Mrs. Timson bounced into the room.

"Here we are, deary," said she: "we'll walk to the Mery-weathers; and I've told Sam to be in Charles Street at twelve with the chaise: it wouldn't do, you know, to come out of the Pimlico box and have the people cry, 'Mrs. Timson's carriage!' for old Sam and the chaise."

Timson, to this loving and voluble address of his lady, gave a peevish puzzled look towards the stranger, as much as to say, "He's Here."

"La, Mr. Smith! and how *do* you do?—So rude—I didn't see you: but the fact is, we are all in *such* a bustle! Augustus has got Lady Pimlico's box for the 'Puritani' to-night, and I vowed I'd take the children."

Those young persons were evidently from their costume prepared for some extraordinary festival. Miss Barbara-Jane, a young lady of six years old, in a pretty pink slip and white muslin, her dear little poll bristling over with papers to be removed previous to the play; while Master Ferdinand had a pair of nankeens (I can recollect Timson in them in the year 1825—a great buck), and white silk stockings, which belonged to his mamma. His frill was very large and very clean, and he was fumbling perpetually at a pair of white kid gloves, which his mamma forbade him to assume before the opera.

And "Look here!" and "Oh, precious!" and "Oh, my!" were uttered by these worthy people as they severally beheld the vast bouquet, into which Mrs. Timson's head flounced, just as her husband's had done before.

"I must have a greenhouse at the Snuggery, that's positive, Timson, for I'm passionately fond of flowers—and how kind of Lady Fanny? Do you know her Ladyship, Mr. Smith?"

"Indeed, madam, I don't remember having ever spoken to a lord or a lady in my life."

Timson smiled in a supercilious way. Mrs. Timson exclaimed, "La, how odd! Augustus knows ever so many. Let's see, there's the Countess of Pimlico and Lady Fanny Fluminary; Lord Doldrum (Timson touched up his *Travels*, you know); Lord Gasterton, Lord Guttlebury's eldest son; Lady Pawpaw (they say she ought not to be visited, though); Baron Strom—Strom—Strumpf—"

What the baron's name was I have never been able to learn; for here Timson burst out with a "Hold your tongue, Bessy!" which stopped honest Mrs. Timson's harmless prattle altogether, and obliged that worthy woman to say meekly, "Well, Gus, I did not think there was any harm in mentioning your acquaintance." Good soul! it was only because she took pride in her Timson that she loved to enumerate the great names of the persons who did him honour. My friend the editor was, in fact, in

a cruel position, looking foolish before his old acquaintance, stricken in that unfortunate sore point in his honest good-humoured character. The man adored the aristocracy, and had that wonderful respect for a lord which, perhaps the observant reader may have remarked, especially characterises men of Timson's way of thinking.

In old days at the club (we held it in a small public-house near the Coburg Theatre, some of us having free admissions to that place of amusement, and some of us living for convenience in the immediate neighbourhood of one of His Majesty's prisons in that quarter) — in old days, I say, at our spouting and toasted-cheese club, called "The Forum," Timson was called Brutus Timson, and not Augustus, in consequence of the ferocious republicanism which characterised him, and his utter scorn and hatred of a bloated do-nothing aristocracy. His letters in *The Weekly Sentinel*, signed "Lictor," must be remembered by all our readers: he advocated the repeal of the Corn Laws, the burning of machines, the rights of labour, &c. &c., wrote some pretty defences of Robespierre, and used seriously to avow, when at all in liquor, that in consequence of those "Lictor" letters, Lord Castlereagh had tried to have him murdered, and thrown over Blackfriars Bridge.

By what means Augustus Timson rose to his present exalted position it is needless here to state; suffice it, that in two years he was completely bound over neck-and-heels to the bloodthirsty aristocrats, hereditary tyrants, &c. One evening he was asked to dine with a Secretary of the Treasury (the \*\*\*\* is Ministerial, and has been so these forty-nine years); at the house of that Secretary of the Treasury he met a lord's son: walking with Mrs. Timson in the Park next Sunday, that Lord's son saluted him. Timson was from that moment a slave, had his coats made at the West End, cut his wife's relations (they are dealers in marine stores, and live at Wapping), and had his name put down at two Clubs.

Who was the Lord's son? Lord Pimlico's son, to be sure, the Honourable Frederick Flummery, who married Lady Fanny Foxy, daughter of Pitt Castlereagh, second Earl of Reynard, Killrush Castle, county Kildare. The Earl had been Ambassador in '14: Mr. Flummery, his attaché: he was twenty-one at that time, with the sweetest tuft on his chin in the world. Lady Fanny was only four-and-twenty, just jilted by Prince Scoron-

concolo, the horrid man who had married Miss Solomonson with a plum. Fanny had nothing—Frederick had about seven thousand pounds less. What better could the young things do than marry? Marry they did, and in the most delicious secrecy. Old Reynard was charmed to have an opportunity of breaking with one of his daughters for ever, and only longed for an occasion never to forgive the other nine.

A wit of the Prince's time, who inherited and transmitted to his children a vast fortune of genius, was cautioned on his marriage to be very economical. "Economical!" said he, "my wife has nothing, and I have nothing: I suppose a man can't live under *that*!" Our interesting pair, by judiciously employing the same capital, managed, year after year, to live very comfortably, until, at last, they were received into Pimlico House by the dowager (who has it for her life), where they live very magnificently. Lady Fanny gives the most magnificent entertainment in London, has the most magnificent equipage, and a very fine husband; who has his equipage as fine as her Ladyship's; his seat in the omnibus, while her Ladyship is in the second tier. They say he plays a good deal—ay, and pays, too, when he loses.

And how, pray thee? Her Ladyship is a FASHIONABLE AUTHORESS. She has been at this game for fifteen years; during which period she has published forty-five novels, edited twenty-seven new magazines, and I don't know how many annuals, beside publishing poems, plays, desultory thoughts, memoirs, recollections of travel, and pamphlets without number. Going one day to church, a lady, whom I knew by her Leghorn bonnet and red ribbons, *ruche* with poppies and marigolds, brass ferretière, great red hands, black silk gown, thick shoes, and black silk stockings; a lady, whom I knew, I say, to be a devotional cook, made a hob to me just as the psalm struck up, and offered me a shate of her hymn-book. It was,—

## HEAVENLY CHORDS;

### Sacred Strains,

SELECTED, COMPOSED, AND EDITED, BY THE  
LADY FRANCES JULIANA FLUMMEKY.



—Being simply a collection of heavenly chords robbed from the lyres of Watts, Wesley, Brady and Tate, &c. ; and of sacred strains from the rare collection of Sternhold and Hopkins. Out of this, cook and I sang ; and it is amazing how much our fervour was increased by thinking that our devotions were directed by a lady whose name was in the Red Book.

The thousands of pages that Lady Fanny Flummery has covered with ink exceed all belief. You must have remarked, madam, in respect of this literary fecundity, that your amiable sex possesses vastly greater capabilities than we do ; and that while a man is painfully labouring over a letter of two sides, a lady will produce a dozen pages, crossed, dashed, and so beautifully neat and close, as to be well-nigh invisible. The readiest of ready pens has Lady Fanny ; her Pegasus gallops over hot-pressed satin so as to distance all gentlemen riders ; like Camilla, it scours the plain of Bath, and never seems punished or fatigued ; only it runs so fast that it often leaves all sense behind it ; and there it goes on, on, scribble, scribble, scribble, never flagging until it arrives at that fair winning-post on which is written "FINIS" or, "THE END," and shows that the course, whether it be of novel, annual, poem, or what not, is complete.

Now, the author of these pages doth not pretend to describe the inward thoughts, ways, and manner of being of my Lady Fanny, having made before that humiliating confession, that lords and ladies are personally unknown to him ; so that all milliners, butchers' ladies, dashing young clerks, and apprentices, or other persons who are anxious to cultivate a knowledge of the aristocracy, had better skip over this article altogether. But he hath heard it whispered, from pretty good authority, that the manners and customs of these men and women resemble, in no inconsiderable degree, the habits and usages of other men and women whose names are unrecorded by Debrett. Granting this, and that Lady Fanny is a woman pretty much like another, the philosophical reader will be content that we rather consider her Ladyship in her public capacity, and examine her influence upon mankind in general.

Her person, then, being thus put out of the way, her works, too, need not be very carefully sifted and criticised ; for what is the use of peering into a millstone, or making calculations about the figure 0 ? The woman has not, in fact, the slightest

influence upon literature for good or for evil : there are a certain number of fools whom she catches in her flimsy traps ; and why not ? They are made to be humbugged, or how should we live ? Lady Flummery writes everything : that is, nothing. Her poetry is mere wind ; her novels, stark nought ; her philosophy, sheer vacancy : how should she do any better than she does ? how could she succeed if she *did* do any better ? If she did write well, she would not be Lady Flummery ; she would not be praised by Timson and the critics, because she would be an honest woman, and would not bribe them. Nay, she would probably be written down by Timson and Co., because, being an honest woman, she utterly despised them and their craft.

We have said what she writes or the most part. Individually, she will throw off any number of novels that Messrs. Soap and Diddle will pay for, a great number of which, collectively, by the aid of self and friends, scores of " Lyrics ; " " Pearls of Purity," &c. does not recollect the success which her " Pearls of the Pe- ige " had ? She is going to do the " Beauties of the Baron ge ; " then we shall have the " Daughters of the Dustmen," some such other collection of portraits. Lady Flummery has a score of literary gentlemen, who are bound to her, body and soul : give them a dinner, a smile from her petal-box, a wave of the hand in Rotten Row, and they are hers, neck and heels. *Vides, mi fili,* &c. See, my son, with what a very small dose of humbug men are to be bought. I know many of these individuals : there is my friend M'Lather, an immense pudgy man : I saw him one day walking through Bond Street in company with an enormous ruby breast-pin. " Mac ! " shouted your humble servant, " that is a Flummery ruby ; " and Mac hated and cursed us ever after. Presently came little Fitch, the artist : he was rigged out in an illuminated velvet waistcoat—Flummery again—" There's only one like it in town," whispered Fitch to me confidentially, " and Flummery has that." To be sure, Fitch had given, in return, half-a-dozen of the prettiest drawings in the world. " I wouldn't charge for them, you know," he says : " for, hang it, Lady Flummery is my friend." Oh, Fitch, Fitch !

Fifty more instances could be adduced of her Ladyship's ways of bribery. She bribes the critics to praise her, and the writers to write for her ; and the public flocks to her as it will to any other tradesman who is properly puffed. Out comes the book :

as for its merits, we may allow, cheerfully, that Lady Plummery has no lack of that natural *esprit* which every woman possesses ; but here praise stops. For the style, she does not know her own language ; but, in revenge, has a smattering of half-a-dozen others. She interlards her works with fearful quotations from the French, fiddle-faddle extracts from Italian operas, German phrases fiercely mutilated, and a scrap or two of bad Spanish ; and upon the strength of these murders, she calls herself an authoress. To be sure there is no such word as authoress. If any young nobleman or gentleman of Eton College, when called upon to indite a copy of verses in praise of Sappho, or the Countess of Dash, or Lady Charlotte What-d'ye-call-'em, or the Honourable Mrs. Somebody, should fondly imagine that he might apply to those fair creatures the title of *auctrix*—I pity that young nobleman's or gentleman's case. Doctor Wordsworth and assistants would wish that error out of him in a way that need not here be mentioned. Remember it henceforth, ye writeresses—there is no such word as authoress. *Auctor*, madam, is the word. “*Optima tu proprii nominis auctor eris ;*” which, of course, means that you are, by your proper name, an author, not an authoress. The line is in Ainsworth's Dictionary, where anybody may see it.

This point is settled then : there is no such word as authoress. But what of that ? Are authoresses to be bound by the rules of grammar ? The supposition is absurd. We don't expect them to know their own language : we prefer rather the little graceful pranks and liberties they take with it. When, for instance, a celebrated authoress, who wrote a *Diaress*, calls somebody the prototype of his own father, we feel an obligation to her Ladyship ; the language feels an obligation ; it has a charm and a privilege with which it was never before endowed : and it is manifest, that if we can call ourselves antetypes of our grandmothers—can prophesy what we had for dinner yesterday, and so on, we get into a new range of thought, and discover sweet regions of fancy and poetry, of which the mind hath never even had a notion until now.

It may be then considered as certain that an authoress *ought* not to know her own tongue. Literature and politics have this privilege in common, that any ignoramus may excel in both. No apprenticeship is required, that is certain ; and if any gentleman doubts, let us refer him to the popular works of

the present day, where, if he find a particle of scholarship, or any acquaintance with any books in any language, or if he be disgusted by any absurd, stiff, old-fashioned notions of grammatical propriety, we are ready to qualify our assertion. A friend of ours came to us the other day in great trouble. His dear little boy, who had been for some months attaché to the stables of Mr. Tilbury's establishment, took a fancy to the corduroy breeches of some other gentleman employed in the same emporium—appropriated them, and afterwards disposed of them for a trifling sum to a relation—I believe his uncle. For this harmless freak, poor Sam was absolutely seized, tried at Clerkenwell Sessions, and condemned to six months' useless rotatory labour at the House of Correction. "The poor fellow was bad enough before, sir," said his father, confiding in our philanthropy; "he picked up such a deal of slang among the stable-boys; but if you could hear him since he came from the mill! he knocks you down with it, sir. I am afraid, sir, of his becoming a regular prig: for though he's a 'cute chap, can read and write, and is mighty smart and handy, yet no one will take him into service, on account of that business of the breeches!"

"What, sir!" exclaimed we, amazed at the man's simplicity: "such a son, and you don't know what to do with him! a 'cute fellow, who can write, who has been educated in a stable-yard, and has had six months' polish at a university—I mean a prison—and you don't know what to do with him? Make a *fashionable novelist* of him, and he hanged to you!" And proud am I to say that that young man, every evening, after he comes home from his work (he has taken to street sweeping in the day, and I don't advise him to relinquish a certainty)—proud am I to say that he devotes every evening to literary composition, and is coming out with a novel, in numbers, of the most fashionable kind.

This little episode is only given for the sake of example: *par exemple*, as our authoress would say, who delights in French of the very worst kind. The public likes only the extremes of society, and votes mediocrity vulgar. From the Author they will take nothing but Fleet Ditch; from the Authoress, only the very finest of rose-water. I have read so many of her Ladyship's novels, that, egad! now I don't care for anything under a marquis. Why the deuce should we listen to the intrigues,

the misfortunes, the virtues, and conversations of a couple of countesses, for instance, when we can have duchesses for our money? What's a baronet? pish! pish! that great coarse red fist in his scutcheon turns me sick! What's a baron? a fellow with only one more ball than a pawnbroker; and, upon my conscience, just as common. Dear Lady Flummery, in your next novel, give us no more of these low people; nothing under strawberry leaves, for the mercy of Heaven! Suppose, now, you write us

ALBERT;

## WHISPERINGS AT WINDSOR.

BY THE LADY FRANCES FLUMMERY.

There is a subject—fashionable circles, curious revelations, exclusive excitement, &c. To be sure, you *must* here introduce a viscount, and that is sadly vulgar; but we will pass him for the sake of the ministerial *portfeuille*, which is genteel. Then you might do "Leopold; or, the Bride of Neuilly;" "The Victim of Wurtemberg." "Olga, or, the Autocrat's Daughter" (a capital title); "Henri; or, Rome in the Nineteenth Century;" we can fancy the book, and a sweet paragraph about it in Timson's paper.

"HENRI, by Lady Frances Flummery. — Henri! Who can he be? a little bird whispers in our ear, that the gifted and talented Sappho of our hemisphere has discovered some curious particulars in the life of *a certain young chevalier*, whose appearance at Rome has so frightened the Court of the Tu-*l*-ries. Henri de B *id* ux is of an age when the *young god* can shoot his darts into the bosom with fatal accuracy; and if the Marchesina degli Spinachi (whose portrait our lovely authoress has sung with a *kindred hand*) be as beautiful as she is represented (and as all who have visited in the exclusive circles of the Eternal City say she is), no wonder at her effect upon the Prince. *Verbum sap.* We hear that a few copies are still remaining. The enterprising publishers, Messrs. Soap & Diddle, have announced, we see, several other works by the same accomplished pen."

This paragraph makes its appearance, in small type, in the \*\*\*\*, by the side, perhaps, of a disinterested recommendation of bear's-grease, or some remarks on the extraordinary cheap-

ness of plate in Cornhill. Well, two or three days after, my dear Timson, who has been asked to dinner, writes in his own hand, and causes to be printed in the largest type, an article to the following effect :—

“HENRI.

“BY LADY F. FLUMMERY.

“THIS is another of the graceful evergreens which the fair fingers of Lady Fanny Flummery are continually strewing upon our path. At once profound and caustic, truthful and passionate, we are at a loss whether most to admire the manly grandeur of her Ladyship's mind, or the exquisite nymph-like delicacy of it. Strange power of fancy! Sweet enchanters, that rules the mind at will: stirring up the utmost depths of it into passion and storm, or wreathing and dimpling its calm surface with countless sunnier smiles. As a great Bard of old Time has expressed it, what do we not owe to woman?

“What do we not owe her. More love, more happiness, more calm of vexed spirit, more truthful aid, and pleasant counsel; in joy, more delicate sympathy; in sorrow, more kind companionship. We look into her cheery eyes, and in those wells of love, care drowns; we listen to her such voice, and, in that balmy music, banished hopes come winging to the breast again.”

This goes on for about three-quarters of a column: I don't pretend to understand it: but with flowers, angels, Wordsworth's poems, and the old dramatists, one can never be wrong, I think; and though I have written the above paragraphs myself, and don't understand a word of them, I can't, upon my conscience, help thinking that they are mighty pretty writing. After, then, this has gone on for about three-quarters of a column (Timson does it in spare minutes, and fits it to any book that Lady Fanny brings out), he proceeds to particularise, thus :—

“The griding excitement which thrills through every fibre of the soul as we peruse these passionate pages, is almost too painful to bear. Nevertheless, one drains the draughts of poesy to the dregs, so deliciously intoxicating is its nature. We defy any man who begins these volumes to quit them ere he has perused each line. The plot may be briefly told as thus.—Henri, an exiled Prince of Franconia (it is easy to understand the flimsy allegory), arrives at Rome, and is presented to the sovereign Pontiff. At a feast given in his honour at the Vatican a dancing-girl (the loveliest creation that ever issued from poet's brain) is introduced, and exhibits some specimens of her art.

The young Prince is instantaneously smitten with the charms of the Saltatrice ; he breathes into her ear the accents of his love, and is listened to with favour. He has, however, a rival, and a powerful one. The POPE has already cast his eye upon the Apulian maid, and burns with lawless passion. One of the grandest scenes ever writ occurs between the rivals. The Pope offers to Castanetta every temptation ; he will even resign his crown and marry her ; but she refuses. The Prince can make no such offers ; he cannot wed her : ' The blood of Borbone,' he says, ' may not be thus misallied.' He determines to avoid her. In despair, she throws herself off the Tarpeian rock ; and the Pope becomes a maniac. Such is an outline of this tragic tale.

" Beside this fabulous and melancholy part of the narrative, which is unsurpassed, much is written in the gay and sparkling style for which our lovely author is unrivalled. The sketch of the Marchesina degli Spinachi and her lover, the Duca di Gammom, is delicious ; and the intrigue between the beautiful Princess Kalbshraten and Count Routerbrod is exquisitely painted ; everybody, of course, knows who these characters are. The discovery of the manner in which Kartoffeln, the Saxon envoy, poisons the Princess's dishes, is only a graceful and real repetition of a story which was agitated throughout all the diplomatic circles last year. Schinken, the Westphalian, must not be forgotten ; nor Olla, the Spanish spy. How does Lady Fanny Flummery, poet as she is, possess a sense of the ridiculous and a keenness of perception which would do honour to a Rabelais or a Rochefoucauld ? To those who ask this question, we have one reply, and that an example.—Not among women 'tis true ; for till the Lady Fanny came among us, woman never soared so high. Not among women, indeed !—but in comparing her to that great spirit for whom our veneration is highest and holiest, we offer no dishonour to his shine :—in saying that he who wrote of Romeo and De-demonia might have drawn Castanetta and Enrico, we utter but the truthful expressions of our hearts ; in asserting that so long as SHAKESPEARE lives, so long will FLUMMERY endure ; in declaring that he who rules in all hearts, and over all spirits and all climes, has found a congenial spirit, we do but justice to Lady Fanny—justice to him who sleeps by Avon !"

With which we had better, perhaps, conclude. Our object has been, in descanting upon the Fashionable Authoress, to point out the influence which her writing possesses over society, rather than to criticise her life. The former is quite harmless, and we don't pretend to be curious about the latter. The woman herself is not so blameable ; it is the silly people who cringe at her feet that do the mischief, and, gulled themselves,

gull the most gullible of publics. Think you, O Timson, that her Ladyship asks you for your *beau yeux* or your wit? Fool! you dō think so, or try and think so; and yet you know she loves not you, but the \*\*\*\* newspaper. Think, little Fitch, in your fine waistcoat, how dearly you have paid for it! Think, M'Lather, how many smirks, and lies, and columns of good threehalfpence-a-line matter that big garnet pin has cost you! The woman laughs at you, mau—you, who fancy that she is smitten with you—laughs at your absurd pretensions, your way of eating fish at dinner, your great hands, your eyes, your whiskers, your coat, and your strange north-country twang. Down with this Delilah! Avaunt, O Cice! giver of poisonous feeds. To your natural haunts, ye gentlemen of the press! if bachelors, frequent your taverns, and be content. Better is Sally the waiter and the first cut of the joint, than a dinner of four courses and humbug therewith. Ye who are married, go to your homes; dine not with those persons who scorn your wives. Go not forth to parties, that ye may act Tom Fool for the amusement of my Lord and my Lady; but play your natural follies among your natural friends. Do this for a few years, and the Fashionable Authoress is extinct. O Jove, what a prospect! She, too, has retreated to her own natural calling, being as much out of place in a book as you, my dear M'Lather, in a drawing-room. Let milliners look up to her; let Howell & James swear by her; let simpering dandies caper about her ear; let her write poetry if she likes, but only for the most exclusive circles; let mantua-makers puff her—but not men: let such things be, and the Fashionable Authoress is no more! Blessed blessed thought! No more fiddle-faddle novels! no more nanby-pamby poetry! no more fribble "Blossoms of Loveliness!" When will you arrive, O happy Golden Age?





## THE ARTISTS.

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IT is confidently stated that there was once a time when the quarter of Soho was thronged by the fashion of London. Many wide streets are there in the neighbourhood, stretching cheerfully towards Middlesex Hospital in the north, bounded by Dean Street in the west, where the Lords and Ladies of William's time used to dwell, - till in Queen Anne's time, Bloomsbury put Soho out of fashion, and Great Russell Street became the pink of the mode.

Both these quarters of the town have submitted to the awful rule of Nature, and are now to be seen undergoing the dire process of decay. Fashion has deserted Soho, and left her in her gaunt lonely old age. The houses have a vast, dingy, mouldy, dowager look. No more beaux, in mighty periwigs, ride by in gilded clattering coaches : no more lacqueys accompany them, bearing torches, and shouting for precedence. A solitary policeman paces these solitary streets,—the only dandy in the neighbourhood. You hear the milkman yelling his milk with a startling distinctness, and the clack of a servant girl's pattens sets people a-starting from the windows.

With Bloomsbury we have here nothing to do ; but as genteel stockbrokers inhabit the neighbourhood of Regent's Park,—as lawyers have taken possession of Russell Square,—so artists have seized upon the desolate quarter of Soho. They are to be found in great numbers in Berners Street. Up to the present time naturalists have never been able to account for this mystery of their residence. What has a painter to do with Middlesex Hospital? He is to be found in Charlotte Street, Fitzroy Square. And why? Philosophy cannot tell, any more than why milk is found in a cocoa-nut.

Look at Newman Street. Has earth, in any dismal corner of her great round face, a spot more desperately gloomy? The windows are spotted with wafers, holding up ghastly bills, that

tell you the house is "To Let." Nobody walks there—not even an old-clothesman; the first inhabited house has bars to the windows, and bears the name of "Ahasuerus, officer to the Sheriff of Middlesex;" and here, above all places, must painters take up their quarters,—day by day must these reckless people pass Ahasuerus's treble gate. There was my poor friend Tom Tickner (who did those sweet things for "The Book of Beauty"). Tom, who could not pay his washerwoman, lived opposite the bailiff's, and could see every miserable debtor or greasy Jew writ-bearer that went in or out of his door. The street begins with a bailiff's, and ends with a hospital. I wonder how men live in it, and are decently cheerful, with this gloomy double-barrelled moral pushed perpetually into their faces. Here, however, they persist in living, no one knows why; owls may still be found roosting in Netley Abbey, and a few Arabs are to be seen at the present minute in Palmyra.

The ground-floor of the houses where painters live are mostly make-believe shops, I lack empty containing fabulous goods. There is a sedan chair site a house in Rathbone Place, that I have myself seen every day for forty-three years. The house has commonly a huge india-rubber-coloured door, with a couple of glistening brass plates and bells. A portrait painter lives on the first floor, a great historical genius inhabits the second. Remark the first-floor's middle drawing-room window; it is four feet higher than its two companions, and has taken a fancy to peep into the second-floor front. So much for the outward appearance of their habitations, and for the quarters in which they commonly dwell. They seem to love solitude, and their mighty spirits reject fastness and gloomy ruin.

I don't say a word here about those geniuses who frequent the thoroughfares of the town, and have picture-frames containing a little gallery of miniature peers, beauties, and general officers, in the Quadrant, the passages about St. Martin's Lane, the Strand, and Cheapside. Lord Lyndhurst is to be seen in many of these gratis exhibitions—Lord Lyndhurst cribbed from Chalon; Lady Peel from Sir Thomas; Miss Croker from the same; the Duke, from ditto; an original officer in the Spanish Legion; a colonel or so, of the Bunhill-Row Fencibles; a lady on a yellow sofa, with four children in little caps and blue ribands. We have all of us seen these pretty pictures, and

are aware that our own features may be "done in this style." Then there is the man on the chain-pier at Brighton, who pares out your likeness in sticking-plaster; there is Miss Croke, or Miss Runt, who gives lessons in Poonah-painting, jappanning, or mezzotinting; Miss Stump, who attends ladies' schools with large chalk heads from Le Brun or the Cartoons; Rubbery, who instructs young gentlemen's establishments in pencil; and Sepio, of the Water-Colour Society, who paints before eight



pupils daily, at a guinea an hour, keeping his own drawings for himself.

All these persons, as the most indifferent reader must see, equally belong to the tribe of Artists (the last not more than the first), and in an article like this should be mentioned properly. But though this paper has been extended from eight pages to sixteen, not a volume would suffice to do justice to the biographies of the persons above mentioned. Think of the superb Sepio, in a light-blue satin cravat, and a light-brown coat, and

yellow kids, tripping daintily from Grosvenor Square to Gloucester Place, a small sugar-loaf boy following, who carries his morocco portfolio. Sepio scents his handkerchief, curls his hair, and wears, on a great coarse fist, a large emerald ring that one of his pupils gave him. He would not smoke a cigar for the world; he is always to be found at the opera; and, gods! how he grins, and waggles his head about, as Lady Flummery nods to him from her box.

He goes to at least six great parties in the season. At the houses where he teaches, he has a faint hope that he is received as an equal, and propitiates scornful footmen by liberal donations of sovereigns. The rogue has plenty of them. He has a stockbroker, and a power of guinea lessons stowed away in the Consols. There are a number of young ladies of genius in the aristocracy, who admire him hugely; he begs you to contradict the report about him and Lady Smigsmag; every now and then he gets a present of game from a marquis; the City ladies die to have lessons of him; he prances about the Park on a high-bred cocktail, with lacquered boots and enormous high heels; and he has a mother and sisters somewhere—washerwomen, it is said, in Pimlico.

How different is his fate to that of poor Rubbery, the school drawing-master! Highgate, Hometon, Putney, Hackney, Hornsey, Turnham Green, are his resorts; he has a select seminary to attend at every one of these places; and if, from all these nurseries of youth, he obtains a sufficient number of half-crowns to pay his week's bills, what a happy man is he!

He lives most likely in a third floor in Howland Street, and has commonly five children, who have all a marvellous talent for drawing—all save one, perhaps, that is an idiot, which a poor sick mother is ever carefully tending. Sepio's great aim and battle in life is to be considered one of the aristocracy; honest Rubbery would fain be thought a gentleman, too; but, indeed, he does not know whether he is so or not. Why be a gentleman?—a gentleman Artist does not obtain the wages of a tailor; Rubbery's butcher looks down upon him with a royal scorn; and his wife poor gentle soul (a clergyman's daughter, who married him in the firm belief that her John would be knighted and make an immense fortune),—his wife, I say, has many fierce looks to suffer from Mrs. Butcher, and many meek excuses or prayers to proffer, when she cannot pay her bill,—

or when, worst of all, she has humbly to beg for a little scrap of meat upon credit, against John's coming home. He has five-and-twenty miles to walk that day, and must have something nourishing when he comes in—he is killing himself, poor fellow, she knows he is; and Mrs. Crick has promised to pay him his quarter's charge on the very next Saturday. "Gentle-folks, indeed," says Mrs. Butcher; "pretty gentlefolks these, as can't pay for half-a-pound of steak!" Let us thank Heaven that the Artist's wife has her meat, however, - there is good in that shrill, fat, mottled-faced Mrs. Brisket, after all.

Think of the labours of that poor Rubbery. He was up at four in the morning, and toiled till nine upon a huge damp icy lithographic stone, - on which he has drawn the "Star of the Wave," or the "Queen of the Tournay," or, "She met at Almack's," for Lady Plumery's last new song. This done, at half-past nine, he is to be seen striding across Kensington Gardens, to wait upon the before-named Miss Crick, at Larnmont House. Transport yourself in imagination to the Misses Kittle's seminary, Potsdam Villa, Upper Homerton, four miles from Shoreditch; and at half past two, Professor Rubbery is to be seen swinging along towards the gate. Somebody is on the look-out for him: indeed it is his eldest daughter Marianne, who has been pacing the shrubbery, and peering over the green railings this half-hour past. She is with the Misses Kittle on the "mutual system," a thousand times more despised than the butchers' and the grocers' daughters, who are educated on the same terms, and whose papas are warm men in Aldgate. Wednesday is the happiest day of Marianne's week: and this the happiest hour of Wednesday! Behold! Professor Rubbery wipes his hot brows and kisses the poor thing, and they go in together out of the rain, and he tells her that the twins are well out of the measles, thank God! and that Tom has just done the Antinous, in a way that must make him sure of the Academy prize, and that mother is better of her rheumatism now. He has brought her a letter, in large round-hand, from Polly; a famous soldier, drawn by little Frank; and when, after his two hours' lesson, Rubbery is off again, our dear Marianne goes over the letter and picture a hundred times with soft tearful smiles, and stows them away in an old writing-desk, amidst a heap more of precious home relics, wretched trumpery scraps and baubles, that you and I, madam, would sneer at; but that

in the poor child's eyes (and, I think, in the eyes of One who knows how to value widows' mites and humble sinners' offerings) are better than bank-notes and Pitt diamonds. O kind Heaven, that has given these treasures to the poor! Many and many an hour does Marianne lie awake with full eyes, and yearn for that wretched old lodging in Howland Street, where mother and brothers lie sleeping; and, gods! what a fête it is, when twice or thrice in the year she comes home!

I forget how many hundred millions of miles, for how many billions of centuries, how many thousands of decillions of angels, peris, houris, demons, affects, and the like, Mahomet travelled, lived, and counted, during the time that some water was falling from a bucket to the ground; but have we not been wandering most egregiously away from Rubbery, during the minute in which his daughter is changing his shoes, and taking off his reeking macintosh, in the hall of Potsdam Villa? She thinks him the finest artist that ever cut an H. B., that's positive; and as a drawing-master, his merits are wonderful; for at the Misses Kittles' annual drawing-festival, when the young ladies' drawings are exhibited to aunts and relatives (Rubbery attending in a clean shirt, with his wife's large brooch stuck in it, and drinking negus along with the very best);—at the annual festival, I say, it will be found that the sixty-four drawings exhibited—"Tintern Abbey," "Kenilworth Castle," "Horse—from Carl Vernet," "Hawk—from West," or what not (say sixteen of each sort)—are the one exactly as good as the other; so that, although Miss Slanicoe gets the prize, there is really no reason why Miss Timson, who is only four years old, should not have it; her design being accurately stroke for stroke, tree for tree, curl for curl, the same as Miss Slanicoe's, who is eighteen. The fact is that of these drawings, Rubbery, in the course of the year, has done every single stroke, although the girls and their parents are ready to take their affidavits (or, as I heard once a great female grammarian say, their *affies davit*) that the drawing-master has never been near the sketches. This is the way with them; but mark!—when young ladies come home, are settled in life and mammas of families,—can they design so much as a horse, or a dog, or a "moo-cow," for little Jack who bawls out for them? Not they! Rubbery's pupils

have no more notion of drawing, any more than Sepio's of painting, when that eminent artist is away.

Between these two gentlemen, lie a whole class of teachers of drawing, who resemble them more or less. I am ashamed to say that Rubbery takes his pipe in the parlour of an hotel, of which the largest room is devoted to the convenience of poor people, amateurs of British gin : whilst Sepio trips down to the Club, and has a pint of the smallest claret : but of course the tastes of men vary ; and you find them simple or presuming, careless or prudent, natural and vulgar, or false and atrociously genteel, in all ranks and stations of life.

As for the other persons mentioned at the beginning of this discourse, viz., the cheap portrait-painter, the portrait-cutter in sticking-plaster, and Miss Croke, the teacher of mezzotint and Poonah-painting,—nothing need be said of them in this place, as we have to speak of matters more important. Only about Miss Croke, or about other professors of cheap art, let the reader most sedulously avoid them. Mezzotinto is a take-in, Poonah-painting a rank, villainous deception. So is "Grecian art without brush or pencils." These are only small mechanical contrivances, over which young ladies are made to lose time. And now, having disposed of these small skirmishers who hover round the great body of Artists, we are arrived in presence of the main force, that we must begin to attack in form. In the "partition of the earth," as it has been described by Schiller, the reader will remember that the poet, finding himself at the end of the general scramble without a single morsel of plunder, applied passionately to Jove, who pitied the poor fellow's condition, and complimented him with a seat in the Empyrean. "The strong and the cunning," says Jupiter, "have seized upon the inheritance of the world, whilst thou wert star-gazing and rhyming : not one single acre remains wherewith I can endow thee ; but, in revenge, if thou art disposed to visit me in my own heaven, come when thou wilt, it is always open to thee."

The cunning and strong have scrambled and struggled more on our own little native spot of earth than in any other place on the world's surface ; and the English poet (whether he handles a pen or a pencil) has little other refuge than that windy unsubstantial one which Jove has vouchsafed to him. Such airy board and lodging is, however, distasteful to many ; who prefer,

therefore, to give up their poetical calling, and, in a vulgar beef-eating world, to feed upon and fight for vulgar beef.

For such persons (among the class of painters), it may be asserted that portrait-painting was invented. It is the Artist's compromise with heaven; "the light of common day," in which, after a certain quantity of "travel from the East," the genius fades at last. Abbé Barthélemy (who sent Le Jeune Anacharsis travelling through Greece in the time of Plato, — travelling through ancient Greece in lace ruffles, red heels, and a pig-tail), — Abbé Barthélemy, I say, declares that somebody was once standing against a wall in the sun, and that somebody else traced the outline of somebody's shadow; and so painting was "invented." Angelica Kauffmann has made a neat picture of this neat subject; and very well worthy she was of handling it. Her painting *might* grow out of a wall and a piece of charcoal; and honest Barthélemy might be satisfied that he had here traced the true origin of the art. What a base pedigree have these abominable Greek, French, and High-Dutch heathens invented for that which is divine! — a wall, ye gods, to be represented as the father of that which came down radiant from you! The man who invented such a blasphemy ought to be impaled upon broken bottles, or shot off pitilessly by spring-guns, nailed to the bricks like a dead owl or a weasel, or tied up — a kind of vulgar Prometheus — and baited for ever by the house-dog.

But let not our indignation carry us too far. Lack of genius in some, of bread in others, of patronage in a shop-keeping world, that thinks only of the useful, and is little inclined to study the sublime, has turned thousands of persons calling themselves, and wishing to be, Artists, into so many common face-painters, who must look out for the "kalon" in the fat features of a red-gilled Alderman, or, at best, in a pretty, simpering, white-necked beauty from "Almack's." The dangerous charms of these latter, especially, have seduced away many painters; and we often think that this very physical superiority which English ladies possess, this tempting brilliancy of health and complexion, which belongs to them more than to any others, has operated upon our Artists as a serious disadvantage, and kept them from better things. The French call such beauty "La beauté du Diable;" and a devilish power it has truly; before our Armidas and Helens how many Rinaldos and Parises have fallen, who are content to forget their glorious calling, and



slumber away their energies in the laps of these soft tempters. O ye British enchantresses. I never see a gilded annual book without likening it to a small island near Cape Pelorus, in Sicily, whither, by twanging of harps, singing of ravishing melodies, glancing of voluptuous eyes, and the most beautiful fashionable undress in the world, the naughty sirens lured the passing seaman. Steer clear of them, ye Artists! pull, pull for your lives, ye crews of Suffolk Street and the Water-Colour Gallery! stop your ears, bury your eyes, tie yourselves to the mast, and away with you from the gaudy smiling "Books of Beauty." Land, and you are ruined! Look well among the flowers on yonder beach—it is whitened with the bones of painters.

For my part, I never have a model under seventy, and her with several shawls and a cloak on. By these means the imagination gets fair play, and the morals remain undangered.

Personalities are odious; but let the British public look at the pictures of the celebrated Mr. Shalloon\* the moral British public—and say whether our grandchildren (or the grandchildren of the exalted personages whom Mr. Shalloon paints) will not have a queer idea of the manners of their grandmothers, as they are represented in the most beautiful, dexterous, captivating water-colour drawings that ever were? Heavenly powers, how they simper and ogle! with what gimcracks of lace, ribbons, ferromnières, smelling-bottles, and what not, is every one of them overloaded. What shoulders, what rignlets, what funny little pug-dogs do they most of them exhibit to us! The days of Lancret and Watteau are lived over again, and the Court ladies of the time of Queen Victoria look as moral as the immaculate countesses of the days of Louis Quinze. The last President of the Royal Academy\* is answerable for many sins, and many imitations—especially for that gay, simpering, meretricious look which he managed to give to every lady who sat to him for her portrait; and I do not know a more curious contrast than that which may be perceived by any one who will examine a collection of his portraits by the side of some by Sir Joshua Reynolds. They seem to have painted different races of people; and when one hears very old gentlemen talking of the superior beauty that existed in their early days (as very old gentlemen, from Nestor downwards, have and will), one is inclined to believe that there

\* Sir Thomas Lawrence.

is some truth in what they say ; at least, that the men and women under George the Third were far superior to their descendants in the time of George the Fourth. Whither has it fled—that calm matronly grace, or beautiful virgin innocence, which belonged to the happy women who sat to Sir Joshua? Sir Thomas's ladies are ogling out of their gilt frames, and asking us for admiration ; Sir Joshua's sit quiet, in maiden meditation fancy free, not anxious for applause, but sure to command it, a thousand times more lovely in their sedate serenity than Sir Thomas's ladies in their smiles, and their satin ball-dresses.

But this is not the general notion, and the ladies prefer the manner of the modern Artist. Of course, such being the case, the painters must follow the fashion. One could point out half-a-dozen Artists who, at Sir Thomas's death, have seized upon a shred of his somewhat tawdry mantle. There is Carmine, for instance, a man of no small repute, who will stand as the representative of his class.

Carmine has had the usual education of a painter in this country : he can read and write—that is, has spent years drawing the figure—and has made his foreign tour. It may be that he had original talent once, but he has learned to forget this, as the great bar to his success ; and must imitate, in order to live. He is among Artists what a dentist is among surgeons—a man who is employed to decorate the human head, and who is paid enormously for so doing. You know one of Carmine's beauties at any exhibition, and see the process by which they are manufactured. He lengthens the noses, widens the foreheads, opens the eyes, and gives them the proper languishing leer ; diminishes the mouth, and infallibly tips the ends of it with a pretty smile of his favourite colour. He is a personable, white-handed, bald-headed, middle-aged man now, with that grave blandness of look which one sees in so many prosperous empty-headed people. He has a collection of little stones and Court gossip about Lady 'This, and "my particular friend, Lord So-and-So," which he lets off in succession to every sitter : indeed, a most bland, irreprouchable, gentlemanlike man. He gives most patronising advice to young Artists, and makes a point of praising all—not certainly too much, but in a gentlemanlike, indifferent, simpering way. This should be the maxim with prosperous persons, who have had to make their way, and wish to keep what they have

made. They praise everybody, and 'are called good-natured benevolent men. Surely no benevolence is so easy; it simply consists in lying, and smiling, and wishing everybody well.\* You will get to do so quite naturally at last, and at no expense of truth. At first, when a man has feelings of his own—feelings of love or of anger—this perpetual grin and good humour is hard to maintain. I used to imagine, when I first knew Carmine, that there were some particular springs in his wig (that glossy, oily, curly crop of chestnut hair) that pulled up his features into a smile, and kept the muscles so fixed for the day. I don't think so now, and should say he grinned, even when he was asleep and his teeth were out; the smile does not lie in the manufacture of the wig, but in the construction of the brain. Claude Carmine has the organ of *don't-care-a-damn-iveness* wonderfully developed; not that reckless don't-care-a-damn-iveness which leads a man to disregard all the world, and himself into the bargain. Claude stops before he comes to himself; but beyond that individual member of the Royal Academy, has not a single sympathy for a single human creature. The account of his friends' deaths, woes, misfortunes, or good-luck, he receives with equal good-nature; he gives three splendid dinners per annum,--Gunter, Dukes, Fortnum and Mason, everything; he dines out the other three hundred and sixty-two days in the year, and was never known to give away a shilling, or to advance, for one half hour, the forty pounds per quarter wages that he gives to Mr. Scumble, who works the backgrounds, limbs, and draperies, of his portraits.

He is not a good painter: how should he be whose painting as it were never goes beyond a whisper, and who would make a general simpering as he looked at an advancing cannon-ball?—but he is not a bad painter, being a keen respectable man of the world, who has a cool head, and knows what is what. In France, where tigerism used to be the fashion among the painters, I make no doubt Carmine would have let his beard and wig grow, and looked the fiercest of the fierce; but with us a man must be genteel; the perfection of style (in writing and in drawing-rooms) being "*de ne pas en avoir*," Carmine of course is agreeably vapid. His conversation has accordingly the flavour and briskness of a clear, brilliant, stale bottle of soda-water,—once in five minutes or so, you see rising up to the surface a little bubble—a little tiny shining point of wit—it rises and explodes

feebly, and then dies. With regard to wit, people of fashion (as we are given to understand) are satisfied with a mere *souffron* of it. Anything more were indecorous; a genteel stomach could not bear it: Carmine knows the exact proportions of the dose, and would not venture to administer to his sitters anything beyond the requisite quantity.

There is a great deal more said here about Carmine—the man, than Carmine—the Artist; but what can be written about the latter? New ladies in white satin, new Generals in red, new Peers in scarlet and ermine, and stout members of Parliament pointing to inkstands and sheets of letter paper, with a Turkey-carpet beneath them, a red curtain above them, a Doric pillar supporting them, and a tremendous storm of thunder and lightning lowering and flashing in the background, spring up every year, and take their due positions, “upon the line” in the Academy, and send their complements of hundreds to swell Carmine’s heap of Consols. If he paints Lady Plummery for the tenth time, in the character of the tenth Muse, what need have we to say anything about it? The man is a good workman, and will manufacture a decent article at the best price; but we should no more think of noticing each, than of writing fresh critiques upon every new coat that Nugee or Stultz turned out. The papers say, in reference to his picture “No. 591. ‘Full-length portrait of her Grace the Duchess of Doldrum.’ Carmine, R.A.” Mr. Carmine never fails; this work, like all others by the same artist, is excellent.”—Or, “No. 591, &c. The lovely Duchess of Doldrum has received from Mr. Carmine’s pencil ample justice; the *chiar’ oscurò* of the picture is perfect; the likeness admirable; the keeping and colouring have the true ‘Titianesque gusto; if we might hint a fault, it has the left ear of the lap-dog a ‘little’ out of drawing.”

Then, perhaps, comes a criticism which says:—“The Duchess of Doldrum’s picture by Mr. Carmine is neither better nor worse than five hundred other performances of the same artist. It would be very unjust to say that these portraits are bad, for they have really a considerable cleverness; but to say that they were good, would be quite as false; nothing in our eyes was ever further from being so. Every ten years Mr. Carmine exhibits what is called an original picture of three inches square, but beyond this, nothing original is to be found in him: as a lad, he copied Reynolds, then Opie, then Law-

rence ; then having made a sort of style of his own, he has copied himself ever since," &c.

And then the critic goes on to consider the various parts of Carmine's pictures. In speaking of critics, their peculiar relationship with painters ought not to be forgotten ; and as in a former paper we have seen how a fashionable authoress has her critical toadies, in like manner has the painter his enemies and friends in the press ; with this difference, probably, that the writer can bear a fair quantity of abuse without wincing, while the artist not uncommonly grows mad at such strictures, considers them as personal matters, inspired by a private feeling of hostility, and hates the critic for life who has ventured to question his judgment in any way. We have said before, poor Academicians, for how many conspiracies are you made to answer ! We may add now poor critics, what black personal animosities are discovered for you, when you happen (right or wrong, but according to your best ideas) to speak the truth ! Say that Snooks's picture is badly coloured,—"O heavens !" shrieks Snooks, "what can I have done to offend this fellow ?" Hunt that such a figure is badly drawn—and Snooks instantly declares you to be his personal enemy, actuated only by envy and vile pique. My friend Pebbler, himself a famous Artist, is of opinion that the critic should *never* abuse the painter's performances, because, says he, the painter knows much better than any one else what his own faults are, and because you never do him any good. Are men of the brush so obstinate ?—very likely ; but the public—the public ? are we not to do our duty by it too ? and aided by our superior knowledge and genius for the fine arts, point out to it the way it should go ? Yes, surely ; and as by the efforts of dull or interested critics many bad painters have been palmed off upon the nation as geniuses of the first degree ; in like manner, the sagacious and disinterested (like some we could name) have endeavoured to provide this British nation with pure principles of taste,—or, at least, to prevent them from adopting such as are impure.

Carmine, to be sure, comes in for very little abuse ; and, indeed, he deserves but little. He is a fashionable painter, and preserves the golden mediocrity which is necessary for the fashion. Let us bid him good-bye. He lives in a house all to himself, most likely,—has a footman, sometimes a carriage ; is apt to belong to the "Athenæum ;" and dies universally

respected : that is, not one single soul cares for him dead, as he, living, did not care for one single soul.

Then, perhaps, we should mention M'Gilp, or Blather, rising young men, who will fill Carmine's place one of these days, and occupy his house in —, when the fulness of time shall come, and (he borne to a narrow grave in the Harrow Road by the whole mourning Royal Academy), they shall leave their present first-floor in Newman Street, and step into his very house and shoes.

There is little difference between the juniors and the seniors : they grin when they are talking of him together. I express a perfect confidence that they can paint a head against Carmine any day—as very likely they can. But until his demise, they are occupied with painting people about the Regent's Park and Russell Square ; are very glad to have the chance of a popular clergyman, or a college tutor, or a mayor of Stoke-Pogis after the Reform Bill. Such characters are commonly mezzotinted afterwards ; and the portrait of our esteemed townsman So-and-So, by that talented artist Mr. M'Gilp, of London, is favourably noticed by the provincial press, and is to be found over the side-boards of many county gentlemen. If they come up to town, to whom do they go ? To M'Gilp, to be sure ; and thus, slowly, his practice and his prices increase.

The Academy student is a personage that should not be omitted here ; he resembles very much, outwardly, the medical student, and has many of the latter's habits and pleasures. He very often wears a broad-brimmed hat and a fine dirty crimson velvet waistcoat, his hair commonly grows long, and he has braiding to his pantaloons. He works leisurely at the Academy, he loves theatres, cards, and novels, and has his house-of-call somewhere in the neighbourhood of St. Martin's Lane, where he and his brethren meet and confer at Royal Academicians. If you ask him what line of art he pursues, he answers with a smile exceedingly supercilious, "Sir, I am an historical painter ;" meaning that he will only condescend to take subjects from Hume, or Robertson, or from the classics—which he knows nothing about. This stage of an historical painter is only preparatory, lasting perhaps from eighteen to five-and-twenty, when the gentleman's madness begins to disappear, and he comes to look at life sternly in the face, and to learn that man shall not live by historical painting alone. Then our

friend falls to portrait-painting or animal-painting, or makes some other such sad compromise with necessity.

He has probably a small patrimony, which defrays the charge of his studies and cheap pleasures during his period of apprenticeship. He makes the *obligé* tour to France and Italy, and returns from those countries with a multitude of spoiled canvases, and a large pair of moustaches, with which he establishes himself in one of the dingy streets of Soho before mentioned. There is poor Pipson, a man of indomitable patience, and undying enthusiasm for his profession. He could paper Exeter Hall with his studies from the life, and with portraits in chalk and oil of French *sapeurs* and Italian brigands, that kindly descend from their mountain-caverns, and quit their murderous occupation, in order to sit to young gentlemen at Rome, at the rate of tenpence an hour. Pipson returns from abroad, establishes himself, has his cards printed, and waits and waits for commissions for great historical pictures. Meanwhile, night after night, he is to be found at his old place in the Academy, copying the old life-guardsmen—working, working away—and never advancing one jot. At eighteen, Pipson copied statues and life-guardsmen to admiration; at five-and-thirty he can make admirable drawings of life-guardsmen and statues. Beyond this he never goes; year after year his historical picture is returned to him by the envious Academicians, and he grows old, and his little patrimony is long since spent; and he earns nothing himself. How does he support hope and life?—that is the wonder. No one knows until he tries (which God forbid he should!) upon what a small matter hope and life can be supported. Our poor fellow lives on from year to year in a miraculous way; tolerably cheerful in the midst of his semi-starvation, and wonderfully confident about next year, in spite of the failures of the last twenty five. Let us thank God for imparting to us, poor weak mortals, the inestimable blessing of *vanity*. How many half-witted votaries of the arts—poets, painters, actors, musicians—live upon this food, and scarcely any other! If the delusion were to drop from Pipson's eyes, and he should see himself as he is,—if some malevolent genius were to mingle with his feeble brains one fatal particle of common sense,—he would just walk off Waterloo Bridge, and abjure poverty, incapacity, cold lodgings, unpaid baker's bills, ragged elbows, and deferred hopes, at once and for ever.

We do not mean to depreciate the profession of historical painting, but simply to warn youth against it as dangerous and unprofitable. It is as if a young fellow should say, "I will be a Raffaele or a Titian,—a Milton or a Shakspeare," and if he will count up how many people have lived since the world began, and how many there have been of the Raffaele or Shakspeare sort, he can calculate to a nicety what are the chances in his favour. Even successful historical painters, what are they?—in a worldly point of view, they mostly inhabit the second-floor, or have great desolate studios in back premises, whither life-guardsmen, old-clothesmen, blackamoors, and other "properties" are conducted, to figure at full length as Roman conquerors, Jewish high-priests, or Othellos on canvas. Then there are gay smart water-colour painters,—a flourishing and pleasant trade. Then there are shabby, fierce looking genuses, in ringlets, and all but rags, who paint, and whose pictures are never sold, and who vow they are the objects of some general and soundreily conspiracy. There are landscape painters, who travel to the uttermost ends of the earth and brave heat and cold, to bring to the greedy British public view, of Cairo, Calcutta, St. Petersburg, Timbuctoo. You see English artists under the shadow of the Pyramids, making sketches of the Copts, perched on the backs of dromedaries, accompanying a caravan across the desert, or getting materials for an annual in Iceland or Siberia. What genius and what energy do not they all exhibit—these men, whose profession, in this wise country of ours, is scarcely considered as liberal!

If we read the works of the Reverend Doctor Lemprière, Monsieur Winckelmann, Professor Plato, and others who have written concerning the musty old Grecians, we shall find that the Artists of those barbarous times meddled with all sorts of trades besides their own, and dabbled in fighting, philosophy, metaphysics, both Scotch and German, politics, music, and the deuce knows what. A rambling sculptor, who used to go about giving lectures in those days, Socrates by name, declared that the wisest of men in his time were Artists. This Plato, before mentioned, went through a regular course of drawing, figure and landscape, black-lead, chalk, with or without stump, sepia, water-colour, and oils. Was there ever such absurdity known? Among these benighted heathens, painters were the most accomplished gentlemen,—and the most accomplished gentle-



men were painters : the former would make you a speech, or read you a dissertation on Kant, or lead you a regiment,—with the very best statesman, philosopher, or soldier in Athens. And they had the folly to say, that by thus busying and accomplishing themselves in all manly studies, they were advancing eminently in their own peculiar one. What was the consequence? Why, that fellow Socrates not only made a miserable fifth-rate sculptor, but was actually hanged for treason.

And serve him right. Do *our* young artists study anything beyond the proper way of cutting a pencil, or drawing a model? Do you hear of *them* hard at work over books, and bothering their brains with musty learning? Not they, forsooth: we understand the doctrine of division of labour, and each man sticks to his trade. Artists do not meddle with the pursuits of the rest of the world; and, in revenge, the rest of the world does not meddle with Artists. Fancy an Artist being a senior wrangler or a politician; and, on the other hand, fancy a real gentleman turned painter! No, no; ranks are defined. A real gentleman may get money by the law, or by wearing a red coat and fighting, or a black one and preaching, but that he should sell himself to *Art*—forbid it, Heaven! And do not let your Ladyship on reading this cry "Stuff"—stupid envy, rank, republicanism,—an artist *is* a gentleman." Madam, would you like to see your son, the Honourable Fitzroy Plantagenet, a painter? You would die sooner; the escutcheon of the Smig-smags would be blotted for ever, if Plantagenet ever ventured to make a mercantile use of a bladder of paint.

Time was—some hundred years back—when writers lived in Grub Street, and poor ragged Johnson shrank behind a screen in Cave's parlour—that the author's trade was considered a very mean one, which a gentleman of family could not take up but as an amateur. This absurdity is pretty nearly worn out now, and I do humbly hope and pray for the day when the other shall likewise disappear. If there be any nobleman with a talent that way, why—why don't we see him among the R.A.'s?

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|------------------------------------------------|---|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| 501. The Schoolmaster. Sketch taken abroad     | { | Drum, Henry, Lord, R.A., F.R.S., S.A., of the National Institute of France. |
| 502. View of the Artist's Residence at Windsor | { | Maconkey, Right Honourable T. B.                                            |
| 503. Murder of the Babes in the Tower          | { | Rustle, Lord J.                                                             |
| 504. A Little Agitation                        | { | Pill, Right Honourable Sir Robert.                                          |
|                                                |   | O'Carrol, Daniel, M.R.I.A.                                                  |

Fancy, I say, such names as these figuring in the Catalogue of the Academy: and why should they not? The real glorious days of the art (which wants equality and not patronage) will revive then. Patronage—a plague on the word!—it implies inferiority; and in the name of all that is sensible, why is a respectable country gentleman, or a city attorney's lady, or any person of any rank, however exalted, to "patronise" an Artist?

There are some who sigh for the past times, when magnificent swaggering Peter Paul Rubens (who him-self patronised a queen) rode abroad with a score of gentlemen in his train, and a purc-bearer to scatter ducats; and who love to think how he was made an English knight and a Spanish grandee, and went of embassies as if he had been a horn marquis. Sweet it is to remember, too, that Sir Antony Vandyck, K.B., actually married out of the peerage: and that when Titian dropped his mahlstick, the Emperor Charles V. picked it up (O gods! what heroic self-devotion)—picked it up, saying, "I can make fifty dukes, but not one Titian." Nay, was not the Pope of Rome going to make Raffaele a Cardinal, —and were not these golden days?

Let us say at once, "No." The very fuss made about certain painters in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries shows that the body of Artists had no rank or position in the world. They hung upon single patrons: and every man who holds his place by such a tenure must feel himself an inferior, more or less. The times are changing now, and as authors are no longer compelled to send their works abroad under the guardianship of a great man and a slavish dedication, painters, too, are beginning to deal directly with the public. Who are the great picture-buyers now? —the engravers and their employers, the people,—"the only source of legitimate power," as they say after dinner. A fig then for Cardinal's hats! Were Mr. O'Connell in power to-morrow, let us hope he would not give one, not even a paltry bishopric *in partibus*, to the best painter in the Academy. What need have they of honours out of the profession? Why are they to be be-knighted like a parcel of aldermen? for my part, I solemnly declare, that I will take nothing under a peerage, after the exhibition of my great picture, and don't see, if painters *must* have titles conferred upon them for eminent services, why the Marquis of Mulready or the Earl of Landseer should not sit in the House as well as any law or soldier lord.

The truth to be elicited from this little digressive dissertation is this painful one,—that young Artists are not generally as well instructed as they should be; and let the Royal Academy look to it, and give some sound courses of lectures to their pupils on literature and history, as well as on anatomy, or light and shade.

END OF "CHARACTER SKETCHES."

TALES.



# TALES.

—“—

## THE PROFESSOR.

A TALE OF SENTIMENT.

“Why, then, the World’s mine oyster.”

### CHAPTER I.

**I** HAVE often remarked that, among other ornaments and curiosities, Hackney contains more ladies’ schools than are to be found in almost any other village, or indeed city, in Europe. In every green rustic lane, to every tall old fashioned house there is an iron gate, an ensign of blue and gold, and a large brass plate, proclaiming that a ladies’ seminary is established upon the premises. On one of these plates is written—(or rather was,—for the pathetic occurrence which I have to relate took place many years ago) on one of these plates, I say, was engraven the following inscription:—

#### “BULGARIA HOUSE.

Seminary for Young Ladies from three to twenty.

By THE MISSES PIDGE.

(Please wipe your shoes.)”

The Misses Pidge took a limited number of young ladies (as limited, in fact, or as large as the public chose), and instructed them in those branches of elegant and useful learning which make the British female so superior to all other shes. The younger ones learned the principles of back-stitch, cross-stitch, bob-stitch, Doctor Watts’s Hymns, and “In my Cottage near a Wood.” The elder pupils diverged at once from stitching and samplers: they played like Thalberg, and pirouetted like Taglioni; they learned geography, geology, mythology, ento-

mology, modern history, and simple equations (Miss Z. Pidge); they obtained a complete knowledge of the French, German, and Italian tongues, not including English, taught by Miss Pidge; Poonah painting and tambour (Miss E. Pidge); Brice's questions and elocution (Miss F. Pidge); and, to crown all, dancing and gymnastics (which had a very flourishing look in the Pidge prospectus, and were printed in German text), DANCING and GYMNASTICS, we say, by Professor DANDOLO. The names of other professors and assistants followed in modester type.

Although the Signor's name was decidedly foreign, so English was his appearance, and so entirely did he disguise his accent, that it was impossible to tell of what place he was a native, if not of London, and of the very heart of it; for he had caught completely the peculiarities which distinguish the so-called cockney part of the City, and obliterated his *h*'s and doubled his *v*'s as if he had been for all his life in the neighbourhood of Bow bells. Signor Dandolo was a stout gentleman of five feet nine, with amazing expanse of mouth, chest, and whiskers, which latter were of a red hue.

I cannot tell how this individual first received an introduction to the academy of the Misses Pidge, and established himself there. Rumours say that Miss Zela Pidge at a Hackney ball first met him, and thus the intimacy arose: but, since the circumstances took place which I am about to relate, that young lady declares that *she* was not the person who brought him to Bulgaria House,—nothing but the infatuation and entreaties of Mrs. Alderman Granipus could ever have induced her to receive him. The reader will gather from this, that Dandolo's after-conduct at Miss Pidge's was not satisfactory, nor was it; and may every mistress of such an establishment remember that confidence can be sometimes misplaced; that friendship is frequently but another name for villainy.

But to our story. The stalwart and active Dandolo delighted for some time the young ladies at Miss Pidge's by the agility which he displayed in the dance, as well as the strength and manliness of his form, as exhibited in the new amusement which he taught. In a very short time, Miss Binx, a stout young lady of seventeen, who had never until his appearance walked half a mile without puffing like an apoplectic Lord Mayor, could dance the cachuca, swarm up a pole with the agility of a cat, and hold out a chair for three minutes without winking. Miss Jacobs

could very nearly climb through a ladder (Jacob's ladder, he profanely called it); and Miss Bole ring such changes upon the dumb-bells as might have been heard at Edmonton, if the bells could have spoken. But the most promising pupil of Professor Dandolo, as indeed the fairest young creature in the establishment of Bulgaria House, was Miss Adeliza Grampus, daughter of the alderman whose name we have mentioned. The pride of her mother, the idol of her opulent father, Adeliza Grampus was in her nineteenth year. Eyes have often been described; but it would require bluer ink than ours to depict the orbs of Adeliza. The snow when it first falls in Cheapside is not whiter than her neck, -- when it has been for some days upon the ground, trampled by dust-men and jarvies, trodden down by sweeps and gentlemen, going to business, not blacker than her hair. Slim as the monument on Fish Street Hill, her form was slender and tall: but it is needless to recapitulate her charms, and difficult indeed to describe them. Let the reader think of his first love, and fancy Adeliza. Dandolo, who was employed to instruct her, saw her, and fancied her too, as many a fellow of his inflammable temperament would have done in his place.

There are few situations in life which can be so improved by an enterprising mind as that of a dancing-master, -- I mean in a tender or amatory point of view. The dancing master has over the back, the hands, the feet and shoulders of his pupils an absolute command, and, being by nature endowed with so much authority, can speedily spread his way from the limbs to the rest of the body, and to the mind inclusive. "*Toes a little more out, Miss Adeliza,*" cries he, with the tenderest air in the world: "back a *little* more straight," and he gently seizes her hand, he raises it considerably above the level of her ear, he places the tips of his left-hand fingers gently upon the young lady's spine, and in this seducing attitude gazes tenderly into her eyes! I say that no woman at any age can stand this attitude and this look, especially when darted from such eyes as those of Dandolo. On the two first occasions when the adventurer attempted this audacious manoeuvre, his victim blushed only, and trembled; on the third, she dropped her full eyelids and turned ghastly pale. "A glass of water," cried Adeliza, "or I faint." The dancing-master hastened eagerly away to procure the desired beverage, and, as he put it to her lips, whispered thrillingly in her ear, "Thine, thine for ever, Adeliza!"



Miss Grampus sank back in the arms of Miss Binx, but not before her raptured lover saw her eyes turning towards the ceiling, and her clammy lips whispering the name of "Dandolo."

When Madame Schroeder, in the opera of "*Fidelio*," cries, "*Nichts, nichts, mein Florestan*," it is as nothing compared to the tenderness with which Miss Grampus uttered that soft name.

"Dandolo!" would she repeat to her confidante, Miss Binx; "the name was beautiful and glorious in the olden days; five hundred years since, a myriad of voices shouted it in Venice, when one who bore it came forward to wed the sea—the doge's bride! the blue Adriatic! the boundless and eternal main! The frightened Turk shrank palsied at the sound, it was louder than the loudest of the cannon, or the stormy screaming of the tempest! Dandolo! How many brave hearts beat to hear that name! how many bright swords flashed forth at that resistless war cry! Oh, Binx!" would Adeliza continue, fondly pressing the arm of that young lady, "is it not passing strange that one of that mighty chivalric race should have lived to this day, and lived to love *me*? But I, too," Adeliza would add archly, "am, as you know, a daughter of the sea."

The fact was, that the father of Miss Adeliza Grampus was a shell-fishmonger, which induced the young lady to describe herself as a daughter of Ocean. She received her romantic name from her mother, after reading Miss Swipes's celebrated novel of "*Toby of Warsaw*;" and had been fed from her youth upwards with so much similar literary ware, that her little mind had gone distracted. Her father had sent her from home at fifteen, because she had fallen in love with the young man who opened natives in the shop, and had vowed to slay herself with the oyster-knife, at Miss Pidge's her sentiment had not deserted her; she knew all Miss Landon by heart, had a lock of Mr. Thomas Moore's hair or wig, and read more novels and poetry than ever. And thus the red-haired dancing-master became in her eyes a Venetian nobleman, with whom it was her pride and pleasure to fall in love.

Being a parlour-boarder at Miss Pidge's seminary (a privilege which was acquired by paying five annual guineas extra), Miss Grampus was permitted certain liberties which were not accorded to scholars of the ordinary description. She and Miss Binx occasionally strolled into the village by themselves; they visited

the library unattended ; they went upon little messages for the Misses Pidge ; they walked to church alone, either before or after the long row, of young virgins who streamed out on every Sabbath day from between the filigree iron railings of Bulgaria House. It is my painful duty to state, that on several of these exclusive walks they were followed, or met, by the insidious and attentive teacher of gymnastics.

Soon Miss Binx would lag behind, and—shall I own it?—would make up for the lost society of her female friend by the company of a man, a friend of the professor, mysterious and agreeable as himself. May the mistresses of all the establishments for young ladies in this kingdom, or queendom rather, peruse this, and reflect how dangerous it is for young ladies of any age—ay, even for parlour boarders— to go out alone ! In the present instance Miss Grampus enjoyed a more than ordinary liberty, it is true : when the elder Miss Pidge would remonstrate, Miss Zela would anxiously yield to her request ; and why?—the reason may be gathered from the following conversation which passed between the intimated girl and the wily *maître-de-danse*.

"How, Roderick," would Adeliza say, "how, in the days of our first acquaintance, did it chance that you always addressed yourself to that odious Zela Pidge, and never deigned to breathe a syllable to me?"

"My lips didn't speak to you, Addy" (for to such a pitch of familiarity had they arrived), "but my eyes did."

Adeliza was not astonished by the peculiarity of his pronunciation, for, to say truth, it was that commonly adopted in her native home and circle. "And mine," said she tenderly, "they followed when yours were not fixed upon them, for *then* I dared not look upwards. And though all on account of Miss Pidge you could not hear the accents of my voice, you might have heard the beatings of my heart!"

"I did, I did," gasped Roderick ; "I 'card them haudibly. I never spoke to you then, for I feared to waken that foul fiend suspicion. I wished to henter your seminary, to be continually near you, to make you love me ; therefore I wooed the easy and foolish Miss Pidge, therefore I took upon me the disguise of—ha ! ha !—of a dancing-master." (And the young man's countenance assumed a grim and demoniac smile.) "Yes ; I degraded my name and my birthright—I wore these ignoble trappings, and all for the love of thee, my Adeliza !" Here Signor

Dandolo would have knelt down, but the road was muddy ; and, his trousers being of nankeen, his gallant purpose was frustrated.

But the story must out, for the conversation above narrated has betrayed to the intelligent reader a considerable part of it. The fact is, as we have said, that Miss Zela Fidge, dancing at the Hackney assembly, was introduced to this man ; that he had no profession—no means even of subsistence ; that he saw enough of this lady to be aware that he could make her useful to his purpose ; and he who had been, we believe it in our conscience, no better than a travelling mountebank or harlequin, appeared at Bulgaria House in the character of a professor of gymnastics. The governess, in the first instance, entertained for him just such a *punchant* as the pupil afterwards felt : the latter discovered the weakness of her mistress, and hence arose Miss Fidge's indulgence, and Miss Grampus's fatal passion.

"Mysterious being !" continued Adeliza, resuming the conversation which has been broken by the above explanatory hints, "how did I learn to love thee? Who art thou?—what dire fate has brought thee hither in this lowly guise to win the heart of Adeliza?"

"Hadeliza," cried he, "you say well ; *I am not what I seem*. I cannot tell thee what I am ; a tale of horror, of crime, forbids the dreadful confession ! But dark as I am, and wretched, nay, wicked and desperate, I love thee, Hadeliza—love thee with the rapturous devotion of purer days—the tenderness of happier times ! I am sad now, and fallen, lady ; suffice it that I once was happy, ay, respectable."

Adeliza's cheek grew deadly pale, her step faltered, and she would have fallen to the ground, had she not been restrained by the strong arm of her lover. "I know not," said she, as she clung timidly to his neck—

"I know not, I hark not, if guilt's in that art,  
I know that I love thee, whatever thou art."

"*Gilt* in my heart," said Dandolo, "gilt in the heart of Roderick? No, never !" and he drew her towards him, and on her bonnet, her veil, her gloves, nay, on her very cheeks, he imprinted a thousand maddening kisses. "But say, my sweet one," continued he, "who art *thou*? I know you as yet only by your lovely baptismal name, and your other name of Grampus."

Adeliza looked down and blushed. "My parents are lowly," she said,

"But how, then, came you at such a seminary?" said he; "twenty pound a quarter, extras and washing not included."

"They are humble, but wealthy."

"Ha! who is your father?"

"An alderman of yon metropolis."

"An alderman! and what is his profession?"

"I blush to tell: he is—*an oystermonger*."

"AN OYSTERMONGER!" screamed Roderick, in the largest capitals. "Ha! ha! ha! this is too much!" and he dropped Adeliza's hand, and never spoke to her during the rest of her walk. They moved moodily on for some time, Miss Binx and the other young man marching astonished in the rear. At length they came within sight of the seminary. "Here is Bulgaria House," cried the maiden steadily; "Roderick, we must part!" The effort was too much for her; she flung herself hysterically into his arms.

But, oh horror! a scream was heard from Miss Binx, who was seen scuttling at double-quick time towards the schoolhouse. Her young man had bolted completely; and close at the side of the lovely, though imprudent couple, stood the angry—and justly angry—Miss Zela Pidge!

"Oh, Ferdinand," said she, "is it thus you deceive me? Did I bring you to Bulgaria House for this?—did I give you money to buy clothes for this, that you should go by false names, and make love to that saucy, slammerkin, sentimental Miss Grampus? Ferdinand, Ferdinand," cried she, "is this true? can I credit my eyes?"

"D—— your eyes!" said the Signer angrily, as he darted at her a withering look, and retired down the street. His curses might be heard long after he had passed. He never appeared more at Bulgaria House, for he received his dismissal the next day.

That night all the front windows of the Miss Pidges' seminary were smashed to shivers.

On the following Thursday *two* places were taken in the coach to town. On the back seat sat the usher; on the front, the wasted and miserable Adeliza Grampus.

## CHAPTER II.

BUT the matter did not end here. Miss Grampus's departure elicited from her a disclosure of several circumstances which, we must say, in no degree increased the reputation of Miss Zela Pidge. The discoveries which she made were so awkward, the tale of crime and licentiousness revealed by her so deeply injurious to the character of the establishment, that the pupils emigrated from it in scores. Miss Binx retired to her friends at Wandsworth, Miss Jacobs to her relations in Houndsditch, and other young ladies, not mentioned in this history, to other and more moral schools; so that absolutely, at the end of a single half-year, such had been the scandal of the story, the Misses Pidge were left with only two pupils. Miss Dibble, the articleed young lady, and Miss Bole, the grocer's daughter, who came in exchange for tea, candles, and other requisites supplied to the establishment by her father.

"I knew it! I knew it!" cried Zela passionately, as she trod the echoing and melancholy schoolroom; "he told me that none ever prospered who loved him--that every flower was blighted upon which he shone! Ferdinand! Ferdinand, you have caused ruin there!" (pointing to the empty cupboards and forms; "but what is that to the blacker ruin *here*?" and the poor creature slapped her heart, and the big tears rolled down her chin, and so into her tucker.

A very very few weeks after this, the plate on Bulgaria House was removed for ever. That mansion is now designated "Moscow Hall, by Mr. Swishtail and assistants:"—the bankrupt and fugitive Misses Pidge have fled, Heaven knows whither! for the steamers to Boulogne cost more than five shillings in those days.

Alderman Grampus, as may be imagined, did not receive his daughter with any extraordinary degree of courtesy. "He was as grumpy," Mrs. G. remarked, "on the occasion as a sow with the measles." But had he not reason? A lovely daughter who had neglected her education, forgotten her morals for the second time, and fallen almost a prey to villains! Miss Grampus for some months was kept in close confinement, nor ever suffered to stir, except occasionally to Bunhill Row for air, and to church for devotion. Still, though she knew him to be false,—though

she knew that under a different, perhaps a prettier name, he had offered the same vows to another—she could not but think of Roderick.

That professor (as well—too well—he may be called!) knew too well her father's name and reputation to experience any difficulty in finding his abode. It was, as every City man knows, in Cheapside; and thither Dandolo constantly bent his steps; but though he marched unceasingly about the mansion, he never (mysteriously) would pass it. He watched Adeliza walking, he followed her to church; and many and many a time as she jostled out at the gate of the Artillery-ground or the ladder-flanked portal at Bow, a tender hand would meet hers, an active foot would press upon hers, a billet discreetly delivered was as adroitly seized, to hide in the recesses of her pocket-handkerchief or to nestle in the fragrance of her bosom! Love! Love! how ingenious thou art! thou canst make a ladder of a silken thread, or a weapon of a straw, thou peerest like sunlight into a dungeon; thou sealest, like forlorn hope, a castle wall; the keep is taken!—the foeman has fled!—the banner of love floats triumphantly over the corpses of the slain!\*

Thus, though denied the comfort of personal intercourse, Adeliza and her lover maintained a frequent and tender correspondence. Nine times at least in a week, she, by bribing her maid-servant, managed to convey letters to the professor, to which he at rarer intervals, though with equal warmth, replied.

"Why," said the young lady in the course of this correspondence, "why when I cast my eyes upon my Roderick, do I see him so wofully changed in outward guise? He wears not the dress which formerly adorned him. Is he poor?—is he in disguise?—do debts oppress him, or traitors track him for his blood? Oh that my arms might shield him! Oh that my purse might aid him! It is the fondest wish of

"ADELIZA G.

"P.S.—Aware of your fondness for shell-fish, Susan will leave a barrel of oysters at the Swan with Two Necks, directed to you, as per desire.

"AD G.

"P.S.—Are you partial to kippered salmon? The girl brings

\* We cannot explain this last passage; but it is so beautiful that the reader will pardon the omission of sense, which the author certainly could have put in if he liked.

three pounds of it wrapped in a silken handkerchief. 'Tis marked with the hair of

"ADELIZA.

"P.S.—I break open my note to say that you will find in it a small pot of anchovy paste: may it prove acceptable. Heigho! I would that I could accompany it.

"A. G."

It may be imagined, from the text of this note, that Adeliza had profited not a little by the perusal of Miss Swipes's novels; and it also gives a pretty clear notion of the condition of her lover. When that gentleman was a professor at Bulgaria House, his costume had strictly accorded with his pretensions. He wore a black German coat loaded with frogs and silk trimming, a white broad brimmed beaver, hessians, and nankeen tights. His costume at present was singularly changed for the worse; a rough brown frock-coat dangled down to the calves of his brawny legs, where likewise ended a pair of greasy shepherd's-plaid trousers; a dubious red waistcoat, a blue or bird's-eye neckerchief, and bluchers (or half-boots), remarkable for thickness and for mud, completed his attire. But he looked superior to his fortune; he wore his grey hat very much on one ear; he incessantly tugged at his smoky shirt collar, and walked jingling the halfpence (when he had any) in his pocket. He was, in fact, no better than an adventurer, and the innocent Adeliza was his prey.

Though the professor read the first part of this letter with hope and pleasure, it may be supposed that the three postscripts were still more welcome to him—in fact, he literally did what is often done in novels, *he devoured* them; and Adeliza, on receiving a note from him the next day, after she had eagerly broken the seal, and with panting bosom and flashing eye glanced over the contents—Adeliza, we say, was not altogether pleased when she read the following:—

"Your goodness, dearest, passes belief; but never did poor fellow need it more than your miserable faithful Roderick. Yes! I *am* poor—I *am* tracked by hell-hounds—I *am* changed in looks, and dress, and happiness—in all but love for thee!

"Hear my tale! I come of a noble Italian family—the noblest, ay, in Venice. We were free once, and rich, and happy; but the Prussian autograph has planted his banner on our towers—the talents of his haughty heagle have seized our wealth, and consigned most of our race to dungeons. I am not a prisoner, only an exile. A mother, a bed-ridden grandmother,

and five darling sisters escaped with me from Venice, and now share my poverty and my home. But I have wrestled with misfortune in vain; I have struggled with want, till want has overcome me. Adeliza, I WANT BREAD!

"The kippered salmon was very good, the anchovies admirable. But, oh my love! how thirsty they make those who have no means of slaking thirst. My poor grandmother lies delirious in her bed, and cries in vain for drink. Alas! our water is cut off; I have none to give her. The oysters was capital. Bless thee, bless thee! angel of bounty! Have you any more such, and a few shrimps? My sisters are ~~very~~ fond of them.

"Half-a-crown would oblige. But thou art too good to me already, and I blush to ask thee for more. Adieu, Adeliza.

"The wretched but faithful

"RODERICK FERDINAND

"(38th Count of Dandolo).

"BELL YARD: *June* -."

A shade of dissatisfaction, we say, clouded Adeliza's fair features as she perused this note; and yet there was nothing in it which the tenderest lover might not write. But the shrimps, the half-crown, the horrid picture of squalid poverty presented by the Count, sickened her young heart; the innate delicacy of the woman revolted at the thought of all this misery.

But better thoughts succeeded. her breast heaved as she read and re-read the singular passage concerning the Prussian autograph, who had planted his standard at Venice. "I knew it!" she cried, "I knew it!—he is of noble race! O Roderick, I will perish, but I will help thee!"

Alas! she was not well enough acquainted with history to perceive that the Prussian autograph had nothing to do with Venice, and had forgotten altogether that she herself had coined the story which this adventurer returned to her.

But a difficulty presented itself to Adeliza's mind. Her lover asked for money—where was she to find it? The next day the till of the shop was empty, and a weeping apprentice dragged before the Lord Mayor. It is true that no signs of the money were found upon him; it is true that he protested his innocence; but he was dismissed the alderman's service, and passed a month at Bridewell because Adeliza Grampus had a needy lover.

"Dearest," she wrote, "will three and-twenty and sevenpence suffice? 'Tis all I have: take it, and with it the fondest wishes of your Adeliza.



"A sudden thought! Our apprentice is dismissed. My father dines abroad; I shall be in the retail establishment all the night, *alone*." "A. G."

No sooner had the professor received this note than his mind was made up. "I will see her," he said; "I will enter that accursed shop." He did, and *to his ruin*.

That night Mrs. Grampus and her daughter took possession of the bar or counter, in the place which Adeliza called the retail establishment, and which is commonly denominated the shop. Mrs. Grampus herself operated with the oyster-knife, and served the Milton morsels to the customers. Age had not diminished her skill, nor had wealth rendered her too proud to resume at need a profession which she had followed in early days. Adeliza flew gracefully to and fro with the rolls, the vinegar-bottle with perforated cork, and the little pats of butter. A little boy ran backwards and forwards to the "Blue Lion" over the way, for the pots of port r. or for the brandy-and-water, which some gentlemen take after the play.

Midnight arrived. Miss Grampus was looking through the window, and contrasting the gleaming gas which shone upon the ruby lobsters with the calm moon which lightened up the Poultry, and threw a halo round the Royal Exchange. She was lost in maiden meditation, when her eye fell upon a pane of glass in her own window: squeezed against this, flat and white, was the nose of a man!—that man was Roderick Dandolo! He seemed to be gazing at the lobsters more intensely than at Adeliza; he had his hands in his pockets, and was whistling "Jim Crow." \*

Miss Grampus felt sick with joy: she staggered to the counter and almost fainted. The professor concluded his melody, and entered at once into the shop. He pretended to have no knowledge of Miss Grampus, but *abarded* the two ladies with easy elegance and irresistible good-humour.

"Good evening, ma'am," said he, bowing profoundly to the *elder* lady. "What a precious hot evening to be sure!—hot, ma'am, and hungry, as they say. I could not resist 'them lobsters, 'specially when I saw the lady behind 'em."

\* I know this is an anachronism; but I only mean that he was performing one of the popular melodies of the time.—M. A. T.

At this gallant speech Mrs. Grampus blushed, or looked as if she would blush, and said—

• “Law, sir!”

“Law, indeed, ma’am,” playfully continued the professor: “you’re a precious deal better than law—you’re *divinity*, ma’am; and this, I presume, is your sister?”

He pointed to Adeliza as he spoke, who, pale and mute, stood fainting against a heap of ginger beer bottles. The old lady was quite won by this stale compliment.

“My daughter, sir,” she said. “Addly, lay a cloth for the gentleman. Do you take hoysters, sir, hor lobsters? Both is very fine.”

“Why, ma’am,” said he, “to say truth, I have come forty miles since dinner, and don’t care if I have a little of both. I’ll begin, if you please, with that there (Lord bless its claws, they’re as red as your lips!) and we’ll astonish a few of the natives afterwards, *by your leave*.”

Mrs. Grampus was delighted with the manners and the appetite of the stranger. She proceeded forthwith to bisect the lobster, while the professor, in a *déjà-gé* manner, his cane over his shoulder, and a cheerful whistle upon his lips, entered the little parlour, and took possession of a box and a table.

He was no sooner seated than, from a scuffle, a giggle, and a smack, Mrs. Grampus was induced to suspect that something went wrong in the eating-room.

“Hadeliza!” cried she: and that young woman returned blushing now like a rose, who had been as pale before as a lily.

Mrs. G. herself took in the lobster, bidding her daughter sternly to stay in the shop. She approached the stranger with an angry air, and laid the lobster before him.

“For shame, sir!” said she solemnly; but all of a sudden she began to giggle like her daughter, and her speech ended with an “*Have done now!*”

We were not behind the curtain, and cannot of course say what took place; but it is evident that the professor was a general lover of the sex.

Mrs. Grampus returned to the shop, rubbing her lips with her fat arms, and restored to perfect good-humour. The little errand-boy was despatched over the way for a bottle of Guinness and a glass of brandy-and water.

“HOT WITH!” shouted a manly voice from the eating-room,

and Adeliza was pained to think that in her presence her lover could eat so well.

He ate indeed as if he had never eaten before: here is the bill as written by Mrs. Grampus herself.

	£	s.	d.
"Two lobsters at 3s. 6d.		7	0
Salit . . . . .		1	3
2 Bottles Doubling Stott . . . . .		2	4
11 Doz. Best natifs . . . . .		7	4
14 Pails of Botter . . . . .		1	2
4 Glasses B. & W. . . . .		4	0
Bredd (love & $\frac{1}{2}$ ) . . . . .		1	2
Brakitch of tumber . . . . .		1	6
	£	5	9

"To Samuel Grampus,

"At the Mermaid in Cheapside.

"Shell-fish in all varieties. *N.B.*—A great saving in taking a quantity."

"A saving in taking a quantity," said the stranger archly. "Why, ma'am, you ought to let me off *very cheap*;" and the professor, the pot-boy, Adeliza, and her mamma, grinned equally at this pleasantry.

"However, never mind the pay, missis," continued he; "we an't a-going to quarrel about *that*. Hadd another glass of brandy and water to the bul, and bring it me, when it shall be as I am now."

"Law, sir," simpered Mrs. Grampus, "how's that?"

"*Reseated*, ma'am, to be sure," replied he, as he sank back upon the table. The old lady went lurching away, pleased with her merry and facetious customer; the little boy picked up the oyster-shells, of which a mighty pyramid was formed at the professor's feet.

"Here Sammy," cried out shrill Mrs. Grampus from the shop, "go over to the 'Blue Lion' and get the gentleman his glass: but no, you are better where you are pickin' up them shells. Go von, Hadeliza; it is but across the way."

Adeliza went with a very bad grace; she had hoped to exchange at least a few words with him her soul adored; and her mother's jealousy prevented the completion of her wish.

She had scarcely gone when Mr. Grampus entered from his dinner-party. But, though fond of pleasure, he was equally

faithful to business: without a word he hung up his brass-buttoned coat, put on his hairy cap, and stuck his sleeves through his apron.

As Mrs. Grampus was tying it (an office which this faithful lady regularly performed), he asked her what business had occurred during his absence.

"Not so bad," said she; "two pound ten to-night, besides one pound eight to receive," and she handed Mr. Grampus the bill.

"How many are there on 'em?" said that gentleman, smiling, as his eye gladly glanced over the items of the account.

"Why, that's the best of all. how many do you think?"

"If four did it," said Mr. Grampus, "they wouldn't have done badly neither."

"What do you think of *one*?" cried Mrs. G., laughing, "and he an't done yet. Hadly is gone to fetch him another glass of brandy and water."

Mr. Grampus looked very much alarmed. "Only one, and you say he an't paid?"

"No," said the lady.

Mr. Grampus seized the bill, and rushed wildly into the dining-room: the little boy was picking up the oyster-shells still, there were so many of them; the professor was seated on the table, laughing as if drunk, and picking his teeth with his fork.

Grampus, shaking in every joint, held out the bill: a horrid thought crossed him; he had seen that face before!

The professor kicked sneeringly into the air the idle piece of paper, and swung his legs recklessly to and fro.

"What a flat you are," shouted he, in a voice of thunder, "to think I'm a-goin' to pay! Pay! I never pay—I'M DANDO!"

The people in the other boxes crowded forward to see the celebrated stranger; the little boy grinned as he dropped two hundred and forty-four oyster-shells, and Mr. Grampus rushed madly into his front shop, shrieking for a watchman.

As he ran, he stumbled over something on the floor—a woman and a glass of brandy and water lay there extended. Like Tarquinia reversed, Elijah Grampus was trampling over the lifeless body of Adeline.

Why enlarge upon the miserable theme? The confiding girl, in returning with the grog from the "Blue Lion," had arrived

at the shop only in time to hear the fatal name of DANDO. She saw him tipsy and triumphant, bestriding the festal table, and yelling with horrid laughter ! The truth flashed upon her—she fell !

Lost to worldly cares in contemplating the sorrows of their idolised child, her parents forgot all else beside. Mrs. G. held the vinegar-cruet to her nostrils ; her husband brought the soda-water fountain to play upon her ; it restored her to life, but not to sense. When Adeliza Champus rose from that trance she was a MANIAC !

But what became of *the deceiver* ? The gormandising ruffian, the lying renegade, the fiend in human shape, escaped in the midst of this scene of desolation. He walked unconcerned through the shop, his hat cocked on one side as before, swaggering as before, whistling as before : far in the moonlight night you see his figure ; long, long in the night-silence rang his demoniac melody of " Jim Crow " !

When Samuel the boy cleaned out the shop in the morning, and made the inventory of the goods, a silver fork, a plated ditto, a dish, and a pewter-pot were found to be wanting. Ingenuity will not be long in guessing the name of *the thief*.

Gentles, my tale is told. If it may have deterred one soul from vice, my end is fully answered. If it may have taught to school-mistresses carefulness, to pupils circumspection, to youth the folly of sickly sentiment, the pain of bitter deception ; to manhood the crime, the *mereness* of gluttony, the vice which it occasions, and the wicked passions it fosters ; if these, or any of these, have been taught by the above tale, the writer seeks for no other reward.

NOTE.—Please send the proceeds as requested per letter ; the bearer being directed not to give up the manuscript without.



## BLUEBEARD'S GHOST.

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FOR some time after the fatal accident which deprived her of her husband, Mrs. Bluebeard was, as may be imagined, in a state of profound grief.

There was not a widow in all the country who went to such an expense for black bombazeen. She had her beautiful hair confined in crimped caps, and her weepers came over her elbows. Of course she saw no company except her sister Anne (whose company was anything but pleasant to the widow); as for her brothers, their odious mess table manners had always been disagreeable to her. What did she care for jokes about the major, or scandal concerning the Scotch surgeon of the regiment? If they drank their wine out of black bottles or crystal, what did it matter to her? Their stories of the stable the parade, and the last run with the hounds, were perfectly odious to her; besides, she could not bear their impertinent mustachios and filthy habit of smoking cigars.

They were always wild vulgar young men at the best; but *now*, oh! their presence to her delicate soul was horror! How could she bear to look on them after what had occurred? She thought of the best of husbands ruthlessly cut down by their cruel heavy cavalry sabres; the kind friend, the generous landlord, the spotless justice of peace, in whose family differences these rude cornets of dragons had dared to interfere, whose venerable blue hair, they had dragged down with sorrow to the grave!

She put up a most splendid monument to her departed lord over the family vault of the Bluebeards. The rector, Doctor Sly, who had been Mr. Bluebeard's tutor at college, wrote an epitaph in the most pompous yet pathetic Latin:—"Siste, viator! mœrens conjux, heu! quanto minus est cum reliquis versari quam tui meminisse;" in a word, everything that is usually said in epitaphs. A bust of the departed saint, with

Virtue mourning over it, stood over the epitaph, surrounded by medallions of his wives, and one of these medallions had as yet no name in it, nor (the epitaph said) could the widow ever be consoled until her own name was inscribed there. "For then I shall be with him. In *culo quies*," she would say, throwing up her fine eyes to heaven, and quoting the enormous words of the hatchment which was put up in the church and over Bluebeard's Hall, where the butler, the housekeeper, the footman, the housemaid, and scullions, were all in the profoundest mourning. The keeper went out to shoot birds in a crape band; nay, the very scarecrows in the orchard and fruit-garden were ordered to be dressed in black.

Sister Anne was the only person who refused to wear black. Mrs. Bluebeard would have parted with her, but she had no other female relative. Her father, it may be remembered by readers of the former part of her Memoirs, had married again; and the mother-in-law and Mrs. Bluebeard, as usual, hated each other furiously. Mrs. Shacabac had come to the Hall on a visit of condolence; but the widow was so rude to her on the second day of the visit that the stepmother quitted the house in a fury. As for the Bluebeards, of course *they* hated the widow. Had not Mr. Bluebeard settled every shilling upon her? and, having no children by his former marriage, her property, as I leave you to fancy, was pretty handsome. So sister Anne was the only female relative whom Mrs. Bluebeard would keep near her, and, as we all know, a woman *must* have a female relative under any circumstances of pain, or pleasure, or profit—when she is married, or when she is in a delicate situation. But let us continue our story.

"I will never wear mourning for that odious wretch, sister!" Anne would cry.

"I will trouble you, Miss Anne, not to use such words in my presence regarding the best of husbands, or to quit the room at once!" the widow would answer.

"I'm sure it's no great pleasure to sit in it. I wonder you don't make use of the closet, sister, where the *other* Mrs. Bluebeards are."

"Impertinence! they were all embalmed by Monsieur Gannal. How dare you repeat the monstrous calumnies regarding the best of men? Take down the family Bible and read what my blessed saint says of his wives—read it written in his own hand:—

"*Friday, June 20.*—Married my beloved wife, Anna Maria Scrogginsia.

"*Saturday, August 1.*—A bereaved husband has scarcely strength to write down in this chronicle that the dearest of wives, Anna Maria Scrogginsia, expired this day of sore throat."

"There! can anything be more convincing than that? Read again:—

"*Tuesday, Sept. 1.*—This day I led to the hymeneal altar my soul's blessing, Louisa Matilda Hopkinson. May this angel supply the place of her I have lost!

"*Wednesday, October 5.*—Oh, heavens! pity the distraction of a wretch who is obliged to record the ruin of his dearest hopes and affections! This day my adored Louisa Matilda Hopkinson gave up the ghost! A complaint of the head and shoulders was the sudden cause of the event which has rendered the unhappy subscriber the most miserable of men. "BLUEBEARD."

"Every one of the women are calendered in this delightful, this pathetic, this truly virtuous and tender way; and can you suppose that a man who wrote such sentiments could be a *murderer*, miss?"

"Do you mean to say that he did not *kill* them, then?" said Anne.

"Gracious goodness, Anne, kill them! they died all as naturally as I hope you will. My blessed husband was an angel of goodness and kindness to them. Was it *his* fault that the doctors could not cure their maladies? No, that it wasn't! and when they died the inconsolable husband had their bodies embalmed, in order that on this side of the grave he might never part from them."

"And why did he take you up in the tower, pray? and why did you send me in such a hurry to the leads? and why did he sharpen his long knife, and roar out to you to COME DOWN?"

"Merely to punish me for my curiosity—the dear, good, kind, excellent creature!" sobbed the widow, overpowered with affectionate recollections of her lord's attentions to her.

"I wish," said sister Anne sulkily, "that I had not been in such a hurry in summoning my brothers."

"Ah!" screamed Mrs. Bluebeard, with a harrowing scream, "don't—don't recall that horrid fatal day, miss! If you had not misled your brothers, my poor dear darling Bluebeard would still be in life, still—the soul's joy of his bereaved Fatima!"



Whether it is that all wives adore husbands when the latter are, no more, or whether it is that Fatima's version of the story is really the correct one, and that the common impression against Bluebeard is an odious prejudice, and that he no more murdered his wives than you and I have, remains yet to be proved, and indeed does not much matter for the understanding of the rest of Mrs. B.'s adventures. And though people will say that Bluebeard's settlement of his whole fortune on his wife, in event of survivorship, was a mere act of absurd mystification, seeing that he was fully determined to cut her head off after the honeymoon, yet the best test of his real intentions is the profound grief which the widow manifested for his death, and the fact that he left her mighty well-to-do in the world.

If any one were to leave you or me a fortune, my dear friend, would we be too anxious to rake up the how and the why? Pooh! pooh! we would take it and make no bones about it, and Mrs. Bluebeard did likewise. Her husband's family, it is true, argued the point with her, and said, "Madam, you must perceive that Mr. Bluebeard never intended the fortune for you, as it was his fixed intention to chop off your head! it is clear that he meant to leave his money to his blood relations, therefore you ought in equity to hand it over." But she sent them all off with a flea in their ears, as the saying is, and said, "Your argument may be a very good one, but I will, if you please, keep the money." And she ordered the mourning as we have before shown, and indulged in grief, and exalted everywhere the character of the deceased. If any one would but leave me a fortune, what a funeral and what a character I would give him!

Bluebeard Hall is situated, as we all very well know, in a remote country district, and although a fine residence, is remarkably gloomy and lonely. To the widow's susceptible mind, after the death of her darling husband, the place became intolerable. The walk, the lawn, the fountain, the green glades of park over which frisked the dappled deer, all—all recalled the memory of her beloved. It was but yesterday that, as they roamed through the park in the calm summer evening, her Bluebeard pointed out to the keeper the fat buck he was to kill. "Ah!" said the widow, with tears in her fine eyes, "the artless stag was shot down, the haunch was cut and roasted, the jelly had been prepared from the currant-bushes in the garden that he loved, but my Bluebeard never ate of the venison! Look,

Anna sweet, pass we the old oak hall ; 'tis hung with trophies won by him in the chase, with pictures of the noble race of Bluebeard ! Look ! by the fireplace there is the gig-whip, his riding-whip, the spud with which you know he used to dig the weeds out of the terrace-walk ; in that drawer are his spurs, his whistle, his visiting-cards, with his dear dear name engraven upon them ! There are the bits of string that he used to cut off the parcels and keep — use string was always useful ! his button hook, and there is the peg on which he used to hang his hat — *hat !* "

Uncontrollable emotions, bursts of passionate tears would follow these tender reminiscences of the widow ; and the long and short of the matter was that she was determined to give up Bluebeard Hall and live elsewhere ; her love for the memory of the deceased, she said, rendered the place too wretched.

Of course an envious and sneering world said that she was tired of the country and wanted to marry again ; but she little heeded its taunts, and Anne, who hated her stepmother and could not live at home, was fain to accompany her sister to the town where the Bluebeards have had for many years a very large, genteel, old-fashioned house. So she went to the town-house, where they lived and were as pretty much as usual ; and though Anne often threatened to leave her, and go to a boarding-house, of which there was plenty in the town, yet after all, to live with her sister, and drive out in the carriage with the footman and coachman in mourning, and the lozenge on the panels, with the Bluebeard and Shacabac arms quartered on it, was far more respectable, and so the lovely sisters continued to dwell together.

For a lady under Mrs. Bluebeard's circumstances, the town-house had other and peculiar advantages. Besides being an exceedingly spacious and dismal brick building, with a dismal iron railing in front, and long dismal thin windows with little panes of glass, it looked out into the churchyard where, time out of mind, between two yew trees, one of which is cut into the form of a peacock, while the other represents a dumb-waiter—it looked into the churchyard where the monument of the late Bluebeard was placed, over the family vault. It was the first thing the widow saw from her bedroom window in the morning, and 'twas sweet to watch at night from the parlour the pallid

moonlight lighting up the bust of the departed, and Virtue throwing great black shadows athwart it. Polyanthes, rhododendra, ranunculuses, and other flowers with the largest names and of the most delightful odours, were planted within the little iron railing that enclosed the last resting-place of the Bluebeards; and the Lendle was instructed to half-kill any little boys who might be caught plucking these sweet testimonies of a wife's affection.

Over the sideboard in the dining-room hung a full-length of Mr. Bluebeard, by Tickleghill, R.A., in a militia uniform, frowning down upon the knives and forks and silver trays. Over the mantelpiece he was represented in a hunting costume on his favourite horse; there was a sticking-plaster silhouette of him in the widow's bedroom, and a miniature in the drawing-room, where he was drawn in a gown of black and gold, holding a gold-tasselled trencher-cap with one hand, and with the other pointing to a diagram of Pons Asmorum. This likeness was taken when he was a fellow-commoner at Saint John's College, Cambridge, and before the growth of that blue beard which was the ornament of his manhood, and a part of which now formed a beautiful blue neck-chain for his bereaved wife.

Sister Anne said the town house was even more dismal than the country-house, for there was pure air at the Hall, and it was pleasanter to look out on a park than on a churchyard, however fine the monuments might be. But the widow said she was a light-minded hussy, and persisted as usual in her lamentations and mourning. The only male whom she would admit within her doors was the parson of the parish, who read sermons to her; and, as his reverence was at least seventy years old, Anne, though she might be ever so much minded to fall in love, had no opportunity to indulge her inclination; and the townspeople, scandalous as they might be, could not find a word to say against the *liaison* of the venerable man and the heart-stricken widow.

All other company she resolutely refused. When the players were in the town, the poor manager, who came to beg her to bespeak a comedy, was thrust out of the gates by the big butler. Though there were balls, card-parties, and assemblies, Widow Bluebeard would never subscribe to one of them; and even the officers, those all conquering heroes who make such ravages in ladies' hearts, and to whom all ladies' doors are commonly

open, could never get an entry into the widow's house. Captain Whiskerfield strutted for three weeks up and down before her house, and had not the least effect upon her. Captain O'Grady (of an Irish regiment) attempted to bribe the servants, and one night actually scaled the garden-wall; but, all that he got was his foot in a man-trap, not to mention being dreadfully scarified by the broken glass; and so *he* never made love any more. Finally, Captain Blackbeard, whose whiskers vied in magnitude with those of the deceased Bluebeard himself, although he attended church regularly every week—he who had not darkened the doors of a church for ten years before— even Captain Blackbeard got nothing by his piety; and the widow never once took her eyes off her book to look at him. The barracks were in despair; and Captain Whiskerfield's tailor, who had supplied him with new clothes in order to win the widow's heart, ended by clapping the Captain into gaol.

His reverence the parson highly applauded the widow's conduct to the officers; but, being himself rather of a social turn, and fond of a good dinner and a bottle, he represented to the lovely mourner that she should endeavour to divert her grief by a little respectable society, and recommended that she should from time to time entertain a few grave and sober persons whom he would present to her. As Doctor Sly had an unbounded influence over the fair mourner, she acceded to his desires; and accordingly he introduced to her house some of the most venerable and worthy of his acquaintance— all married people, however, so that the widow should not take the least alarm.

It happened that the Doctor had a nephew, who was a lawyer in London, and this gentleman came dutifully in the long vacation to pay a visit to his reverend uncle. "He is none of *your* roystering dashing young fellows," said his reverence; "he is the delight of his mamma and sisters, he never drinks anything stronger than tea; he never missed church thrice a Sunday for these twenty years; and I hope, my dear and amiable madame, that you will not object to receive this pattern of young men for the sake of your most devoted friend, his uncle."

The widow consented to receive Mr. Sly. He was not a handsome man certainly. "But what does that matter?" said the Doctor; "he is *good*, and virtue is better than all the beauty of all the dragoons in the Queen's service."

Mr. Sly came there to dinner, and he came to tea; and he

drove out with the widow in the carriage with the lozenge on it ; and at church he handed the psalm-book ; and, in short, he paid her every attention which could be expected from so polite a young gentleman.

At this the town began to talk, as people in towns will. "The Doctor kept all bachelors out of the widow's house," said they, "in order that that ugly nephew of his may have the field entirely to himself." These speeches were of course heard by Sister Anne, and the little nunx was not a little glad to take advantage of them, in order to induce her sister to see some more cheerful company. The fact is, the young hussy loved a dance or a game at cards much more than a humdrum conversation over a tea table ; and so she plied her sister day and night with hints as to the propriety of opening her house, receiving the gentry of the county, and spending her fortune.

To this point the widow at length, though with many sighs and vast unwillingness, acceded ; and she went so far as to order a very becoming half-mourning, in which all the world declared she looked charming. "I carry," said she, "my blessed Bluebeard in my heart - *that* is in the deepest mourning for him, and when the heart grieves there is no need of outward show."

So she issued cards for a little quiet tea and supper, and several of the best families in the town and neighbourhood attended her entertainment. It was followed by another and another ; and at last Captain Blackbeard was actually introduced, though of course, he came in plain clothes.

Dr. Sly and his nephew never could abide the Captain. "They had heard some queer stories," they said, "about proceedings in barracks. Who was it that drank three bottles at a sitting ? who had a mare that ran for the plate ? and why was it that Dolly Coddilins left the town so suddenly ?" Mr. Sly turned up the whites of his eyes as his uncle asked these questions, and sighed for the wickedness of the world. But for all that he was delighted, especially at the anger which the widow manifested when the Dolly Coddilins affair was hinted at. She was furious, and vowed she would never see the wretch again. The lawyer and his uncle were charmed. O short-sighted lawyer and parson, do you think Mrs. Bluebeard would have been so angry if she had not been jealous ?—do you think she would have been jealous if she had not—had not what ? She protested that she no more cared for the Captain than she

did for one of her footmen ; but the next time he called she would not condescend to say a word to him.

• “My dearest Miss Anne,” said the Captain, as he met her in Sir Roger de Coverley (she was herself dancing with Ensign Trippet), “what is the matter with your lovely sister?”

“Dolly Coddins is the matter,” said Miss Anne. “Mr. Sly has told all ;” and she was down the middle in a twinkling.

The Captain blushed so at this monstrous insinuation that any one could see how incorrect it was. He made innumerable blunders in the dance, and was all the time casting such ferocious glances at Mr. Sly (who did not dance, but sat by the widow and ate ices), that his partner thought he was mad, and that Mr. Sly became very uneasy.

When the dance was over, he came to pay his respects to the widow, and, in so doing, somehow trod so violently on Mr. Sly's foot that that gentleman screamed with pain, and presently went home. But though he was gone the widow was not a whit more gracious to Captain Blackbeard. She requested Mr. Trippet to order her carriage that night, and went home without uttering one single word to Captain Blackbeard.

The next morning, and with a face of preternatural longitude, the Reverend Doctor Sly paid a visit to the widow. “The wickedness and bloodthirstiness of the world,” said he, “increase every day. O my dear madam, what monsters do we meet in it—what wretches, what assassins, are allowed to go abroad ? Would you believe it, that this morning, as my nephew was taking his peaceful morning meal, one of the ruffians from the barracks presented himself with a challenge from Captain Blackbeard?”

“Is he hurt ?” screamed the widow.

“No, my dear friend, my dear Frederick is not hurt. And oh, what a joy it will be to him to think you have that tender solicitude for his welfare !”

“You know I have always had the highest respect for him,” said the widow ; who, when she screamed, was in truth thinking of somebody else. But the Doctor did not choose to interpret her thoughts in that way, and gave all the benefit of them to his nephew.

“That anxiety, dearest madam, which you express for him emboldens me, encourages me, authorises me, to press a point on you which I am sure must have entered your thoughts ere

now. The dear youth in whom you have shown such an interest lives but for you! Yes, fair lady, start not at hearing that his sole affections are yours; and with what pride shall I carry to him back the news that he is not indifferent to you!"

"Are they going to fight?" continued the lady, in a breathless state of alarm. "For Heaven's sake, dearest Doctor, prevent the horrid horrid meeting. Send for a magistrate's warrant; do anything; but do not suffer those misguided young men to cut each other's throats!"

"Fairer lady, I fly!" said the Doctor, and went back to lunch quite delighted with the evident partiality Mrs. Bluebeard showed for his nephew. And Mrs. Bluebeard, not content with exhorting him to prevent the duel, rushed to Mr. Pound, the magistrate, informed him of the facts, got out warrants against both Mr. Sly and the Captain, and would have put them into execution; but it was discovered that the former gentleman had abruptly left town, so that the constable could not lay hold of him.

It somehow, however, came to be generally known that the widow Bluebeard had declared herself in favour of Mr. Sly, the lawyer; that she had fainted when told her lover was about to fight a duel; finally, that she had accepted him, and would marry him as soon as the quarrel between him and the Captain was settled. Doctor Sly, when applied to, hummed and ha'd, and would give no direct answer; but he denied nothing, and looked so knowing, that all the world was certain of the fact; and the county paper next week stated:—

"We understand that the lovely and wealthy Mrs. Bl—b—rd is about once more to enter the bonds of wedlock with our distinguished townsman, Frederick S—y, Esquire, of the Middle Temple, London. The learned gentleman left town in consequence of a dispute with a gallant son of Mars which was likely to have led to warlike results, had not a magistrate's warrant intervened, when the Captain was bound over to keep the peace."

In fact, as soon as the Captain was so bound over, Mr. Sly came back, stating that he had quitted the town not to avoid a duel—far from it, but to keep out of the way of the magistrates, and give the Captain every facility. *He* had taken out no warrant; *he* had been perfectly ready to meet the Captain; if others had been more prudent, it was not his fault. So he held up his head, and cocked his hat with the most determined air;

and all the lawyers' clerks in the place were quite proud of their hero.

As for Captain Blackbeard, his rage and indignation may be imagined; a wife robbed from him, his honour put in question, by an odious, lanky, squinting lawyer! He fell ill of a fever incontinently; and the surgeon was obliged to take a quantity of blood from him, ten times the amount of which he swore he would have out of the veins of the atrocious Sly.

The announcement in the *Mercury*, however, filled the widow with almost equal indignation. "The widow of the gallant Bluebeard," she said, "marry an odious wretch who lives in dingy chambers in the Middle Temple! Send for Doctor Sly." The Doctor came; she rated him soundly, asked him how he dared set abroad such calumnies concerning her; ordered him to send his nephew back to London at once; and, as he valued her esteem, as he valued the next presentation to a fat living, which lay in her gift, to contradict everywhere, and in the fullest terms, the wicked report concerning her.

"My dearest madam," said the Doctor, pulling his longest face, "you shall be obeyed. The poor lad shall be acquainted with the fatal change in your sentiments!"

"Change in my sentiments, Doctor Sly?"

"With the destruction of his hopes, rather let me say; and Heaven grant that the dear boy have strength to bear up against the misfortune which comes so suddenly upon him!"

The next day sister Anne came with a face full of care to Mrs. Bluebeard. "Oh that unhappy lover of yours!" said she,

"Is the Captain unwell?" exclaimed the widow.

"No, it is the other," answered sister Anne. "Poor, poor Mr. Sly! He made a will leaving you all, except five pounds a year to his laundress: he made his will, locked his door, took heartrending leave of his uncle at night, and this morning was found hanging at his bed-post when Sambo, the black servant, took him up his water to shave. 'I et me be buried,' he said, 'with the pincushion she gave me and the locket containing her hair.' Did you give him a pincushion, sister? did you give him a locket with your hair?"

"It was only silver-gilt!" sobbed the widow; "and now, O heavens! I have killed him!" The heartrending nature of her sobs may be imagined; but they were abruptly interrupted by her sister.



"Killed him?—no such thing! Sambo cut him down when he was as black in the face as the honest negro himself. He came down to breakfast, and I leave you to fancy what a touching meeting took place between the nephew and uncle."

"So much love!" thought the widow. "What a pity he squints so! If he would but get his eyes put straight, I might perhaps"—She did not finish the sentence: ladies often leave this sort of sentence in a sweet confusion.

But hearing some news regarding Captain Blackbeard, whose illness and blood-letting were described to her most pathetically, as well as accurately, by the Scotch surgeon of the regiment, her feelings of compassion towards the lawyer cooled somewhat; and when Dr. Sly called to know if she would condescend to meet the unhappy youth, she said, in rather a *distrail* manner, that she wished him every happiness; that she had the highest regard and respect for him; that she besought him not to think any more of committing the dreadful crime which would have made her unhappy for ever; *but* that she thought, for the sake of both parties, they had better not meet until Mr. Sly's feelings had grown somewhat more calm.

"Poor fellow! poor fellow!" said the Doctor, "may he be enabled to bear his frightful calamity! I have taken away his razors from him, and Sambo, my man, never lets him out of his sight."

The next day Mrs. Bluebeard thought of sending a friendly message to Doctor Sly's, asking for news of the health of his nephew: but, as she was giving her orders on that subject to John Thomas the footman, it happened that the Captain arrived, and so Thomas was sent downstairs again. And the Captain looked so delightfully interesting with his arm in a sling, and his beautiful black whiskers curling round a face which was paler than usual, that at the end of two hours the widow forgot the message altogether, and indeed, I believe, asked the Captain whether he would not stop and dine. Ensign Trippet came, too, and the party was very pleasant; and the military gentlemen laughed hugely at the idea of the lawyer having been cut off the bed-post by the black servant, and were so witty on the subject, that the widow ended by half believing that the bed-post and hanging scheme on the part of Mr. Sly was only a feint—a trick to win her heart. Though this, to be sure, was not agreed to by the lady without a pang, for *entre-*

*mons*, to hang oneself for a lady is no small compliment to her attractions, and, perhaps, Mrs. Bluebeard was rather disappointed at the notion that the hanging was not a *bond fide* strangulation.

However, presently her nerves were excited again; and she was consoled or horrified, as the case may be (the reader must settle the point according to his ideas and knowledge of woman-kind)—she was at any rate dreadfully excited by the receipt of a billet in the well-known clerk-like hand of Mr. Sly. It ran thus:—

"I saw you through your dining-room windows. You were hobnobbing with Captain Blackbeard. You looked rosy and well. You smiled. You drank off the champagne at a single draught.

"I can bear it no more. Live on, smile on, and be happy. My ghost shall repine, perhaps, at your happiness with another—but in life I should go mad were I to witness it.

"It is best that I should be gone.

"When you receive this, tell my uncle to drag the fish-pond at the end of Bachelor's Acre. His black servant Sambo accompanies me, it is true. But Sambo shall perish with me should his obstinacy venture to restrain me from my purpose. I know the poor fellow's honesty well, but I also know my own despair.

"Sambo will leave a wife and seven children. Be kind to those orphan mulattoes for the sake of

"FREDERICK."

The widow gave a dreadful shriek, and interrupted the two Captains, who were each just in the act of swallowing a bumper of claret. "Fly - fly - save him," she screamed; "save him, monsters, ere it is too late! Drowned!—Frederick! Bachelor's Wa——" Syncope took place, and the rest of the sentence was interrupted.

Deucedly disappointed at being obliged to give up their wine, the two heroes seized their cocked-hats, and went towards the spot which the widow in her wild exclamations of despair had sufficiently designated.

Trippet was for running to the fish pond at the rate of ten miles an hour. "Take it easy, my good fellow," said Captain Blackbeard; "running is unwholesome after dinner. And if that squinting scoundrel of a lawyer *do's* drown himself, I shan't sleep any the worse." So the two gentlemen walked very leisurely on towards the Bachelor's Walk; and, indeed, seeing

on their way thither Major Macabaw looking out of the window at his quarters and smoking a cigar, they went upstairs to consult the Major, as also a bottle of Schiedam he had.

"They come not!" said the widow, when restored to herself. "O heavens! grant that Frederick is safe! Sister Anne, go up to the leads and look if anybody is coming." And up, accordingly, to the garrets sister Anne mounted. "Do you see anybody coming, sister Anne?"

"I see Doctor Drench's little boy," said sister Anne; "he is leaving a pill and draught at Miss Molly Grub's."

"Dearest sister Anne, don't you see any one coming?" shouted the widow once again.

"I see a flock of dust,—no! a cloud of sheep, Psha! I see the London coach coming in. There are three outside, and the guard has flung a parcel to Mrs. Jenkins's maid."

"Distraction! Look once more, sister Anne."

"I see a crowd—a shutter—a shutter with a man on it—a beadle—forty little boys—Gracious goodness! what *can* it be?" and downstairs tumbled sister Anne, and was looking out of the parlour-window by her sister's side, when the crowd she had perceived from the garret passed close by them.

At the head walked the beadle, slashing about at the little boys.

Two scores of these followed and surrounded

A SHUTTER carried by four men.

On the shutter lay *Frederick*! He was ghastly pale; his hair was dragged over his face, his clothes stuck tight to him on account of the wet, streams of water gurgled down the shutter sides. But he was not dead! He turned one eye round towards the window where Mrs. Bluebeard sat, and gave her a look which she never could forget.

Sanbo brought up the rear of the procession. He was quite wet through; and, if anything would have put his hair out of curl, his ducking would have done so. But, as he was not a gentleman, he was allowed to walk home on foot, and, as he passed the widow's window, he gave her one dreadful glance with his goggling black eyes, and moved on pointing with his hands to the shutter.

John Thomas, the footman, was instantly despatched to Doctor Sly's to have news of the patient. There was no shilly-shallying now. He came back in half-an-hour to say that Mr.

Frederick flung himself into Bachelor's Acre fish-pond with Sambo, had been dragged out with difficulty, had been put to bed, and had a pint of white wine whey, and was pretty comfortable. "Thank Heaven!" said the widow, and gave John Thomas a seven-shilling piece, and sat down with a lightened heart to tea. "What a heart!" said she to sister Anne. "And, oh, what a pity it is that he squints!"

Here the two Captains arrived. They had not been to the Bachelor's Walk; they had remained at Major Macabaw's consulting the Schiedam. They had made up their minds what to say. "Hang the fellow! he will never have the pluck to drown himself," said Captain Blackbeard. "Let us argue on that, as we may safely."

"My sweet lady," said he accordingly, "we have had the pond dragged. No Mr. Sly. And the fisherman who keeps the punt assures us that he has not been there all day."

"Audacious falsehood!" said the widow, her eyes flashing fire. "Go, heartless man! who dares to trifle thus with the feelings of a respectable and unprotected woman. Go, sir, you're only fit for the love of a—Dolly—Coddlins!" She pronounced the *Coddilins* with a withering sarcasm that struck the Captain aghast; and sailing out of the room, she left her tea untasted, and did not wish either of the military gentlemen good-night.

But, gentles, an ye know the delicate fibre of woman's heart, ye will not in very sooth believe that such events as those we have described—such tempests of passion—sierce winds of woe—blinding lightnings of tremendous joy and tremendous grief—could pass over one frail flower and leave it all unscathed. No! Grief kills as joy doth. Doth not the scorching sun nip the rose-bud as well as the bitter wind? As Mrs. Sigourney sweetly sings—

'Ah! the heart is a soft and a delicate thing;  
Ah! the heart is a lute with a thrilling string;  
A spirit that floats on a gossamer's wing!'

Such was Fatima's heart. In a word, the preceding events had a powerful effect upon her nervous system, and she was ordered much quiet and sal-volatile by her skilful medical attendant, Doctor Glauber.

To be so ardently, passionately loved as she was, to know

that Frederick had twice plunged into death from attachment to her, was to awaken in her bosom "a thrilling string;" indeed! Could she witness such attachment, and not be touched by it? She *was* touched by it—she was influenced by the virtues, by the passion, by the misfortunes of Frederick; but then he was so abominably ugly that she could not—she could not consent to become his bride!

She told Doctor Slyso. "I respect and esteem your nephew," said she; "but my resolve is made. I will continue faithful to that blessed saint, whose monument is ever before my eyes" (she pointed to the churchyard as she spoke). "Leave this poor tortured heart in quiet. It has already suffered more than most hearts could bear. I will repose under the shadow of that tomb until I am called to rest within it—to rest by the side of my Bluebeard!"

The ranunculuses, rhododendra, and polyanthus, which ornamented that mausoleum, had somehow been suffered to run greatly to seed during the last few months, and it was with no slight self-accusation that she acknowledged this fact on visiting the "garden of the grave," as she called it; and she scolded the beadle soundly for neglecting his duty towards it. He promised obedience for the future, dug out all the weeds that were creeping round the family vault, and (having charge of the key) entered that awful place, and swept and dusted the melancholy contents of the tomb.

Next morning the widow came down to breakfast looking very pale. She had passed a bad night; she had had awful dreams; she had heard a voice call her thrice at midnight. "Pooh! my dear; it's only nervousness," said sceptical sister Anne.

Here John Thomas the footman entered, and said the beadle was in the hall, looking in a very strange way. He had been about the house since daybreak, and insisted on seeing Mrs. Bluebeard. "Let him enter," said that lady, prepared for some great mystery. The beadle came; he was pale as death; his hair was dishevelled, and his cocked-hat out of order. "What have you to say?" said the lady, trembling.

Before beginning, he fell down on his knees.

"Yesterday," said he, "according to your ladyship's orders, I dug up the flower-beds of the family vault—dusted the vault and the—the coffins" (added he, trembling) "inside. Me and

John Sexton did it together, and polished up the plate quite beautiful."

"For Heaven's sake, don't allude to it," cried the widow, turning pale.

"Well, my lady, I locked the door, came away, and found in my hurry—for I wanted to beat two little boys what was playing at marbles on Alderman Paunch's monymment—I found, my lady, I'd forgot my cane. I couldn't get John Sexton to go back with me till this morning, and I didn't like to go alone, and so we went this morning, and what do you think I found? I found his honour's coffin turned round, and the cane broke in two. Here's the cane!"

"Ah!" screamed the widow, "take it away—take it away!"

"Well, what does this prove," said sister Anne, "but that somebody moved the coffin, and broke the cane?"

"Somebody! *who's somebody?*" said the beadle, staring round about him. And all of a sudden he started back with a tremendous roar, that made the ladies scream, and all the glasses on the sideboard jingle, and cried, "*That's the man!*"

He pointed to the portrait of Bluebeard, which stood over the jingling glasses on the sideboard. "That's the man I saw last night walking round the vault, as I'm a living sinner. I saw him a-walking round and round, and, when I went up to speak to him, I'm blessed if he didn't go in at the iron gate, which opened afore him like—like winking, and then in at the vault door, which I'd double-locked, my lady, and bolted inside, I'll take my oath on it!"

"Perhaps you had given him the key?" suggested sister Anne.

"It's never been out of my pocket. Here it is," cried the beadle, "I'll have no more to do with it;" and he flung down the ponderous key, amidst another scream from widow Bluebeard.

"At what hour did you see him?" gasped she.

"At twelve o'clock, of course."

"It must have been at that very hour," said she, "I heard the voice."

"What voice?" said Anne.

"A voice that called 'Fatima! Fatima! Fatima!' three times as plain as ever voice did."

"It didn't speak to me," said the beadle; "it only nodded its head and wagged its head and beard."

"W—w—was it a *bl—ue beard*?" said the widow.

"Powder-blue, ma'am, as I've a soul to save!"

Doctor Drench was of course instantly sent for. But what are the medicaments of the apothecary in a case where the grave gives up its dead? Doctor Sly arrived, and he offered ghostly—ah! too ghostly—consolation. He said he believed in them. His own grandmother had appeared to his grandfather several times before he married again. He could not doubt that supernatural agencies were possible, even frequent.

"Suppose he were to appear to me alone," ejaculated the widow, "I should die of fright."

The Doctor looked particularly arch. "The best way in these cases, my dear madam," said he—"the best way for unprotected ladies is to get a husband. I never heard of a first husband's ghost appearing to a woman and her second husband in my life. In all history there is no account of one."

"Ah! why should I be afraid of seeing my Bluebeard again?" said the widow; and the Doctor retired quite pleased, for the lady was evidently thinking of a second husband.

"The Captain would be a better protector for me certainly than Mr. Sly," thought the lady, with a sigh; "but Mr. Sly will certainly kill himself, and will the Captain be a match for two ghosts? Sly will kill himself; but ah! the Captain won't;" and the widow thought with pangs of bitter mortification of Dolly Coddins. How, how should these distracting circumstances be brought to an end?

She retired to rest that night not without a tremor—to bed, but not to sleep. At midnight a voice was heard in her room crying "Fatima! Fatima! Fatima!" in awful accents. The doors banged to and fro, the bells began to ring, the maids went up and down stairs skurrying and screaming, and gave warning in a body. John Thomas, as pale as death, declared that he found Bluebeard's yeomanry sword, that hung in the hall, drawn and on the ground; and the sticking-plaster miniature in Mr. Bluebeard's bedroom was found turned topsy turvy!

"It is some trick," said the obstinate and incredulous sister Anne. "To-night I will come and sleep with you, sister." And the night came, and the sisters retired together.

'Twas a wild night. The wind howling without went crashing

through the old trees of the old rookery round about the old church. The long bedroom windows went thump—thumping; the moon could be seen through them lighting up the graves with their ghastly shadows; the yew-tree, cut into the shape of a bird, looked particularly dreadful, and bent and swayed as if it would peck something off that other yew-tree which was of the shape of a dumb-waiter. The bells at midnight began to ring as usual, the doors clapped, jingle, jingle down came a suit of armour in the hall, and a voice came and cried, "Fatima! Fatima! Fatima! look, look, look; the tomb, the tomb, the tomb!"

She looked. The vault door was open; and there in the moonlight stood Bluebeard, exactly as he was represented in the picture in his yeomanry dress, his face frightfully pale, and his great blue beard curling over his chest, as awful as Mr. Muntz's.

Sister Anne saw the vision as well as Fatima. We shall spare the account of their terrors and screams. Strange to say, John Thomas, who slept in the attic above his mistress's bedroom, declared he was on the watch all night and had seen nothing in the churchyard, and heard no sort of voices in the house.

And now the question came, What could the ghost want by appearing? "Is there anything," exclaimed the unhappy and perplexed Fatima, "that he would have me do? It is well to say 'Now, now, now,' and to show himself; but what is it that makes my blessed husband so uneasy in his grave?" And all parties consulted agreed that it was a very sensible question.

John Thomas, the footman, whose excessive terror at the appearance of the ghost had procured him his mistress's confidence, advised Mr. Screw, the butler, who communicated with Mrs. Baggs, the house-keeper, who condescended to impart her observations to Mrs. Bustle, the lady's-maid—John Thomas, I say, decidedly advised that my lady should consult a cunning man. There was such a man in town, he had prophesied who should marry his (John Thomas's) cousin; he had cured Farmer Horn's cattle, which were evidently bewitched; he could raise ghosts, and make them speak, and he therefore was the very person to be consulted in the present juncture.

"What nonsense is this you have been talking to the maids, John Thomas, about the conjuror who lives in—in"—



"In Hangman's Lane, ma'am, where the old gibbet used to stand," replied John, who was bringing in the muffins. "It's no nonsense, my lady. Every word as that man says comes true, and he knows everything."

"I desire you will not frighten the girls in the servants' hall with any of those silly stories," said the widow; and the meaning of this speech may, of course, at once be guessed. It was that the widow meant to consult the conjuror that very night. Sister Anne said that she would never, under such circumstances, desert her dear Fatima. John Thomas was summoned to attend the ladies with a dark lantern, and forth they set on their perilous visit to the conjuror at his dreadful abode in Hangman's Lane.

What took place at that frightful interview has never been entirely known. But there was no disturbance in the house on the night after. The bells slept quietly, the doors did not bang in the least, twelve o'clock struck and no ghost appeared in the churchyard, and the whole family had a quiet night. The widow attributed this to a sprig of rosemary which the wizard gave her, and a horse shoe which she flung into the garden round the family vault, and which would keep *any* ghost quiet.

It happened the next day that, going to her milliner's, sister Anne met a gentleman who has been before mentioned in this story, Ensign Trippet by name; and, indeed, if the truth must be known, it somehow happened that she met the Ensign somewhere every day of the week.

"What news of the ghost, my dearest Miss Shacabac?" said he (you may guess on what terms the two young people were by the manner in which Mr. Trippet addressed the lady); "has Bluebeard's ghost frightened your sister into any more fits, or set the bells a-ringing?"

Sister Anne, with a very grave air, told him that he must not joke on so awful a subject; that the ghost had been laid for awhile; that a cunning man had told her sister things so wonderful that *any* man must believe in them; that, among other things, he had shown to Fatima her future husband.

"Had," said the Ensign, "he black whiskers and a red coat?"

"No," answered Anne, with a sigh, "he had red whiskers and a black coat."

"It can't be that rascal Sly?" cried the Ensign. But Anne only sighed more deeply, and would not answer yes or no. "You may tell the poor Captain," she said, "there is no hope for him, and all he has left is to hang himself."

"He shall cut the throat of Sly first, though," replied Mr. Trippet fiercely. But Anne said things were not decided as yet. Fatima was exceedingly restive and unwilling to acquiesce in the idea of being married to Mr. Sly; she had asked for further authority. The wizard said he could bring her own husband from the grave to point out her second bridegroom, who shall be, can be, must be, no other than Frederick Sly.

"It's a trick," said the Ensign. But Anne was too much frightened by the preceding evening's occurrences to say so. "To night," she said, "the grave will tell all." And she left Ensign Trippet in a very solemn and affecting way.

At midnight three figures were seen to issue from widow Bluebeard's house and pass through the churchyard turnstile and so away among the graves.

"To call up a ghost is bad enough," said the wizard; "to make him speak is awful. I recommend you, ma'am, to beware, for such curiosity has been fatal to many. There was one Arabian necromancer of my acquaintance who tried to make a ghost speak, and was torn in pieces on the spot. There was another person who *did* hear a ghost speak certainly, but came away from the interview deaf and dumb. There was another"—

"Never mind," says Mrs. Bluebeard, all her old curiosity aroused, "see him and hear him I will. Haven't I seen him and heard him, too, already? When he's audible *and* visible, *then* 's the time."

"But when you heard him," said the necromancer, "he was invisible, and when you saw him he was inaudible; so make up your mind what you will ask him, for ghosts will stand no shilly-shallying. I knew a stuttering man who was flung down by a ghost, and"—

"I *have* made up my mind," said Fatima, interrupting him.

"To ask him what husband you shall take," whispered Anne.

Fatima only turned red, and sister Anne squeezed her hand; they passed into the graveyard in silence.

There was no moon; the night was pitch-dark. They threaded

their way through the graves, stumbling over them here and there. An owl was too-whooping from the church tower, a dog was howling somewhere, a cock began to crow, as they will sometimes at twelve o'clock at night.

"Make haste," said the wizard. "Decide whether you will go on or not."

"Let us go back, sister," said Anne.

"I *will* go on," said Fatima. "I should die if I gave it up, I feel I should."

"Here's the gate; kneel down," said the wizard. The women knelt down.

"Will you see your first husband or your second husband?"

"I will see Bluebeard first," said the widow; "I shall know then whether this be a mockery, or you have the power you pretend to."

At this the wizard uttered an incantation, so frightful and of such incomprehensible words, that it is impossible for any mortal to repeat them; and at the end of what seemed to be a versicle of his chant he called "Bluebeard!" There was no noise but the moaning of the wind in the trees, and too-whooping of the owl in the tower.

At the end of the second verse he paused again and called "Bluebeard!" The cock began to crow, the dog began to howl, a watchman in the town began to cry out the hour, and there came from the vault within a hollow groan, and a dreadful voice said, "Who wants me?"

Kneeling in front of the tomb, the necromancer began the third verse: as he spoke, the former phenomena were still to be remarked. As he continued a number of ghosts rose from their graves and advanced round the kneeling figures in a circle. As he concluded, with a loud bang the door of the vault flew open, and there in blue light stood Bluebeard in his blue uniform, waving his blue sword and flashing his blue eyes round about!

"Speak now, or you are lost," said the necromancer to Fatima. But, for the first time in her life, she had not a word to say. Sister Anne, too, was dumb with terror. And, as the awful figure advanced towards them as they were kneeling, the sister thought all was over with them, and Fatima once more had occasion to repent her fatal curiosity.

The figure advanced, saying, in dreadful accents, "Fatima! Fatima! Fatima! wherefore am I called from my grave?" when

all of a sudden down dropped his sword, down the ghost of Bluebeard went on his knees, and, clasping his hands together, roared out, "Mercy, mercy!" as loud as man could roar.

*Six other ghosts* stood round the kneeling group. "Why do you call me from the tomb?" said the first. "Who dares disturb my grave?" said the second. "Seize him and away with him!" cried the third. "Murder, mercy!" still roared the ghost of Bluebeard, as the white-robed spirits advanced and caught hold of him.

"It's only Tom Trippet," said a voice at Anne's ear.

"And your very humble servant," said a voice well known to Mrs. Bluebeard, and they helped the ladies to rise, while the other ghosts seized Bluebeard. The necromancer took to his heels and got off, he was found to be no other than Mr. Claptrap, the manager of the theatre.

It was some time before the ghost of Bluebeard could recover from the fainting fit into which he had been plunged when seized by the opposition ghosts in white; and while they were ducking him at the pump his blue beard came off, and he was discovered to be—who do you think? Why, Mr. Sly, to be sure; and it appears that John Thomas, the footman, had lent him the uniform, and had clapped the doors, and rung the bells, and spoken down the chimney; and it was Mr. Claptrap who gave Mr. Sly the blue fire and the theatre gong, and he went to London next morning by the coach; and, as it was discovered that the story concerning Miss Coddins was a shameful calumny, why, of course, the widow married Captain Blackbeard. Doctor Sly married them, and has always declared that he knew nothing of his nephew's doings, and wondered that he has not tried to commit suicide since his last disappointment.

Mr. and Mrs. Trippet are likewise living happily together, and this, I am given to understand, is the ultimate fate of a family in whom we were all very much interested in early life.

You will say that the story is not probable. Psha! Isn't it written in a book? and is it a whit less probable than the first part of the tale?



PAPERS  
BY THE  
FAT CONTRIBUTOR.



## PAPERS BY THE FAT CONTRIBUTOR.

— \* —

### WANDERINGS OF OUR FAT CONTRIBUTOR.

#### I.

[The fattest of our contributors left London very suddenly last week, without giving the least idea of his movements until we received the following communication. We don't know whether he is going to travel, nor do we pledge ourselves in the least to publish another line of the Fat Contributor's correspondence. As far as his tour goes at present, it certainly is, if not novel, at least treated in a novel manner; for the reader will remark that there is not a word about the places visited by our friend, while there is a prodigious deal of information regarding himself. Interesting as our Fat Contributor is, yet it *may* chance that we shall hear enough about him ere many more letters are received from him. EDITOR.]

THERE were eleven more dinners hustling one another in my invitation-book. "If you eat two more, you are in for an apoplexy," said Glauber, my medical man. "But Miss Twaddlings is to be at the Macwhirters' on Thursday," I expostulated, "and you know what money she has." "She'll be a widow before she's married," says Glauber, "if you don't mind.—Away with you!—Take three grains of blue pill every night, and my draught in the morning—if you don't, I won't answer for the consequences.—You look as white as a sheet—as puffy as a bolster—this season you've grown so meretriciously gross and fat—"

It's a word I can't bear applied to myself. I wrote letters round to decline my dinners, and agreed to go—

But whither? Why not to Brighton? I went a few days before the blow-up.\* I was out for four hours in a fly on that

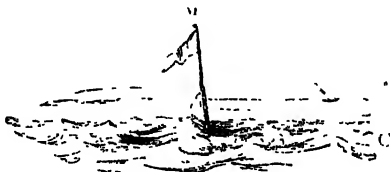
\* On July 25, 1844, a good deal of excitement was caused by the trial at Brighton of Captain Warner's invention for destroying ships at sea.



day. I saw Lord Brougham in a white hat and telescope—I saw the sea lighted up with countless smiles—I saw the chain-pier, and the multitudes swarming on it—I saw the bucks smoking cigars on the terrace of the Albion.

I could not smoke—I was with three ladies in the fly—they were all fat, and, oh! how hot! The sun beat down upon us ruthlessly. Captain Warner *wouldn't* come. We drove and put back the dinner. Then Miss Bogle said she would like to drive to the Library for the last volume of Grant's "Visit to Paris."

While we were at Folthorpe's, their messenger came running in—he had been out but one minute that day; he had seen it. We had been out four hours; it was all over! All that we could see when we got back was this,—



C is the sea, M a mast sticking up in it

That was what I had come to Brighton for—to eat prawns for breakfast—to pay five shillings for a warm bath—and not to see the explosion!

I set off for London the next day. One of my dinners was coming off that day—I had resigned it. There would very likely be turtle; and I wasn't there! Flesh and blood couldn't stand it. "I will go to Dover to-morrow," I said, "and take the first packet that goes—that goes anywhere."

I *am* at Dover. This is written from the Ship Hotel: let me recollect the adventures of the day.

The Dover trains go from two places at once. but my belief is, the cabmen try and perplex you. If it is the turn of the Bricklayers' Arms train, they persuade you to London Bridge; if of the London Bridge, they inveigle you to the Bricklayers' Arms—through that abominable suburb stretching away from Waterloo Bridge, and into the Greater London, which seems as it were run to seed.

I passed a theatre—these creatures have a theatre it appears—it is called (to judge from a painted placard) the Victoria. It is a brick building, large, and with the windows cracked and stuffed with coats.

At the Bricklayers' Arms, which we reached at length after paying several base turnpikes, and struggling through a noisy, dirty, bustling, dismal city of small houses and queer shops and gin-palaces—the policeman comes grinning up to the cab, and says, "No train from here, sir—next train from London Bridge—often these mistakes. Cab drove away only just this minute. You'll be in time if you go."

The cabman gallops off, with a grin. The brute! he knew it well enough. He went for an extra fare.

As I do not wish to have a *coup-de-solcil*; or to be blinded with dust; or to have my nerves shattered by the infernal screaming of the engine as we rush howling through the tunnels: as I wish to sit as soft as I can in this life, and find a board by no means so elastic as a cushion, I take the first-class, of course—I should prefer having some of the third-class people for company, though—I find them generally less vulgar than their betters.

I selected, as may be imagined, an empty carriage: in which I lived pretty comfortably until we got to Reigate, where two persons with free tickets—engineers and Scotchmen—got into the carriage.

Of course one insisted upon sitting down in the very seat opposite me. There were four seats, but he must take that, on purpose to mangle his legs with mine, and make me uncomfortable. I removed to the next seat—the middle one. This was what the wretch wanted. He plumped into my place. He had the two places by the window—the two best in the coach—he leered over my shoulder at his comrade a great, coarse, hideous Scotch smile.

I hate engineers, I hate Scotchmen, I hate brutes with free tickets, who take the places of gentlemen who pay.

On alighting at Dover, and remembering the extravagance of former charges at the "Ship," under another proprietor (pray heavens the morrow's little bill may be a mild one!), I thought of going elsewhere. Touters were about seizing upon the passengers and recommending their hotels—"Now, GENTLES, THE 'GEN!' " roared one monster. I turned sickening away from him. "Take me to the 'Ship,'" I faintly gasped.

On proposing dinner, the waiter says with an air as if he was inventing something extremely clever, "Whiting, sir? Nice fried sole?"

*Mon Dieu!* what have I done to be pursued in this way by whiting and fried sole? Is there nothing else in the world? Ain't I sick of fried sole and whiting—whiting and fried sole? having eaten them for long years and years until my soul is weary of them. "You great ass," I felt inclined to exclaim, "I can get whiting and sole in London, give me something new!" . . .

Ah for that something new! I have seen the dry toast come up for my breakfast so many times—the same old tough stiff, leathery tasteless choky dried toast, that I can bear it no longer. The other morning (I had been rather feverish all night) it came up and I declare I burst into tears.

"Why do you haunt me," I said, "you *denud* old toast? What have I done that there is no other companion for me but you? I hate and spurn you—and yet up you come. Day by day, heartless brute, I leave you in the rack, and yet it's not you that suffer torture:" and I made a passionate speech to that toast full of eloquence, and howled and flung the plateful at the door—just as Mary came in.

She is the maid. She could not understand my feelings. *She* is contented with toast for breakfast, with bread I believe, poor wretch! So are cows contented with grass. Horses with corn. The fine spirit pants for novelty-- and mine is sick of old toast.

"Gents" are spoken of familiarly even at this hotel. During dinner a messenger comes to ask if a young "gent" was dining in the coffee-room?

"No," says the waiter.

"How is that," thinks I, "am I not a young gent myself?" He continues "There's two holdish ladies and a *very* young gent in No. 24; *but there's only a MIDDLE-AGED gent in the coffee-room.*"

Has it come to this, then? Thirty something last birthday, and to be called a middle-aged gent? Away! Away! I can bear this rickdridy no more. Perhaps the sea may console me.

And how? it's only a dim straight line of horizon, with no gaiety or variety in it. A few wretched little vessels are twiddling up and down. A steam-tug or two—yachts more or less—the town is hideous, except for a neat row of houses or two—the

cliffs only respectable. The castle looks tolerable. But who, I should like to know, would be such a fool as to climb up to it. Hark! There is a band playing—it is a long mile on, and yet I go to listen to it.

It is a band of wind-instruments of course, a military band, and the wretches listening in their stupid good-humour are giving the players—*beer*. I knew what would happen immediately upon the beer (I'm forbidden it myself). They played so infernally out of tune that they blasted me off the ground—away from the Dover bucks, and the poor girls in their cheap finery, and the grinning yokels, and the maniacs riding velocipedes.

This is what I saw most worthy of remark all day. This person was standing on the beach, and her garments flapped round



about her in the breeze. She stood and looked and looked until somebody came—to her call apparently. Somebody, a male of her species, dressed in corduroys and a frock. Then they paired off quite happy.

That thing had a lover!

Good-night, I can say no more. A monster has just told me that a vessel starts at seven for Ostend: I will take it. I would take one for Jericho if it started at six.



## II.

### *The Sea.*

I HAD one comfort in quitting Dover. It was to see Towzer, my tailor, of Saint James's Street, lounging about the pier in a marine jacket, with a tuft to his chin.

His face, when he saw me in the boat, was one of the most intense agony. I owe Towzer £203.

"Good-bye, Towzer," I said. "I shall be back in four years." And I laughed a demoniac yell of scorn, and tumbled clattering down the brass stairs of the cabin.

An Israelite had already taken the best place, and was preparing to be unwell. I have observed that the "Mosaic Arabs," as Canning calls them, are always particularly amenable to maritime discomfiture. The Jew's internal commotions were frightful during the passage.

Two Oxford youths, one of whom had been growing a moustache since the commencement of the vacation, began to smoke cigars, and assume particularly piratical airs.

I took the picture of one of them an hour afterwards—stretched lifeless on the deck, in the agonies of sea sickness.

I will not print that likeness. It is too excellent. If his mamma saw it, she would catch her death of fright, and order her darling Tommy home. I will rather publish the one on the opposite page.

That man is studying Levizac's grammar. He is a Scotchman. He has not the least sense of modesty. As he gets up phrases out of that stale old grammar of 1803 (bought cheap on a stall in Glasgow), the wretch looks up, and utters the sentences he has just acquired—serves them up hot in his hideous jargon. "Parly voo Francis," says he, or "Pranny garde de mong tait." He thinks he has quite the accent. He never doubts but that he is in a situation to cope with the natives. And *au fait*, he speaks

French as well as many Belgians or Germans in those lands whither he is wandering.

Poor Caledonian youth! I have been cramming him with the most dreadful lies all the way. I should have utterly bewildered him and made him mad with lies, but for this circumstance;—

In the middle of a very big one, which (administered by me) was slipping down his throat as glibly as an oyster, there came up from the cabin a young woman, not very pretty, but kind-looking, and she laid her hand upon the shoulder of that Levizac-reading Scotchman, and smiled, and he said with an air of immense superiority—



"Wall, Eliza, are ye batter noo?"

It was his wife! she loved him. She was partial to that snob. She did not mind the strings of his shirt-collar sticking out behind his back.

Gentle Eliza! a man whom you love and whose exposed follies would give you pain, shall never be made the butt of the Fat Contributor.

It will hardly be credited—but, upon my honour, there are four people on deck learning French dialogues as hard as they can. There is the Oxford man who is not sick. A young lady who is to be the spokeswoman of her party of nine. A very pompous man, who swore last night in my hearing that

he was a capital hand at French, and the Caledonian student before mentioned.

What a wise race ! They learn French phrases to speak to German waiters, who understand English perfectly.

The couriers and gentlemen's servants are much the most *distingue*-looking people in the ship. Lord Muffington was on board, and of course I got into conversation with his lordship—a noble-looking person. But just when I thought he might be on the point of asking me to Muffington Castle, he got up suddenly, and said, "Yes, my lord," to a fellow I never should have suspected of a coronet. Yet he was the noble Earl, and my friend was but his flunkey.

Such is life ! and so may its most astute observers be sometimes deceived.

Oxford: August 6.

While the couriers, commissioners, footmen, gentlemen, ladies'-maids, Scotchman with the shirt-collar, the resuscitated Oxford youth, the family of nine, and the whole ship's passengers are struggling, putting, stamping, squeezing, bawling, cursing, tumbling over their boxes and one another's shins, losing their keys, screaming to the commissioners, having their treasures unfolded, their wonderful packed boxes unpacked so that it is impossible ever to squeeze the articles back into their receptacles again ; while there is such a scene of Babel clatter and confusion around me, ah ! let me thank Heaven that I have but a carpet-bag !

Any man going abroad who purchases this number of *Punch* a day previous to his departure, will bless me for ever. Only take a carpet-bag ! You can have everything there taste or luxury demands ; six shirts, a fresh suit of clothes, as many razors as would shave the beards of a regiment of Turks, and what more does a traveller require ? Buy nothing ! Get a reading of Murray's Guide-book from your neighbour, and be independent and happy.

My acquaintance, the Hon. James Jillyflower, was in the boat with fifteen trunks as I am a sinner. He was induced to take packages for his friends. This is the beauty of baggage— if you have a bag you can refuse. On this score I refused twenty-four numbers of the *Metropolitan Magazine*, a tea-pot, and a ham, which he accepted.

Lady Scramjaw—the packet was opened before my eyes by

the custom-house officers at Ostend—gave Jillyflower a parcel of law papers to carry to Italy--“only deeds, upon her honour”—and deeds they were, but with six pair of gloves inside. All his fifteen trunks were opened in consequence of that six pair of gloves. He is made miserable for those gloves. But what cares Lady Scramjaw? Let all travellers beware, then, and again and again bless me for the hint.

I have no passport. They have arrested me.

I am about to be conducted to the police. I may be put into a dungeon like O’Connell. Tyrants! lead on!

I was not led to prison, as might have been expected. I was only conducted to a corner of the room, where was an official with large mustachios and a conical cap. Eyering me with lowering brows, the following dialogue took place between me and this myrmidon of tyrants —

*Man in the Cap.* Monsieur, votre passeport.

*Fat Contributor.* Monsieur, je n’en ai pas.

*Man in the Cap.* Alors, Monsieur, vous pourrez passer à votre hôtel.

*Fat Contributor.* Bonjour, Monsieur (*ici à Gros Rédacteur tire un profond coup de chapeau*).

*Man in the Cap.* Monsieur, je vous salue.

We separated. I want to know how long Britons are to be subjected to such grinding oppression?

We went then to our hotel—the Hôtel des Bains. We were so foolish as to order champagne for dinner. It is the worst champagne I ever drank in my life: worse than champagne at Vauxhall—worse than used to be supplied by a wine-merchant at the University—worse even than the Bordeaux provided in the Hôtel des Bains. Good heavens! is it for this I am come abroad?

Is it for this? To drink bad wine—to eat fried soles as tough as my shoe—to have my nerves agitated about a passport—and, by way of a second course, to be served with flabby raw mutton-chops? Away! I can get these in Chancery Lane. Is there not such a place as Greenwich in the world? and am I come two hundred miles for such an iniquitous dinner as this?

I thought of going back again. Why did I come away? If there had been a gig at the door that instant to carry me to my



native country, I would have jumped in. But there is no hope. Look out of the window, miserable man, and see you are a stranger in a foreign land. There is an alchouse opposite, with "HIER VERKOOPT MAN TRANKEN" over the porch. A woman



is standing before me— a woman in wooden shoes. She has a Belgic child at her neck, another at her side in little wooden shoekins.

To them approaches their father— a mariner—he kisses his wife, he kisses his children, and what does he do next? Why,

he wipes the nose of the eldest child, and then the fond father wipes the nose of the youngest child. You see his attitude—his portrait. You cannot see his child's face because 'tis hidden in the folds of the paternal handkerchief.

Fancy its expression of gratitude, ye kind souls who read this. I am a fat man, but somehow that touch of nature pleased me. It went to the heart through the nose. Ah! happy children, *sunt si bona nōrint*; if they did but know their luck! They have a kind father to tend them now, and defend their delicate faces from the storms of life. I am alone in the world—sad and lonely. I have nobody to blow *my* nose. There are others yet more wretched, who must tend the handkerchief with which they perform the operation.

I could bear that feeling of loneliness no longer. Away! let us hasten to the dyke to enjoy the pleasures of the place. All Ostend is there, sitting before the Restaurant, and sipping ices as the sun descends into the western wave.



Look at his round disc as it sinks into the blushing waters!—look, too, at that fat woman bathing—as round as the sun. She wears a brown dressing-gown—two bathers give her each a hand—she advances backwards towards the coming wave, and as it reaches her—plop! she sits down in it.

She emerges, puffing, wheezing, and shaking herself. She retires creeping up the steps of the bathing machine. She is succeeded by other stout nymphs, sporting in the waves. For hours and hours the Ostenders look on at this enchanting sight.

The Ostend oyster is famous in Paris, and the joy of the gormandiser. Our good-natured neighbours would not enjoy them, perhaps, did they know of what country these oysters are natives.

At Ostend they are called *English Oysters*. Yes; they are born upon the shores of Albion. They are brought to Belgium young, and educated there. Poor molluscos exiles! they never see their country again.

We rose at four, to be ready for the train. A ruffianly Boots (by what base name they denominate the wretch in this country I know not) was pacing the corridors at half-past two.

Why the deuce *will* we get up so confoundedly early on a journey? Why do we persist in making ourselves miserable?—depriving our souls of sleep, scuffling through our blessed meals, that we may be early on the road? Is not the sight of a good comfortable breakfast more lovely than any landscape in any country? And what turn in the prospect is so charming as the turn in a clean snug bed, and another snooze of half-an-hour?

This alone is worth a guinea of my man's money. If you are going to travel, never lose your natural rest for *anything*. The prospect that you want to see will be there next day. You can't see an object fairly unless you have had your natural sleep. A woman in curl-papers, a man unshorn, are not fit to examine a landscape. An empty stomach makes blank eyes. If you would enjoy exterior objects well, dear friend, let your inner man be comfortable.

Above all, young traveller, take my advice, and never, *never*, be such a fool as to go up a mountain, a tower, or a steeple. I have tried it. Men still ascend eminences to this day, and, descending, say they have been delighted. But it is a lie. They have been miserable the whole day. Keep you down: and have breakfast while the assine hunters after the picturesque go braying up the hill.

It is a broiling day. Some arduous fellow countrymen, now that we have arrived, think of mounting the tower of

#### ANTWERP.

Let you and me rather remain in the cool Cathedral, and look at the pictures there, painted by the gentleman whom Lady Londonderry calls Reuben.

We examined these works of art at our leisure. We thought to ourselves what a privilege it is to be allowed to look at the works of Reuben (or any other painter) after the nobility have gazed on them! "What did the Noble Marquis think about Reuben?" we mentally inquired—it would be a comfort to know his opinion; and that of the respected aristocracy in general.

So thought some people at the *table d'hôte*, near whom we have been sitting. Poor innocents! How little they knew that the fat gentleman opposite was the contributor of—ha! ha!

My mind fills with a savage exultation every now and then, as, hearing a piece of folly, I say inwardly—"Ha, my fine fellow! you are down." The poor wretch goes pottering on with his dinner: he little knows he will be in *Punch* that day fortnight.

There is something fierce, mighty, savage, inquisitorial, demoniac, in the possession of that power! But we wield the dreadful weapon justly. It would be death in the hands of the inexperienced to hold the thunderbolts of *Punch*.

There they sit, poor simple lambs! All browsing away at their victuals; frisking in their innocent silly way—making puns—some of them—quite unconscious of their fate.

One man quoted a joke from *Punch*. It was one of my own. Poor wretch! And to think that you, too, must submit to the knife!

Come,



Gentle victim! Let me plunge it into you.

But my paper is out. I will reserve the slaughter for the next letter.

## III.

[The relations, friends, and creditors of the singular and erratic being who, under the title of the Fat Contributor (he is, by the way, the thinnest mortal that ever was seen), wrote some letters in August last in this periodical, have been alarmed by the sudden cessation of his correspondence; and the public, as we have reason to know from the innumerable letters we have received, has participated in this anxiety.

Yesterday, by the Peninsular and Oriental Company's steamship "Tagus," we received a packet of letters in the strange handwriting of our eccentric friend; they are without date, as might be expected from the author's usual irregularity, but the first three letters appear to have been written at sea, between Southampton and Gibraltar, the last from the latter-named place. The letters contain some novel descriptions of the countries which our friend visited, some neat and apposite moral sentiments, and some animated descriptions of maritime life; we therefore hasten to lay them before the public.

He requests us to pay his landlady in Lincoln's Inn "a small forgotten account." As we have not the honour of that lady's acquaintance, and as no doubt she reads this Miscellany (in company with every lady of the land), we beg her to apply at our office, where her claim, upon authentication, shall be settled. — EDITOR.]



HAVING been at Brussels for three whole days (during which time, I calculate, I ate no less than fifty-four dishes at that admirable *table d'hôte* at the Hôtel de Suède), time began to hang heavily upon me. Although I am fat, I am one of the most active men in the universe—in fact, I roll like a ball—and possess a love of locomotion which would do credit to the leanest

of travellers, George Borrow, Captain Clapperton, or Mungo Park. I therefore pursued a rapid course to Paris, and thence to Havre.

As Havre is the dullest place on earth, I quitted it the next day by the "Ariadne" steamer: the weather was balm, real balm. A myriad of twinkling stars glittered down on the deck which bore the Fat Contributor to his native shores—the crescent moon shone in a sky of the most elegant azure, and myriads of

dimples docted the smiling countenance of the peaceful main. I was so excited I would not turn into bed, but paced the quarter-deck all night, singing my favourite sea-songs—all the pieces out of all the operas which I had ever heard, and many more tunes which I invented on the spot, but have forgotten long since.

I never passed a more delicious night. I lay down happily to rest, folded in my cloak - the eternal stars above me, and beneath me a horsehair mattress, which the steward brought from below. When I rose like a giant refreshed at morn, Wight was passed; the two churches of Southampton lay on my right hand; we were close to the pier.

"What is yonder steamer?" I asked of the steward, pointing to a handsome, slim, black craft that lay in the harbour—a flag of blue, red, white, and yellow on one mast, a blue-peter (signal of departure) at another.

"That," said the steward, "is the Peninsular and Oriental Steam Navigation Company's ship 'Lady Mary Wood.' She leaves port to-day for Gibraltar, touching on her way at Vigo, Oporto, Lisbon, and Cadiz."

"I quitted the 'Atalante'—Jason did the same in Lemprière's Dictionary, and she consoled herself with drinking it is said—I quitted the ship, and went to the inn, with the most tremendous thoughts heaving, panting, boiling in my bosom!

"Lisbon!" I said, as I cut into a cold round of beef for breakfast (if I have been in foreign parts for a week, I always take cold beef and ale for breakfast), "Lisbon!" I exclaimed, "the *fleurs du Tago*! the orange groves of Cintra! the vast towers of Mafra, Belem, the Gallegos, and the Palace of Necessidades! Can I see all these in a week? Have I courage enough to go and see them?" I took another cut at the beef.

"What!" continued (my mouth full of mufin), "is it possible that I, sitting here as I am, may without the least trouble, and at a trifling expense, transport myself to Cadiz, skimming over the dark blue sea to the land of the Sombrero and the Seguidilla—of the Puchera, the Muchacha, and the Abasco? If I employ my time well, I may see a bull fight, an *auto-da-fé*, or at least a revolution. I may look at the dark eyes of the Andalusian maid flashing under the dark meshes of her veil; and listen to Almaguilla's guitar as it tinkles beneath the balcony of Rosina!"

—"What time does the 'Mary Wood' go, waiter?" I cried.

The slave replied she went at half-past three.

"And does she make Gibraltar?" I continued. "Say, John, will she land me at Gibel el Altar? opposite the coasts of Afric, whence whilom swarmed the galleys of the Moor, and landed on the European shores the dusky squadrons of the Moslemah? Do you mean to say, Thomas, that if I took my passage in yon boat, a few days would transport me to the scene renowned in British story—the fortress seized by Rooke, and guarded by



Elliott? Shall I be able to see the smoking ruins of Tangiers, which the savage bully of Gaul burned down in braggadocio pride?"

"Would you like anything for dinner before you go?" William here rather sulkily interrupted me; "I can't be a-listening to you all day—there's the bell of 24 ringing like mad."

My repast was by this time concluded—the last slice of boiled beef made up my mind completely. I went forth to the busy town—I sought a ready-made linen warehouse—and in the

twinkling of an eye I purchased all that was necessary for a two months' voyage.

*From that moment I let my mustachios grow.* At a quarter-past three, a mariner of a stout but weather-beaten appearance, with a quantity of new carpet-bags and portmanteaus, containing twenty-four new shirts (six terrifically striped), two dozen ditto stockings—in brief, everything necessary for travel—tripped lightly up the ladder of the "Lady Mary Wood."

I made a bow as I have seen T. P. Cooke do it on the stage. "Avast there, my hearty," I said; "can you tell me which is the skipper of this here craft, and can a seaman get a storage in her?"

"I am the captain," said the gentleman, rather surprised.

"Tip us your daddle then, my old sea-dog, and give us change for this here Henry Hase."

'Twas a bank-note for £100, and the number was 7769.

#### IV.

##### *The Ship at Sea—Dolours!*



THE first thing that a narrow-minded individual does on shipboard is to make his own berth comfortable at the expense of his neighbours. The next is to criticise the passengers round about him.

Do you remark, when Britons meet, with what a scowl they salute each other, as much as to say, "Bless your

eyes, what the angel do you do here?" Young travellers, that is to say, adopt this fascinating mode of introduction. I am



old in voyaging—I go up with a bland smile to one and every passenger. I originate some clever observation about the fineness of the weather; if there are ladies I manage to make some side appeal to *them*, which is sure of a tender appreciation: above all, if there are old ladies, fat ladies, very dropsical, very sea-sick, or ugly ladies, I pay them some delicate attention—I go up and insinuate a pillow under their poor feet. In the intervals of sickness I whisper, “A leetle hot sherry and water?” All these little kindnesses act upon their delicate hearts, and I know that they say to themselves, “How exceedingly polite and well-bred that stout young man is!”

“It’s a pity he’s so fat,” says one.

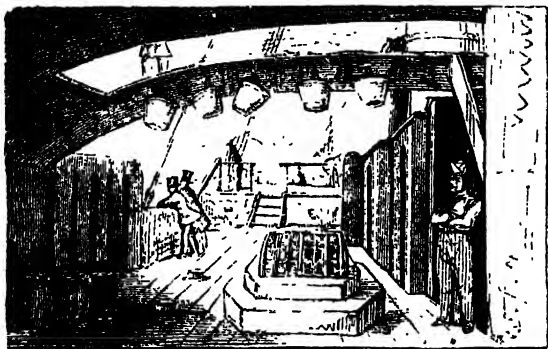
“Yes, but then he’s so active,” ejaculates another.

And thus, my dear and ingenuous youth who read this, and whom I recommend to lay to heart every single word of it—I am adored by all my fellow-passengers. When they go ashore they feel a pang at parting with their amiable companion. I am only surprised that I have not been voted several pieces of plate upon these occasions—perhaps, dear youth, if you follow my example, you may be more lucky.

Acting upon this benevolent plan, I shall not begin satirically to describe the social passengers that tread with me the deck of the “*Lady Mary Wood*.” I shall not, like that haughty and supercilious wretch with the yellow whiskers, yonder, cut short the gentle efforts at good fellowship which human beings around me may make—or grumble at the dinner, or the head-wind, or the narrowness of the berths, or the jarring of the engines—but shall make light of all these—nay, by ingenuity, turn them to a facetious and moral purpose. Here, for instance, is a picture of the ship, taken under circumstances of great difficulty—over the engine-room—the funnel snorting, the ship’s sides throbbing, as if in a fit of ague.

There! I flatter myself that is a masterpiece of perspective. If the Royal Academy would exhibit, or Mr. Moon would publish, a large five guinea plate of the “main-deck of a steamer,” how the public would admire and purchase it! With a little imagination, you may fancy yourself on shipboard. Before you is the iron grating, up to which you see peeping every minute the pumping head of the engine; on the right is the galley, where the cook prepares the victuals that we eat or

not, as weather permits, near which stands a living likeness of Mr. Jones, the third engineer; to the left, and running along the side of the paddle-boxes, are all sorts of mysterious little houses painted green, from which mates, mops, cabin-boys, black engineers, and oily cook's assistants emerge; above is the deck between the two paddle-boxes, on which the captain walks in his white trousers and telescope (you may catch a glimpse of the former), and from which in bad weather he, speaking-trumpet in hand, rides the whirlwind and directs the storm. Those are the buckets in case of fire; see how they are dancing about! because they have nothing else to do—I trust they will always



remain idle. A ship on fire is a conveyance by which I have no mind to travel.

Farther away, by the quarter-deck ladder, you see accurate portraits of Messrs. MacWhurter and MacMundo, of Oporto and Saint Mary's, wine-merchants; and far away, on the quarter-deck, close by the dark helmsman, with the binnacle shining before his steadfast eyes, and the English flag streaming behind him, (it is a confounded head-wind) you see O my wildly beating, my too susceptible heart—you see DOLORES!

I write her name with a sort of despair. I think it is four hours ago since I wrote that word on the paper. They were at dinner, but (for a particular reason) I cared not to eat, and sat at my desk apart. The dinner went away, either down the

throats of the eager passengers or to the black caboose whence it came—dessert passed—the sun set—tea came—the moon rose—she is now high in heaven, and the steward is laying the supper things, and all this while I have been thinking of DOLORES, DOLORES, DOLORES!

She is a little far off in the picture; but by the aid of a microscope, my dear sir, you may see every lineament of her delicious countenance—every fold of the drapery which adorns her fair form, and falls down to the loveliest foot in the world! Did you ever see anything like that ankle?—those thin open-worked stockings make my heart thump in an indescribable rapture. I would drink her health out of that shoe; but I swear it would not hold more than a liqueur glass of wine. Before she left us ah me! that I should have to write the words *left us*—I tried to make her likeness; but the abominable brute of a steam engine shook so that—would you believe it?—this is all I could make of the loveliest face in the world!



DOLORES—A SKETCH TAKEN IN ROUGH WEATHER!

I look even at that with a melancholy pleasure. It is not very like her certainly; but it was drawn from her—it is not the rose, but it has been near it. Her complexion is a sort of gold colour—her eyes of a melting deep, unfathomably deep, brown—and as for her hair, the varnish of my best boots for evening parties is nothing compared to it for blackness and polish.

She used to sit on the quarter-deck of sunny afternoons, and smoke paper cigars—oh, if you could have seen how sweetly she smiled and how prettily she puffed out the smoke! I have

got a bit of one of them which has been at her sweet lips. I shall get a gold box to keep it in some day when I am in cash. There she sat smoking, and the young rogues of the ship used to come crowding round her. MacWhitter was sorry she didn't stop at Oporto, MacMurdo was glad because she was going to Cadiz—I warrant he was—my heart was burst asunder with a twang and a snap, and she carried away half of it in the Malta boat, which bore her away from me for ever.

Dolores was not like your common mincing English girls—she had always a repartee and a joke upon her red lips which made every one around her laugh—some of these jokes I would repeat were it not a breach of confidence, and had they not been uttered in the Spanish language, of which I don't understand a word. So I used to sit quite silent and look at her full in the face for hours and hours, and offer her my homage that way.

You should have seen how Dolores ate too! Our table was served four times a day—at breakfast, with such delicacies as beefsteaks, bubble-and-quack, fried ham and eggs, hashed goose, &c., twice laid—of all which trifles little Dolores would have her share; the same at dinner when she was well; and when beneath the influence of angry Neptune the poor soul was stretched in the berth of sickness, the stewards would nevertheless bear away plates upon plates of victuals to the dear suffering girl; and it would be “Irish stew for a lady, if you please, sir;”—“Rabbit and onions for the ladies’ cabin;”—“Duck, if you please, and plenty of stuffing, for the Spanish lady.” And such is our blind partiality when the heart is concerned, that I admired that conduct in my Dolores which I should have detested in other people. For instance, if I had seen Miss Jones or Miss Smith making peculiar play with her knife, or pulling out a toothpick after dinner, what would have been my feelings!

But I only saw perfection in Dolores.



## V.



*From my Log-Book at Sea.*

WE are at sea—yonder is Finisterre.

The only tempest I have to describe during the voyage is that raging in my own stormy interior. It is most provokingly uncomfortable fine weather. As we pass Ushant there is not a

cloud on the sky, there scarcely seems a ripple on the water—and yet—oh yet! it is not a calm *within*. Passion and sickness are raging there tumultuously.

Why is it I cannot eat my victuals? Why is it that when Steward brought to my couch a plateful of Sea-Pie (I called wildly for it, having read of the dish in maritime novels), why is it that the onions of which that delectable condiment seems to be mainly composed caused a convulsive shudder to pass from my nose through my whole agonised frame, obliging me to sink back gasping in the crib, and to forego all food for many many hours?

I think it must be my love for Dolores that causes this desperate disinclination for food, and yet I have been in love many times before, and I don't recollect ever having lost my desire for my regular four meals a day. I believe I must be very far gone this time.

I ask Frank, the steward, how is the Señora? She suffers, the dear dear Soul! She is in the ladies' cabin—she has just had a plate of roast-pork carried in to her.

She always chooses the dishes with onions—she comes from the sunny South, where both onions and garlic are plentifully used—and yet somehow, in the depression of my spirits—I wish, I wish she hadn't a partiality for that particular vegetable.

It is the next day. I have lost almost all count of time; and only know how to trace it faintly, by remembering the champagne days—Thursday and Sunday.

I am abominably hungry. And yet when I tried at breakfast!—O horror!—I was obliged to plunge back to the little cabin again, and have not been heard of since. Since then I have been lying on my back, sadly munching biscuit and looking at the glimmer of the sun through the deadlight overhead.

I was on the sofa, enjoying (if a wretch so miserable can be said to enjoy anything) the fresh sea-breeze which came through the open port-hole, and played upon my dewy brow. But a confounded great wave came flouncing in at the orifice, blinded me, wet me through, wet all my linen in the carpet-bag, rusted all my razors, made water-buckets of my boots, and played the deuce with a tin of sweet biscuits which have formed my only solace.

Ha! ha! What do I want with boots and razors? I could

not put on a boot now if you were to give me a thousand guineas. I should not shave if my life depended on it. I think I could cut my head off—but the razors are rusty, and would not cut clean. O Dolores, Dolores!

The hunger grows worse and worse. It seems to me an age since butcher's meat passed these lips; and, to add to my misery, I can hear every word the callous wretches are saying in the cabin; the clatter of the plates, the popping of the soda-water corks—or can it be champagne day, and I a miserable groveller on my mattress? The following is the conversation:—

*Captain.* Mr. Jones, may I have the honour of a glass of wine? Frank, some champagne to Mr. Jones.

*Colonel Condy* (of the Spanish service). That's a mighty delicate ham, Mr. Carver, may I trouble ye for another slice?

*Mr. MacMurdo* (of Saint Mary's, sherry-merchant). Where does the *Provedor* get this sherry? If he would send to my cellars in Saint Mary's I would put him in a couple of butts of wine that shouldn't cost him half the money he pays for this.

*Mr. MacWhirter* (of Oporto). The sherry's good enough for sherry, which is never worth the drinking; but the port is abominable. Why doesn't he come to our house for it?

*Captain.* There is nothing like leather, gentlemen.—More champagne, Frank. Mr. Bung, try the macaroni. Mr. Perkins, this plum-pudding is capital.

*Steward.* Some pudding for Mrs. Bighody in the cabin, and another slick of duck for the Señora.

And so goes on the horrid talk. They are eating—*she* is eating; they laugh, they jest. Mr. Smith jocularly inquires, "How is the fat gentleman that was so gay on board the first day?" Meaning *me*, of course; and I am lying supine in my berth, without even strength enough to pull the rascal's nose. I detest Smith.

*Friday.—Vigo; its bay; beauty of its environs.—Nelson.*

Things look more briskly; the swell has gone down. We are upon deck again. We have breakfasted. We have made up for the time lost in abstinence during the two former days. Dolores is on deck; and when the spring sun is out, where should the butterfly be but on the wing? Dolores is the sun; I am the remainder of the simile.

It is astonishing how a few hours' calm can make one forget the long hours of weary bad weather. I can't fancy I have been ill at all, but for those melancholy observations scrawled feebly down in pencil in my journal yesterday. I am in clean shipping white ducks, my blue shirt-collars falling elegantly over a yellow bandanna. My mustachios have come on wonderfully; they are a little red or so. But the Spanish, they say, like fair faces. I would do anything for Dolores but smoke with her; *that* I confess I dare not attempt.

It appears it was the BAY OF BISCAY that made me so ill. We were in Vigo yesterday (a plague take it! I have missed what is said to be one of the most beautiful bays in the world); but I was ill, and getting a little sleep; and when it is known as a fact that a Nelson was always ill on first going to sea, need a Fat Contributor be ashamed of a manly and natural weakness?

*Saturday. — Description of Oporto.*

We were off the bar at an exceedingly early hour—so early, that although a gun fired and waked me out of a sound sleep, I did not rise to examine the town.

It is three miles inland, and therefore cannot be seen. It is famous for the generous wine which bears the name of port, and is drunk by some after dinner; by other, and I think wiser, persons, simply after cheese.

As about ten times as much of this liquor is drunk in England as is made in Portugal, it is needless to institute any statistical inquiries into the growth and consumption of the wine.

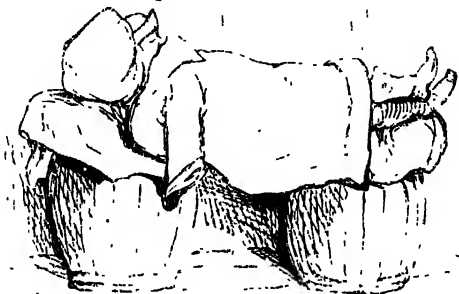
Oporto was besieged by Don Miguel, the rightful king, who, although he had Marshal Bourmont and justice on his side, was defeated by Don Pedro and British Valour. Thus may our arms ever triumph! These are the only facts I was enabled to gather regarding Oporto.

*New Passengers.*—On coming on deck, I was made aware that we had touched land by the presence on the boat of at least a hundred passengers, who had not before appeared among us. They had come from Vigo, and it appears were no more disposed to rouse at the morning gun than I was; for they lay asleep on the fore-deck for the most part, in various attitudes.

They were Gallegos going to Lisbon for service—in their

scarfs and their tufted hats, with their brown faces shining as they lay under the sun.

Nor were these the only new passengers ; with them came on board a half-dozen of Hungarian cloth-sellers, of one of whom



here is the accurate portrait as I lay upon two barrels, and slept the sleep of innocence *sub Te*



But see the same individual—ah, how changed ! He is suffering from the pangs of sea-sickness, and I have no doubt yearning



for fatherland, or land of some sort. But I am interrupted.  
Hark ! 'tis the bell for lunch !

{Though our fat friend's log has been in the present instance a little tedious, the observant reader may nevertheless draw from it a complete and agreeable *case, progress, and conclusion of the malady of sea-sickness.* He *is asted*; he is melancholy; he is desperate; he rejects his victual; he grows hungry, but dares not eat; he mends; *his spirits* *faculties* are restored to him, and he eats with redoubled vigour. This *is* diagnosis of the maritime complaint, we pronounce from experience may be perfectly relied upon.—EDITOR.]



## PUNCH IN THE EAST.

FROM OUR FAT CONTRIBUTOR.

ON BOARD THE P. & O. COMPANY'S SHIP  
"BURKUMPOOTER," OFF ALEXANDRIA.

FAT CONTRIBUTOR, indeed! I lay down my pen, and smile in bitter-earn as I write the sarcastic title—I remember it was that which I assumed when my peregrinations began—it is now an absurd misnomer.

I forget whence I wrote to you last. We were but three weeks from England, I think—off Cadiz, or Malta, perhaps—I was full of my recollections of Dolores—full in other ways, too. I have travelled in the East since then. I have seen the gardens of Bujukdere and the kiosks of the Seraglio; I have seen the sun sinking behind Morea's hills, and rising over the red waves of the Nile. I have travelled like Benjamin Disraeli, Ulysses, Monckton Milnes, and the eminent sages of all times. I am not the fat being I was (and proudly styled myself) when I left my dear dear Pall Mall. You recollect my Nugee dress-coat, with the brass buttons and canary silk lining, that the author of the "Spirit of the Age" used to envy? I never confessed it—but I was in agonies when I wore that coat. I was girthed in (inwardly) so tight, that I thought every day after the third *entrée* apoplexy would ensue—and had my name and address written most legibly in the breast-flap, so that I might be carried home in case I was found speechless in the street on my return from dinner. A smiling face often hides an aching heart; I promise you mine did in that coat, and not my heart only, but other regions. There is a skeleton in every house—and mine—no—I wasn't exactly a skeleton in that garment, but suffered secret torments in it, to which, as I take it, those of the Inquisition were trifles.

I put it on to-day to dine with Bucksheesh Pasha at Grand

Cairo—I could have buttoned the breast over to the two buttons behind. My dear Sir—I looked like a perfect guy. I am ~~wast~~ d away—a fading flower—I don't weigh above sixteen and a half now. Eastern travel has done it—and all my fat friends may read this and consider it. It is something at least to know. Byron (one of *us*) took vinegar and starved himself to get down the disagreeable plentitude. Vinegar?—nonsense—try Eastern travel. I am bound to say, however, that it don't answer in all cases. Waddilove, for instance, with whom I have been making the journey, has bulged out in the sun like a pumpkin, and at dinner you see his coat and waistcoat buttons spirt violently off



F. C. ON GOING TO BED AT GIBRALTAR.

his garments—no longer able to bear the confinement there. One of them hit Colonel Sourcillon plump on the nose, on which the Frenchman—— But to return to my own case. A man always speaks most naturally and truly of that which occurs to himself.

I attribute the diminution in my size not to my want of appetite, which has been uniformly good. Pale ale is to be found universally throughout Turkey, Syria, Greece, and Egypt, and after a couple of foaming bottles of Bass, a man could eat a crocodile (we had some at Buckshesh Pasha's, fattened in the tanks of his country villa of El Muddee, on the Nile, but tough—very fishy and tough)—the appetite, I say, I have found

to be generally good in these regions—and attribute the corporeal diminution solely TO WANT OF SLEEP.

I give you my word of honour as a gentleman, *that for seven weeks I have never slept a single wink.* It is my belief that nobody does in the East. You get to do without it perfectly. It may be said of these countries, they are so hospitable, you are never alone. You have always friends to come and pass the night with you, and keep you alive with their cheerful innocent gambols. At Constantinople, at Athens, Malta, Cairo, Gibraltar, it is all the same. Your watchful friends persist in paying you attention. The frisky and agile flea—the slow but steady-purposed bug—the fairy mosquito with his mellow-sounding horn—rush to welcome the stranger to their shores—and never leave him during his stay. At first, and before you are used to the manners of the country, the attention is rather annoying. Here,



for instance, is my miniature.—You will see that one of my eyes was shut up temporarily, and I drew the picture by the sole light of the other.

Man is a creature of habit. I did not at first like giving up my sleep. I had been used to it in England. I occasionally repined as my friends persisted in calling my attention to them,

grew sulky and peevish, wished myself in bed in London—nay, in the worst bed in the most frequented, old, mouldy, musty, wooden-galleried coach inn in Aldgate or Holborn. I recollect a night at the "Bull," in poor dear old Mrs. Nelson's time;—well, well, it is nothing to the East. What a country would this be for Tiffin, and what a noble field for his labours!

Though I am used to it now, I can't say but it is probable that when I get back to England I shall return to my old habits. Here, on board the Peninsular and Oriental Company's magnificent steam-ship "Burrumpooter," I thought of trying whether I could sleep any more. I had got the sweetest little cabin in the world; the berths rather small and tight for a man of still considerable proportions—but everything as neat, sweet, fresh, and elegant as the most fastidious amateur of the nightcap might desire. I hugged the idea of having the little palace all to myself. I placed a neat white nightgown and my favourite pink silk cap on the top berth ready. The sea was as clear as glass—the breeze came cool and refreshing through the port-hole—the towers of Alexandria faded away as our ship sailed westward. My Egyptian friends were left behind. It would soon be sunset. I longed for that calm hour, and meanwhile went to enjoy myself at dinner with a hundred and forty passengers from Suez, who laugh'd and joked, drank champagne and the exhilarating Hodgson, and brought the latest news from Duindum or Fattyghur.

I happened to sit next at table to the French gentleman before mentioned, Colonel Soucillon, in the service of the Rajah of Lahore, returning to Europe on leave of absence. The Colonel is six feet high—with a grim and yellow physiognomy, with a red ribbon at his button-hole of course, and large black mustachios curling up to his eyes—to one eye that is—the other was put out in mortal combat, which has likewise left a furious purple gash down one cheek, a respectable but terrible sight.

"Vous regardez ma cicatrice," said the Colonel, perceiving that I eyed him with interest. "Je l'ai reçue en Espagne, Monsieur, à la bataille de Vittoria, que nous avons gagnée sur vous. J'ai tué de ma main le grrredin Feldmaréchal Anglais qui m'a donné cette noble blessure. Elle n'est pas la seule, Monsieur. Je possède encore soixante-quatorze cicatrices sur le corps. Mais j'ai fait sonner partout le grrrand nom de

France. Vous êtes militaire, Monsieur? Non?—Passez-moi le poivre rouge, s'il vous plaît."

The Colonel emptied the cayenne-pepper cruet over his fish, and directed his conversation entirely to me. He told me that ours was a perfidious nation, that he esteemed some individuals, but detested the country, which he hoped to see *dérivrasé un jour*. He said I spoke French with remarkable purity; that on board all our steamers there was an infamous conspiracy to insult every person bearing the name of Frenchman; that he would call out the Captain directly they came ashore; that he could not even get a cabin—had I one? On my affirmative reply, he said I was a person of such amiable manners, and so unlike my countrymen, that he would share my cabin with me—and instantly shouted to the steward to put his trunks into number 202.

What could I do? When I went on deck to smoke a cigar, the Colonel retired, pretending a *petite santé*, suffering a horrible *mal de mer*, and dreadful shooting pains in thirty-seven of his wounds. What, I say, could I do? I had not the cabin to myself. He had a right to sleep there—at any rate, I had the best berth, and if he did not smore, my rest would not be disturbed.

But ah! my dear friends—when I thought I would go down and sleep—the first sleep after seven weeks—lancey what I saw—he was asleep in my berth.

His sword, gun, and pistol-cases blocked up the other sleeping-place; his bags, trunks, pipes, cloaks, and portmanteaus, every corner of the little room.

"*QU'VA LÀ?*" roared the monster, with a terrific oath, as I entered the cabin. "Ah! c'est vous, Monsieur: pourquoi diable faites-vous tant de bruit? J'ai une petite santé; laissez-moi dormir en paix."

I went upon deck. I shan't sleep till I get back to England again. I paid my passage all the way home; but I stopped, and am in quarantine at Malta. I couldn't make the voyage with that Frenchman. I have no money, send me some, and relieve the miseries of him who was once

THE FAT CONTRIBUTOR.

## CHAPTER II.

## ON THE PROSPECTS OF PUNCH IN THE EAST.

*To the Editor of Punch (confidential).*

MY DEAR SIR,—In my last letter (which was intended for the public eye), I was too much affected by the recollection of what I may be permitted to call the



ARABIAN NIGHTS' ENTERTAINMENTS.

to allow me for the moment to commit to paper that useful information, in the imparting of which your Journal—*our* Journal—the world's Journal—yields to none, and which the British public will naturally expect from all who contribute to your columns. I address myself therefore privately to you, so that you may deal with the facts I may communicate as you shall think best for the general welfare.

What I wish to point out especially to your notice is, the astonishing progress of *Punch* in the East. Moving according to your orders in strict incognito, it has been a source of wonder and delight to me to hear how often the name of the noble Miscellany was in the mouths of British men. At Gibraltar its jokes passed among the midshipmen, merchants, Jews, &c., assembled at the hotel table (and quite unconscious how sweetly their words sounded on the ear of a silent guest at the board) as current, ay, much more current, than the coin of the realm.

At Malta, the first greeting between Captain Tagus and some other Captain in anchor-buttons, who came to hail him when we entered harbour, related to *Punch*. "What's the news?" exclaimed the other Captain. "Here's *Punch*," was the immediate reply of Tagus, handing it out--and the other Captain's face was suffused with instant smiles as his enraptured eye glanced over some of the beautiful designs of Leech. At Athens, Mr. Smith, second-cousin of the respected vice-consul, who came to our inn, said to me mysteriously, "I'm told we've got PUNCH on board." I took him aside, and pointed him out (in confidence) Mr. Waddilove, the stupidest man of all our party, as the author in question.

Somewhat to my annoyance (for I was compelled to maintain my privacy), Mr. W. was asked to a splendid dinner in consequence--a dinner which ought by rights to have fallen to my share. It was a consolation to me, however, to think, as I ate my solitary repast at one of the dearest and worst inns I ever entered, that though I might be overlooked, *Punch* was respected in the land of Socrates and Pericles.

At the Piræus we took on board four young gentlemen from Oxford, who had been visiting the scenes consecrated to them by the delightful associations of the Little Go., and as they paced the deck and looked at the lambent stars that twinkled on the bay once thronged with the galleys of Themistocles--what, Sir, do you think was the song they chanted in chorus? Was it a lay of burning Sappho? Was it a thrilling ode of Alcæus? No; it was--

"Had I an ass averse to speed,  
Deem ye I'd strike him? no, indeed," &c.

which you had immortalised, I recollect, in your sixth volume. (Donkeys, it must be premised, are most numerous and flourishing in Attica, commonly bestridden by the modern Greeks, and no doubt extensively popular among the ancients--unless human nature has very much changed since their time.) Thus we find that *Punch* is respected at Oxford as well as in Athens, and I trust at Cambridge likewise.

As we sailed through the blue Bosphorus at midnight, the Health of *Punch* was enthusiastically drunk in the delicious beverage which shares his respectable name; and the ghosts of Hero and Leander must have been startled at hearing songs appropriate to the toast, and very different from those with



which I have no doubt they amused each other in times so affectingly described in Lemprière's delightful Dictionary. I did not see the Golden Horn at Constantinople, nor hear it blown, probably on account of the fog; but this I can declare, that *Punch* was on the table at Misseri's Hotel, Pera, the spirited proprietor of which little knew that one of its humblest contributors ate his pilaff. Pilaff, by the way, is very good; kabobs are also excellent; my friend Mehemet Effendi, who keeps the



kabob shop, close by the Rope-bazaar in Constantinople, sells as good as any in town. At the Armenian shops, too, you get a sort of raisin wine at two piastres a bottle, over which a man can spend an agreeable half-hour. I did not hear what the Sultan Abdul Medjid thinks of *Punch*, but of wine he is said to be uncommonly fond.

At Alexandria there lay the picture of the dear and venerable old face, on the table of the British hotel; and the 140 passengers from Burruntollah, Chowringhee, &c. (now on their way to England per "Burrumpooter") rushed upon it—it was the July number, with my paper, which you may remember made such a

sensation—even more eagerly than on pale ale. I made cautious inquiries amongst them (never breaking the incognito) regarding the influence of *Punch* in our vast Indian territories. They say that from Cape Comorin to the Sutlej, and from the Sutlej to the borders of Thibet, nothing is talked of but *Punch*. Dost Mahommed never misses a single number; and the Tharawaddie knows the figure of Lord Brougham and his Scotch trousers as well as that of his favourite vizier. *Punch*, my informant states, has rendered his lordship so popular throughout our Eastern possessions, that were he to be sent out to India as Governor, the whole army and people would shout with joyful recognition. I throw out this for the consideration of Government at home.

I asked Bucksheesh Pasha (with whom I had the honour of dining at Cairo) what his august Master thought of *Punch*. AND AT THE PYRAMIDS—but of these in another letter. You have here enough to show you how kingly the diadem, boundless the sway, of *Punch* is in the East. By it we are enabled to counterbalance the influence of the French in Egypt; by it we are enabled to spread civilisation over the vast Indian Continent, to soothe the irritated feelings of the Sikhs, and keep the Burmese in good humour. By means of *Punch*, it has been our privilege to expose the designs of Russia more effectually than Urquhart ever did, and to this Sir Stratford Canning can testify. A proud and noble post is that which you, Sir, hold over the Intellect of the World, a tremendous power you exercise! May you ever wield it wisely and gently as now! "Subjectis parcere, superbos debellare," be your motto! I forget whether I mentioned in my last that I was without funds in quarantine at Fort Manuel, Malta, and shall anxiously expect the favour of a communication from you—*poste restante* at that town.—With assurances of the highest consideration, believe me to be, sir, your most faithful Servant and Correspondent,

THE F— CONTRIBUTOR.

P.S.—We touched at Smyrna, where I purchased a *real Smyrna sponge*, which trifle I hope your lady will accept for her toilette; some *real Turkey rhubarb* for your dear children; and a friend going to Syria has promised to procure for me some *real Jerusalem artichokes*, which I hope to see flourishing in your garden at —.

[This letter was addressed "strictly private and confidential" to us; but at a moment when all men's minds are turned towards the East, and

every information regarding "the cradle of civilisation" is anxiously looked for, we have deemed it our duty to submit our Correspondent's letter to *the public*. The news which it contains is so important and startling—our Correspondent's views of Eastern affairs so novel and remarkable—that they *must* make an impression in Europe. We beg the *Observer*, the *Times*, &c., to have the goodness to acknowledge their authority, if they avail themselves of our facts. And for *us*, it cannot but be a matter of pride and gratification to think—on the testimony of a Correspondent who has never deceived us yet—that our efforts for the good of mankind are appreciated by such vast and various portions of the human race, and that our sphere of usefulness is so prodigiously on the increase. Were it not that dinner has been announced (and consequently is getting cold), we would add more. For the present, let us content ourselves by stating that the intelligence conveyed to us is most welcome as it is most surprising, the occasion of heartfelt joy, and we hope of deep future meditation. — EDITOR.]

### CHAPTER III.

#### *Athens.*

THERE are some beautiful windmills near Athens, not, I believe, depicted by any artist, and which I dare say some people will admire because they are Athenian windmills. The world is made so.

I was not a brilliant boy at school—the only prize I ever remember to have got was in a kind of lottery in which I was obliged to subscribe with seventeen other competitors—and of which the prize was a flogging. That I won. But I don't think I carried off any other. Possibly from laziness, or if you please from incapacity, but I certainly was rather inclined to be of the side of the dunces—Sir Walter Scott, it will be recollected, was of the same species. Many young plants sprouted up round about both of us, I dare say, with astonishing rapidity—but they have gone to seed ere this, or were never worth the cultivation. Great genius is of slower growth.

I always had my doubts about the classics. When I saw a brute of a schoolmaster, whose mind was as cross-grained as any ploughboy's in Christendom; whose manners were those of the most insufferable of Heaven's creatures, the English snob trying to turn gentleman; whose lips, when they were not mouthing Greek or grammar, were yelling out the most brutal abuse of poor little cowering gentlemen standing before him: when I saw this kind of man (and the instructors of our youth are selected very frequently indeed out of this favoured class) and

heard him roar out praises of, and pump himself up into enthusiasm for, certain Greek poetry,—I say I had my doubts about the genuineness of the article. A man may well thump you or call you names because you won't learn—but I never could take to the proffered delicacy; the fingers that offered it were so dirty. Fancy the brutality of a man who began a Greek grammar with "*τύπτω*, I thrash!" We were all made to begin it in that way.

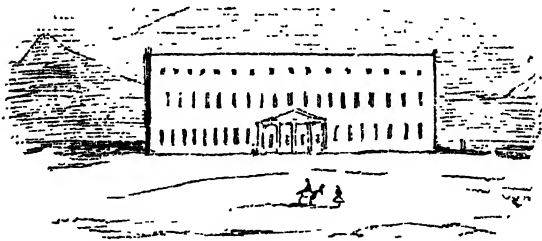
When, then, I came to Athens, and saw that it was a humbug, I hailed the fact with a sort of gloomy joy. I stood in the Royal Square and cursed the country which has made thousands of little boys miserable. They have blue stripes on the new Greek flag; I thought bitterly of my own. I wished that my schoolmaster had been in the place, that we might have fought there for the right; and that I might have immolated him as a sacrifice to the man's of little boys flogged into premature Hades, or pining away and sickening under the destiny of that infernal Greek grammar. I have often thought that those little cherubs who are carved on tombstones and are represented as possessing a head and wings only, are designed to console little children—usket and beadle belaboured—and say "there is no flogging where we are." From their conformation, it is impossible. Woe to the man who has harshly treated one of them!

Of the ancient buildings in this beggarly town it is not my business to speak. Between ourselves it must be acknowledged that there was some merit in the Heathens who constructed them. But of the Temple of Jupiter, of which some columns still remain, I declare with confidence that not one of them is taller than our own glorious Monument on Fish-Street Hill, which I heartily wish to see again, whereas upon the columns of Jupiter I never more desire to set eyes. On the Acropolis and its temples and towers I shall also touch briefly. The frieze of the Parthenon is well known in England, the famous *chevaux de frise* being carried off by Lord Elgin, and now in the British Museum, Great Russell Street, Bloomsbury. The Erechtheum is another building, which I suppose has taken its name from the genteel club in London at a corner of Saint James's Square. It is likewise called the Temple of Minerva Polias—a capital name for a club in London certainly; fancy gentlemen writing on their cards "Mr. Jones, Temple-of-Minerva-Polias Club."—Our country is surely the most classical of islands.

As for the architecture of that temple, if it be not entirely

stolen from Saint Pancras Church, New Road, or *vice versa*, I am a Dutchman. "The Tower of the Winds" may be seen any day at Edinburgh--and the Lantern of Demosthenes is at this very minute perched on the top of the church in Regent Street, within a hundred yards of the lantern of Mr. Drummond. Only in London you have them all in much better preservation--the noses of the New Road caryatides are not broken as those of their sisters here. The temple of the Scotch Winds I am pleased to say I have never seen, but I have no doubt it is worthy of the Modern Athens--and as for the Choragic temple of Lysicrates, erroneously called Demosthenes' Lantern--from Waterloo Place you can see it well: whereas here it is a ruin in the midst of a huddle of dirty huts, whence you try in vain to get a good view of it.

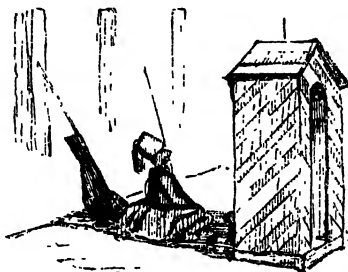
When I say of the Temple of Theseus (quoting Murray's Guide-book) that "it is a peripteral hexastyle with a pronaos, a posticum, and two columns between the antæ," the commonest capacity may perfectly imagine the place. Fancy it upon an irregular ground of copper-coloured herbage, with black goats feeding on it, an incessant sound of perpetual donkeys braying round about. Fancy to the south-east the purple rocks and towers of the Acropolis meeting the eye; to the south-east the hilly islands and the blue Aegean. Fancy the cobalt sky above, and the temple itself (built of Pentelic marble) of the exact colour and mouldiness of a ripe Stilton cheese, and you have the view before you as well as if you had been there.



As for the modern buildings--here is a beautiful design of the Royal Palace, built in the style of High-Dutch-Greek, and

resembling Newgate whitewashed and standing on a sort of mangy desert.

The King's German Guards ( $\Sigma\mu\alpha\rho\iota\tau\epsilon\varsigma$ ) have left him perforce; he is now attended by petticoated Albanians, and I saw one of the palace sentries, as the sun was shining on his sentry-box, wisely couched *behind* it.



The Chambers were about to sit when we arrived. The Deputies were thronging to the capital. One of them had come as a third-class passenger of an English steamer, took a first-class place, and threatened to blow out the brains of the steward who remonstrated with him on the irregularity. It is quite needless to say that he kept his place--and as the honourable deputy could not read, of course he could not be expected to understand the regulations imposed by the avaricious proprietors of the boat in question. Happy is the country to have such makers of laws, and to enjoy the liberty consequent upon the representative-system!

Besides Otho's palace in the great square, there is another house and an hotel; a fountain is going to be erected, and roads even are to be made. At present the king drives up and down over the mangy plain before mentioned, and the grand officers of state go up to the palace on donkeys.

As for the Hotel Royal--the Folkestone Hotel might take a lesson from it--they charge five shillings sterling (the coin of the country is the gamma, lambda, and delta, which I never could calculate) for a bed in a double-bedded room; and our poor young friend Scratchley, with whom I was travelling, was com-

pelled to leave his and sit for safety on a chair, on a table in the middle of the room.

As for me—but I will not relate my own paltry sufferings. The post goes out in half-an-hour, and I had thought ere its departure to have described to you Constantinople and my interview with the Sultan there—his splendid offers—the Princess Badroulbador, the order of the Ni-ham, the Pashalic with three tails—and my firm but indignant rejection. I had thought to describe Cairo—interview with Mehemet Ali—proposals of that prince—splendid feast at the house of my dear friend Bucksheesh Pasha, dancing-girls and magicians after dinner, and their extraordinary disclosures! But I should fill volumes at this rate; and I can't, like Mr. James, write a volume between breakfast and luncheon.

I have only time rapidly to jot down my GREAT ADVENTURE AT THE PYRAMIDS—and *Punch's* enthronisation there.

#### CHAPTER IV.

##### *Punch at the Pyramids.*

THE 19th day of October, 1844 (the seventh day of the month Hudj mudj, and the 1229th year of the Mohammedan Hejira, corresponding with the 16,769th anniversary of the 48th incarnation of Veeshnoo), is a day that ought hereafter to be considered eternally famous in the chimes of the East and West. I forget what was the day of General Berapante's battle of the Pyramids; I think it was in the month Quintidi of the year Nivôse of the French Republic, and he told his soldiers that forty centuries looked down upon them from the summit of those buildings—a statement which I very much doubt. But I say the 19th DAY OF OCTOBER, 1844, is the most important era in the modern world's history. It unites the modern with the ancient civilisation; it couples the brethren of Watt and Colden with the dusky family of Pharaoh and Sesostris; it fuses Herodotus with Thomas Babington Macaulay; it intertwines the piston of the blond Anglo-Saxon steam-engine with the needle of the Abyssinian Cleopatra; it weds the tunnel of the subaqueous Brunel with the mystic edifice of Cheops. Strange play of wayward fancy! Ascending the Pyramid, I could not but think

of Waterloo Bridge in my dear native London—a building as vast and as magnificent, as beautiful, as useless, and as lonely. Forty centuries have not as yet passed over the latter structure 'tis true; scarcely an equal number of hackney-coaches have crossed it. But I doubt whether the individuals who contributed to raise it are likely to receive a better dividend for their capital than the swarthy shareholders in the Pyramid speculation, whose dust has long since been trampled over by countless generations of their sons.

If I use in the above sentence the longest words I can find, it is because the occasion is great and demands the finest phrases the dictionary can supply; it is because I have not read Tom Macaulay in vain; it is because I wish to show I am a dab in history, as the above dates will testify; it is because I have seen the Reverend Mr. Milman preach in a black gown at St. Margaret's, whereas at the Coronation he wore a gold cope. The 19th of October was *Punch's Coronation*; I officiated at the august ceremony. To be brief—as illiterate readers may not understand a syllable of the above piece of ornamental eloquence—ON THE 19TH OF OCTOBER, 1844, I PASTED THE GREAT PLACARD OF PUNCH ON THE PYRAMID OF CHILDS. I did it. The Fat Contributor did it. If I die, it could not be undone. If I perish, I have not lived in vain.

If the forty centuries *are* on the summit of the Pyramids, as Bonaparte remarks, all I can say is, *I* did not see them. But *Punch* has really been there; this I swear. One placard I pasted on the first landing-place (who knows how long Arab rapacity will respect the sacred hieroglyphic?). One I placed under a great stone on the summit; one I waved in air, as my Arabs raised a mighty cheer round the peaceful victorious banner; and I flung it towards the sky, which the Pyramid almost touches, and left it to its fate, to mount into the azure vault and take its place among the constellations; to light on the eternal Desert, and mingle with its golden sands; or to flutter and drop into the purple waters of the neighbouring Nile, to swell its fructifying inundations, and mingle with the rich vivifying influence which shoots into the tall palm-trees on its banks, and generates the waving corn.

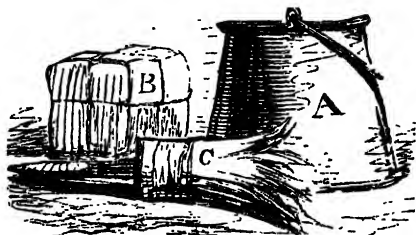
I wonder were there any signs or omens in London when that event occurred? Did an earthquake take place? Did Stocks or the Barometer preternaturally rise or fall? It matters little.



Let it suffice that the thing has been done, and forms an event in History by the side of those other facts to which these prodigious monuments bear testimony. Now to narrate briefly the circumstances of the day.

On Thursday, October 17, I caused my dragoman to purchase in the Frank Bazaar at Grand Cairo the following articles, which will be placed in the Museum on my return :—

A is a tin pot holding about a pint, and to contain B a packet of flour (which is tied up in brown paper), and C a pigskin brush of the sort commonly used in Europe—the whole costing about five piastres, or one shilling sterling. They were all the implements needful for this tremendous undertaking.



Horses of the Mosaic Arab breed—I mean those animals called Jerusalem ponies by some in England, by others denominated donkeys—are the common means of transport employed by the subjects of Mehemet Ali. My excellent friend Bucksheesh Pasha would have mounted me either on his favourite horse, or his best dromedary. But I declined those proffers—if I fall, I like better to fall from a short distance than a high one.—I have tried tumbling in both ways, and recommend the former as by far the pleasantest and safest. I chose the Mosaic Arab then—one for the dragoman, one for the requisites of refreshment, and two for myself—not that I proposed to ride two at once, but a person of a certain dimension had best have a couple of animals in case of accident.

I left Cairo on the afternoon of October 18, never hinting to a single person the mighty purpose of my journey. The waters were out, and we had to cross them thrice—twice in track-boats, once on the shoulders of abominable Arabs, who take a

pleasure in slipping and in making believe to plunge you in the stream. When in the midst of it, the brutes stop and demand money of you—you are alarmed, the savages may drop you if you do not give— you promise that you will do so. The half-naked ruffians who conduct you up the Pyramid, when they



have got you panting to the most steep, dangerous, and lonely stone, make the same demand, pointing downwards while they beg, as if they would fling you in that direction on refusal. As soon as you have breath, you promise more money—it is the best way— you are a fool if you give it when you come down.

town—Rice fields—Maize fields—Fellows on dromedaries—Donkey down—Over his head—Pick up pieces—More palm-trees—More rice fields—Water-courses—Howling Arabs—Donkey tumbles down again—Inundations—Hérons or cranes—Broken bridges—Sands—Pyramids. If a man cannot make a landscape out of *that* he has no imagination. Let him paint the skies very blue—the sands very yellow—the plains very flat and green—the dromedaries and palm-trees very tall—the women very brown, some with veils, some with nose-rings, some tattooed, and none with stays—and the picture is complete. You may shut your eyes and fancy yourself there. It is the pleasantest way, *entre nous*.

## CHAPTER V.

### *Punch at the Pyramids (concluded).*

IT is all very well to talk of sleeping in the tombs: *that* question has been settled in a former paper, where I have stated my belief that people do not sleep at all in Egypt. I thought to have had some tremendous visions under the shadow of those enormous Pyramids reposing under the stars. Pharaoh or Cleopatra, I thought, might appear to me in a dream. But how could they, as I didn't go to sleep? I hoped for high thoughts, and secret communing with the Spirit of Poesy—I hoped to have let off a sonnet at least, as gentlemen do on visiting the spot—but how could I hunt for rhymes, being occupied all night in hunting for something else? If this remonstrance will deter a single person from going to the Pyramids, my purpose is fully answered.

But *my* case was different. I had a duty to perform—I had to introduce PUNCH to Cheops—I had vowed to leave his card at the gates of History—I had a mission, in a word. I roused at sunrise the snoring dragonman from his kur. I summoned the four Arabs who had engaged to assist me in the ascent, and in the undertaking. We lighted a fire of camels' dung at

the north-east corner of the Pyramid, just as the god of day rose over Cairo. The embers began to glow,—water was put into the tin pot before mentioned,—the pot was put on the fire—'twas a glorious—a thrilling moment!

At 46 minutes past 6 A.M. (by one of Dollond's chronometers) *the water began to boil.*

At 47 minutes the flour was put gradually into the water—it was stirred with the butt end of the brush brought for the purpose, and Schinaklek Beg, an Arab, peeping over the pot too curiously, I poked the brush into his mouth at 11 minutes before 7 A.M.

At 7, THE PASTE WAS MADE—doubting whether it was thick enough Schinaklek tried it with his finger. It was pronounced to be satisfactory.

At 11 minutes past 7, I 'mimed round in a majestic attitude to the four Arabs, and aid, "Let us mount." I suggest this scene, this moment, this attitude, to the Committee of the Fine Arts as a proper subject for the Houses of Parliament.—PUNCH pointing to the Pyramids, and introducing civilisation to Egypt—-I merely throw it out as a suggestion. What a grand thing the Messieurs Foggo would make of it!

Having given the signal—the Sheikh of the Arabs seized my right arm, and his brother the left. Two volunteer Arabs pushed me (quite unnecessarily) behind. The other two preceded—one with a water-bottle for refreshment; the other with the posters—the pot—the paint-brush and the paste. Away we went—away!

I was blown at the third step. They are exceedingly lofty; about five feet high each, I should think—but the ardent spirit will break his heart to win the goal—besides, I could not go back if I would. The two Arabs dragged me forward by the arms—the volunteer, pushed me up from behind. It was in vain I remonstrated with the latter, kicking violently as occasion offered—they still went on pushing. We arrived at the first landing-place.

I drew out the poster—how it fluttered in the breeze! With a trembling hand I popped the brush into the paste-pot, and smeared the back of the placard; then I pasted up the standard of our glorious leader—at 10 minutes past 7, by the clock of the great minaret at Cairo, which was clearly visible through my refracting telescope. My heart throbbed when the deed was

done. My eyes filled with tears—I am not at liberty to stay here all the emotions of triumph and joy which rose in my bosom—so exquisitely overpowering were they. Where was PUNCH—familiar old PUNCH?—his back to the desert, his beaming face turned towards the Nile.

“Bless him!” I exclaimed, embracing him; and almost choking gave the signal to the Arabs to move on.

These savage creatures are only too ready to obey an order of this nature. They spun a man along, be his size never so considerable. They rattled up to the second landing so swiftly that I thought I should be broken winded for ever. But they gave us little time to halt. Yallah! Again we mount!—’tis the last and most arduous ascent—the limbs quiver, the pulses beat, the eyes shoot out of the head, the brain reels, the knees tremble and totter, and you are on the summit! I don’t know how many hundred thousand feet it is above the level of the sea, but I wonder after that tremendous exercise that I am not a roarer to my dying hour.

When consciousness and lungs regained their play, another copy of the placard was placed under a stone—a third was launched into air in the manner before described, and we gave three immense cheers for PUNCH, which astonished the undiscovered mummies that lie darkling in tomb-chambers, and must have disturbed the broken-nosed old Sphinx who has been couched for thousands of years in the desert hard by. This done, we made our descent from the Pyramid.

And if, my dear Sir, you ask me whether it is worth a man’s while to mount up those enormous stones, I will say, in confidence, that thousands of people went to see the Bottle Conjuror, and that we hear of gentlemen becoming Freemasons every day.



## BRIGHTON.

BY "PUNCH'S" COMMISSIONER.

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AS there are some consumptive travellers, who, by dodging about to Italy, to Malta, to Madena, manage to cheat the winter, and for whose lungs a perpetual warmth is necessary ; so there are people to whom, in like manner, London is a necessity of existence, and who follow it all the year round.

Such individuals, when London goes out of town, follow it to Brighton, which is, at this season, London *à la* prawns for breakfast and the sea air. Blessings on the sea air, which gives you an appetite to eat them !

You may get a decent bed-room and sitting-room here for a guinea a day. Our friends the Botibols have three rooms, and a bedstead disguised like a chest of drawers in the drawing-room, for which they pay something less than a hundred pounds a month. I could not understand last night why the old gentleman, who usually goes to bed early, kept yawning and fidgetting in the drawing-room after tea, until, with some hesitation, he made the confession that the apartment in question was his bed-room, and revealed the mystery of the artful chest of drawers. Botibol's house in Bedford Square is as spacious as an Italian Palace ; the second floor front, in which the worthy man sleeps, would accommodate a regiment ; and here they squeeze him into a *chiffonnière* ! How Mrs. B. and the four delightful girls can be stowed away in the back room, I tremble to think : what bachelor has a right to ask ? But the air of the sea makes up for the closeness of the lodgings. I have just seen them on the cliff-- mother and daughters were all blooming like crimson double dahlias !

You meet everybody on that Cliff. For a small charge you may hire a fly, with a postillion, in a pink striped chintz jacket--

which may have been the cover of an arm-chair once—and straight white-brown hair, and little wash-leather inexpressibles,—the cheapest little caricature of a post-boy eyes have ever lighted on.

I seldom used to select his carriage, for the horse and vehicle looked feeble, and unequal to bearing a person of weight ; but last Sunday I saw an Israelitish family of distinction ensconced in the poor little carriage—the ladies with the most flaming polkas, and flouncers all the way up ; the gent in velvet waist-coat, with pins in his breast big enough once to have surmounted the door of his native pawnbroker's shop, and a complement of hook-nosed children, magnificent in attire. Their number and magnificence did not break the carriage down ; the little postillion bumped up and down as usual, as the old horse went his usual pace. How they spread out, and basked, and shone, and were happy in the sun there—those honest people !

The Mosae Arabs abound here ; and they rejoice and are idle with a grave and solemn pleasure, as becomes their Eastern origin.

If you don't mind the expense, hire a ground-floor window on the Cliff, and examine the stream of human nature which passes by. That stream is a league in length ; it pours from Brunswick Terrace to Kemp Town, and then tumbles back again ; and so rolls, and as it rolls perpetually, keeps rolling on from three o'clock till dinner-time.

Ha : what a crowd of well-known London faces you behold here—only the sallow countenances look pink now, and devoid of care.

I have seen this very day, at least —

Forty nine Railroad Directors, who would have been at Baden-Baden but for the lines in progress ; and who, though breathing the fresh air, are within an hour and a half of the City.

Thirteen barristers, of more or less repute, including the Solicitor-General himself, whose open and jovial countenance beamed with benevolence upon the cheerful scene.

A Hebrew dentist driving a curriole.

At least twelve well-known actors or actresses. It went to my heart to see the most fashionable of them driving about in a little four-wheeled pony-chaise, the like of which might be hired for five shillings.

Then you have tight-laced dragoons, trotting up and down with solemn, handsome, stupid faces, and huge yellow mustachios. Myriads of flys, laden with happy cockneys ; pathetic



invalid-chairs trail along, looking too much like coffins already, in which poor people are brought out to catch a glimpse of the sun. Grand equipages are scarce ; I saw lady Wilhelmina Wiggins's lovely nose and auburn ringlets peeping out of a cab, hired at half-a-crown an hour, between her ladyship and her sister, the Princess Oysterowski.

The old gentleman who began to take lessons when we were here three years ago, at the Tepid Swimming Bath with the conical top, I am given to understand is still there, and may be seen in the water from nine till five.



## A BRIGHTON NIGHT ENTERTAINMENT.

BY "PUNCH'S" COMMISSIONER.



HAVE always had a taste for the second-rate in life. Second-rate poetry, for instance, is an uncommon deal pleasanter to my fancy than your great thundering first-rate epic poems. Your Miltons and Dantes are magnificent—but a bore: whereas an ode of Horace, or a song of Tommy Moore, is always fresh, sparkling, and welcome. Second-rate claret, again, is notoriously better than first-rate wine: I get the former genuine, whereas the latter is a loaded and artificial composition that cloy the palate and bothers the reason.

Second-rate beauty in women is likewise, I maintain, more agreeable than first-rate charms. Your first-rate beauty is grand, severe, awful—a faultless frigid angel of five feet nine—superb to behold at church, or in the park, or at a Drawing-room—but ah! how inferior to a sweet little second-rate creature, with smiling eyes, and a little second-rate *nez retroussé*, with which you fall in love in a minute.

Second-rate novels I also assert to be superior to the best works of fiction. They give you no trouble to read, excite no painful emotions—you go through them with a gentle, languid, agreeable interest. Mr. James's romances are perfect in this way. The *ne plus ultra* of indolence may be enjoyed during their perusal.

For the same reason, I like second-rate theatrical entertain-

ments—a good little company in a provincial town, acting good old stupid stock comedies and farces; where nobody comes to the theatre, and you may lie at ease in the pit, and get a sort of intimacy with each actor and actress, and know every bar of the music that the three or four fiddlers of the little orchestra play throughout the season.

The Brighton Theatre would be admirable but for one thing—Mr. Hooper, the manager, will persist in having Stars' down from London—blazing Macreadys, resplendent Miss Cushmans, fiery Wallacks, and the like. On these occasions it is very possible that the house may be filled and the manager's purpose answered; but where does all your comfort go then? You can't sit over four benches in the pit—you are squeezed and hustled

an inconvenient crowd there—you are fatigued by the perpetual struggles of the apple-and-ginger-beer boy, who will pass down your row—and for what do you undergo this labour? To see Hamlet and Lady Macbeth, forsooth! as if everybody had not seen them a thousand times. No, on such star nights "The Commissioner" prefers a walk on the Cliff to the marus of the Brighton Theatre. I can have first-rate tragedy in London in the country give me good old country fare—the good old comedies and farces—the dear good old melodramas.

We had one the other day in perfection. We were, I think, about four of us in the pit; the ginger-beer boy might wander about quite at his ease. There was a respectable family in a private box, and some pleasant fellows in the gallery; and we saw, with leisure and delectation, that famous old melodrama, "The Warlock of the Glen."

In a pasteboard cottage, on the banks of the Atlantic Ocean, there lived once a fisherman, who had a little canvas boat, in which it is a wonder he was never swamped, for the boat was not above three feet long; and I was astonished at his dwelling in the cottage too; for though a two-storeyed one, it was not above five feet high; and I am sure the fisherman was six feet without his shoes.

As he was standing at the door of his cot, looking at some young persons of the neighbourhood who were dancing a reel, a scream was heard, as issuing from the neighbouring forest, and a lady with dishevelled hair, and a beautiful infant in her hand, rushed in. What meant that scream? We were longing to know, but the gallery insisted on the reel over again, and the

poor injured lady had to wait until the dance was done before she could explain her unfortunate case.

It was briefly this : she was no other than Adela, Countess of Glencairn ; the boy in her hand was Glencairn's only child ; three years since her gallant husband had fallen in fight, or, by the hand of the assassin.

He had but a brother, Clanronald. What was the conduct of that surviving relative ?



Was it fraternal towards the widowed Adela ? Was it avuncular to the orphan boy ? Ah, no ! For three years he had locked her up in his castle, under pretence that she was mad, pursuing her all the while with his odious addresses. But she loathed his suit ; and refusing to become Mrs. (or Lady) Clanronald, took this opportunity to escape and fling herself on the protection of the loyal vassals of her lord.

She had hardly told her pathetic tale when voices were heard without. Cries of " Follow, follow ! " resounded through the wild

wood ; the gentle men and ladies engaged in the reel fled, and the Countess and her child, stepping into the skiff, disappeared down a slope, to the rage and disappointment of Clanronald, who now arrived—a savage-looking nobleman indeed ! and followed by two ruffians of most ferocious aspect, and having in their girdles a pair of those little notched dumpy swords, with round iron hilts to guard the knuckles, by which I knew that a combat would probably take place ere long. And the result proved that I was right.

Flying along the wild margin of the sea, in the next act, the poor Adela was pursued by Clanronald ; but though she jumped into the waves to avoid him, the unhappy lady was rescued from

the priny element, and carried back to her prison ; Clanronald swearing a dreadful oath that she should marry him that very day.

He meanwhile gave orders to his two ruffians, Murdoch and Hamish, to pursue the little boy into the wood, and there—there *murder* him.

But there is always a power in melodramas that watches over innocence ; and these two wretched ones were protected by THE WARLOCK OF THE GLEN.



All through their misfortunes, this mysterious being watched them with a tender interest. When the two ruffians were about to murder the child, he and the fisherman rescued him—their battle-swords (after a brief combat of four) sank powerless before his wizard staff, and they fled in terror.

Haste we to the Castle of Glencairn. What ceremony is about to take place? What has assembled those two noble-men, and those three ladies in calico trains? A marriage! But what a union! The Lady Adela is dragged to the chapel-door by the truculent Clanronald. "Lady," he says, "you are mine. Resistance is unavailing." Submit with good

grace. Henceforth, what power on earth can separate you from me?"

"MINE CAN," cries the Warlock of the Glen, rushing in. "Tyrant, and assassin of thy brother! know that Glencairn—Glencairn, thy brother and lord, whom thy bravos were commissioned to slay—know that, for three years, a solemn vow (sworn to the villain that spared his life, and expired yesterday) bound him never to reveal his existence—know that he is near at hand; and repent, while yet there is time."

The Lady Adela's emotion may be guessed when she heard this news; but Clanronald received it with contemptuous scepticism. "And where *is* this dead man come alive?" laughed he.



"HE IS HERE," shouted the Warlock of the Glen; and to fling away his staff—to dash off his sham beard and black gown—to appear in a red dress, with tights and yellow boots, as became Glencairn's Earl—was the work of a moment. The Courtess recognised him with a scream of joy. Clanronald retired, led off by two soldiers; and the joy of the Earl and Countess was completed by the arrival of their only son (a clever little girl of the Hebrew persuasion)

in the army, of the fisherman.

The curtain fell on this happy scene. The fiddlers had ere this disappeared. The ginger-beer boy went home to a virtuous family that was probably looking out for him. The respectable family in the boxes went off in a fly. The little audience spread abroad, and were lost in the labyrinths of the city. The lamps of the Theatre Royal were extinguished: and all—all was still.

## MEDITATIONS OVER BRIGHTON.

BY "PUNCH'S" COMMISSIONER.

(From the Devil's Dyke.)



WHEN the exultant and long eared animal described in the fable revelled madly in the frog pond, dashing about his tail and hoof among the unfortunate inhabitants of that piece of water, it is stated that the frogs remonstrated, exclaiming, "Why, O donkey, do you come kicking about in our habitation? It may be good fun to you to lash out, and plunge, and kick in this absurd manner, but it is death to us;" on which the good-natured quadruped agreed to discontinue his gambols; and left the frogs to bury their dead and rest henceforth undisturbed in their pool.

The inhabitants of Brighton are the frogs, and I dare say they will agree as to the applicability of the rest of the simile. It might be good fun to *me* to "mark their manners, and their ways survey;" but could it be altogether agreeable to them? I am sorry to confess it has not proved so, having received at least three hundred letters of pathetic remonstrance, furious complaint, angry swagger, and threatening omens, entreating me to leave the Brightonians alone. The lodging-house keepers are up in arms. Mrs. Screw says *she* never let her lodgings at a guinea a day, and invites me to occupy her drawing and bedroom for five guineas a week. Mr. Squeezer swears that a guinea a day is an atrocious calumny: he would turn his wife, his children, and his bed-hidden mother-in-law out of doors if he could get such a sum for the rooms they occupy---(but this, I suspect, is a pretext of Squeezer's to get rid of his mother-in-law, in which project I wish him luck). Mrs. Slop hopes she may never again cut a slice out of a lodger's joint (the cannibal!) if she won't be ready at the most crowded of seasons to let her first-floor for six pounds; and, finally, Mr. Skiver writes:--"Sir,--Your ill-advised publication has passed like a whirlwind over the

lodging-houses of Brighton. You have rendered our families desolate, and prematurely closed our season. As you have destroyed the lodging-houses, couldn't you, now, walk into the boarding-houses, and say a kind word to ruin the hotels?"

And is it so? Is the power of the Commissioner's eye so fatal that it withers the object on which it falls? Is the condition of his life so dreadful that he destroys all whom he comes near? Have I made a post-boy wretched—five thousand lodging-house keepers furious—twenty thousand Jews unhappy? If so, and I really possess a power so terrible, I had best come out in the tragic line.

I went, pursuant to orders, to the Swiss Cottage, at Shoreham, where the first object that struck my eye was the scene opposite, in the green lake there, which I am credibly informed is made of pea-soup: two honest girls were rowing about their friend on this enchanting water. There was a cloudless sky overhead—rich treats were advertised for the six frequenters of the gardens; a variety of entertainments was announced in the Hall of Amusement—Mr. and Mrs. Aminadab (here, too, the Hebrews have penetrated) were advertised as about to sing some of their most favourite comic songs, and—

But no, I will not describe the place. Why should my fatal glance bring a curse upon it? The pea-soup lake would dry up—leaving its bed a vacant tureen—the leaves would drop from the scorched trees—the pretty flowers would wither and fade—the rockets would not rise at night, nor the rebel wheels go round—the money-taker at the door would grow mouldy and die in his moss-grown and deserted cell—Aminadab would lose his engagement. Why should these things be, and this ruin occur? James! pack the portmanteau and tell the landlord to bring the bill; order horses immediately—this day I will quit Brighton.

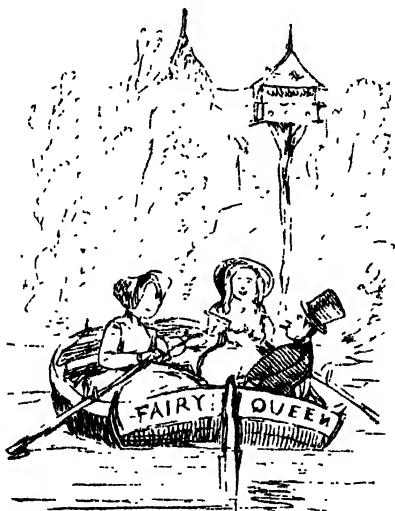
Other appalling facts have come to notice; all showing more or less the excitement created by my publication.

The officers of the 150th Dragoons, accused of looking handsome, solemn, and stupid, have had a meeting in the messroom, where the two final epithets have been rescinded in a string of resolutions.

But it is the poor yellow-breeched postillion who has most suffered. When the description of him came out, crowds flocked to see him. He was mobbed all the way down the Cliff;

wherever he drove his little phaeton, people laughed, and pointed with the finger and said, "That is he." The poor child was thus made the subject of public laughter by my interference -- and what has been the consequence? In order to disguise him as much as possible, *his master has bought him a hat.*

The children of Israel are in a fury too. They do not like to ride in flies, since my masterly description of them a fortnight since. They are giving up their houses daily. You read in the



Brighton papers, among the departures, " -- Nebuzaradan, Esquire, and family for London ; " or, " Solomon Ramothgilead, Esquire, has quitted his mansion in Marine Crescent , circumstances having induced him to shorten his stay among us ; " and so on. The people emigrate by hundreds ; they can't bear to be made the object of remark in the public walks and drives--and they are flying from a city of which they might have made a new Jerusalem.



## BRIGHTON IN 1847.

BY THE F. C.

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### CHAPTER I.

HAVE the kindness, my dear Pug-by, to despatch me a line when they have done painting the smoking-room at the Megatherium, that I may come back to town. After suffering as we have all the year, not so much from the bad ventilation of the room, as from the suffocating dulness of Wheezer, Snoozer, and Whiffer, who frequent it, I had hoped for quiet by the sea-shore here, and that our three abominable acquaintances had quitted England.

I had scarcely been ten minutes in the place, my ever-dear Pugsby, when I met old Snoozer walking with young De Bosky, of the Tatters-and-Starvation Club on the opposite side of our square, and ogling the girls on the Cliff, the old wretch, as if he had not a wife and half-a-dozen daughters of his own in Pocklington Square. He hooked on to my arm as if he had been the Old Man of the Sea, and I found myself introduced to young De Bosky, a man whom I have carefully avoided as an odious and disreputable tiger, the tuft on whose chin has been always particularly disagreeable to me, and who is besides a Captain, or Commodore, or some such thing, in the Bundeleund Cavalry. The clink and glitter of his spurs is perfectly abominable : he is screwed so tight in his waistband that I wish it could render him speechless (for when he *does* speak he is so stupid that he sends you to sleep while actually walking with him); and as for his chest, which he bulges out against the shoulders of all the passers-by, I am sure that he carries a part of his wardrobe in it, and that he is wadded with stockings and linen as if he were a walking carpet-bag.

! This fellow saluted two-thirds of the carriages which passed with a knowing nod, and a military swagger so arrogant, that I feel continually the greatest desire to throttle him.

Well, sir, before we had got from the Tepid Swimming Bath to Mutton's the pastrycook's, whom should we meet but Wheezer, to be sure. Wheezer driving up and down the Cliff at half-a-crown an hour, with his hideous family, Mrs. Wheezer, the Miss Wheezers in fur tippets and drawn bonnets with spring-flowers in them, a huddle and squeeze of little Wheezers sprawling and struggling on the back seat of the carriage, and that horrible boy whom Wheezer brings to the Club sometimes, actually seated on the box of the fly, and ready to drive, if the coachman should be intoxicated or inclined to relinquish his duty.

Wheezer sprang out of the vehicle with a cordiality that made me shudder. "Hullo, my boy!" said he, seizing my trembling hand. "What! *you* here? Hang me if the whole Club isn't here. I'm at 56 Horse Marine Parade. Where are you lodging? We're out for a holiday, and will make a jolly time of it."

The benighted, the conceited old wretch! He would not let go my hand until I told him where I resided—at Mrs. Muggenidge's in Black Lion Street, where I have a tolerable view of the sea, if I risk the loss of my equilibrium and the breakage of my back, by stretching three-quarters of my body out of my drawing-room window.

As he stopped to speak to me, his carriage of course stopped likewise, forcing all the vehicles in front and behind him to halt or to precipitate themselves over the railings on to the shingles and the sea. The cabs, the flys, the shandrydans, the sedan-chairs with the poor old invalids inside; the old maids', the dowagers' chariots, out of which you see countenances scarcely less deathlike; the stupendous cabs, out of which the whiskered heroes of the gallant Onety-oneth look down on us people on foot; the hacks mounted by young ladies from the equestrian schools, by whose sides the riding-masters canter confidentially—everybody stopped. There was a perfect strangury in the street; and I should have liked not only to throttle De Bosky, but to massacre Wheezer, too.

The wretched though unconscious being insisted on nailing me for dinner before he would leave me; and I heard him say (that

is, by the expression of his countenance, and the glances which his wife and children cast at me, I *knew* he said), "That is the young and dashing Folkstone Canterbury, the celebrated contributor to *Punch*."

The crowd, sir, on the Cliff was perfectly frightful. It is my belief nobody goes abroad any more. Everybody is at Brighton. I met three hundred at least of our acquaintances in the course of a quarter of an hour, and before we could reach Brunswick Square I met dandies, City men, Members of Parliament. I met my tailor walking with his wife, with a geranium blooming in his wretched button-hole, as if money wasn't tight in the City, and everybody had paid him everything everybody owed him. I turned and sickened at the sight of that man. "Snoozer," said I, "I will go on the Pier."

I went, and to find what?—Whiffler, by all that is unmerciful!—Whiffler, whom we see every day, in the same chair, at the Megatherium. Whiffler, whom not to see is to make all the good fellows at the Club happy. I have seen him every day, and many times a day since. At the moment of our first rencontre I was so *saisi*, so utterly overcome by rage and despair, that I would have flung myself into the azure waves sparkling calmly around me, but for the chains of the Pier.

I did not take that aqueous suicidal plunge—I resolved to live, and why, my dear Pugsby? Who do you think approached us? Were you not at one of his parties last season? I have polked in his saloons. I have nestled under the mahogany of his dining-room at least one hundred and twenty thousand times. It was Mr. Goldmore, the East India Director, with Mrs. G. on his arm, and—oh, heavens!—Florence and Violet Goldmore, with pink parasols, walking behind their parents.

"What! *you* here!" said the good and hospitable man, holding out his hand, and giving a slap on the boards (or deck, I may say) with his bamboo; "hang it, every one's here. Come and dine at seven. Brunswick Square."

I looked in Violet's eyes. Florence is rather an old bird, and wears spectacles, so that looking in *her* eyes is out of the question. I looked in Violet's eyes, and said I'd come with the greatest pleasure.

"As for *you*, De Bosky"—(I forget whether I mentioned that the whiskered Bundeund buck had come with me on to the Pier, whither Snoozer would not follow us, declining to pay the

twopence)—“as for *you*, De Bosky, you may come or not, as you like.”

“Won’t I,” said he, grinning, with a dandified Bundelcund nod, and wagging his odious head.

I could have wrenched it off and flung it in the ocean. But I restrained my propensity, and we agreed that, for the sake of economy, we would go to Mr. Goldmore’s in the same fly.

## CHAPTER II.

THE very first spoonful of the clear soup at the Director’s told me that my excellent friend Paradol (the *chef* who came to Mr. Goldmore, Portland Place, when Gutterbury House was shut up by the lamented levanting of the noble Earl) was established among the furnaces below. A clear brown soup,—none of your filthy, spiced, English hell-broths, but light, brisk, and delicate,—always sets me off for the evening: it invigorates and enlivens me, my dear Pugsby: I give you my honour it does—and when I am in a *good* humour, I am, I flatter myself—what shall I say?—well, *not disagreeable*.

On this day, sir, I was delightful. Although that booby De Bosky conducted Miss Violet Goldmore downstairs, yet the wretch, absorbed in his victual, and naturally of an unutterable dulness, did not make a single remark during dinner, whereas I literally blazed with wit. Sir, I even made one of the footmen laugh—a perilous joke for the poor fellow, who, I dare say, will be turned off in consequence. I talked sentiment to Florence (women in spectacles are almost always sentimental); cookery to Sir Harcourt Gulph, who particularly asked my address, and I have no doubt intends to invite me to his dinners in town; military affairs with Major Bangles of the Onety oneth Hussars, who was with the regiment at Ahwal and Ferozeshah, and drives about a prodigious cab at Brighton, with a captured Sikh behind, disguised as a tiger; to Mrs. Goldmore I abused Lady Toddle-Rowdy’s new carriages and absurd appearance (she is seventy-four if she is a day, and she wears a white muslin frock and frilled trousers, with a wig curling down her old back, and I do believe puts on a pinafore, and has a little knife and fork and silver mug at home, so girlish is she): I say, in a word—

and I believe without fear of contradiction—that I delighted everybody.

"Delightful man!" said Mrs. Bangles to my excellent friend Mrs. Goldmore.

"Extraordinary creature; so odd, isn't he?" replied that admirable woman.

"What a flow of spirits he has!" cried the charming Violet.

"And yet sorrows repose under that smiling mask, and those outbreaks of laughter perhaps conceal the groans of smouldering passion and the shrieks of withering despair," sighed Florence.

"It is always so: the wretched seem to be most joyous. If I didn't think that man miserable, I couldn't be happy," she added, and lapsed into silence. Little Mrs. Diggs told me every word of the conversation, when I came up, the first of the gentlemen, to tea.

"Clever fellow that," said (as I am given to understand) Sir Harcourt Gulph. "I liked that notion of his about *croquignoles à la pouffarde*: I will speak to Moufflon to try it."

"I really shall mention in the Bank parlour to-morrow," the Director remarked, "what he said about the present crisis, and his project for a cast iron currency: that man is by no means the trifler he pretends to be."

"Where did he serve?" asked Bangles. "If he can manoeuvre an army as well as he talks about it, demmy, he ought to be Commander-in-Chief. Did you hear, Captain De Bosky, what he said about pontooning the échelons, and operating with our reserve upon the right bank of the river at Pérozeshah? Gad, sir, if that manoeuvre had been performed, not a man of the Sikh army would have escaped:"—in which case of course Major Bangles would have lost the black tiger behind his cab; but De Bosky did not make this remark. The great stupid hulking wretch remarked nothing; he gorged himself with meat and wine, and when quite replete with claret, strutted up to the drawing-room, to show his chest and his white waistcoat there.

I was pouring into Violet's ear (to the discomfiture of Florence, who was knocking about the tea-things madly) some of those delightful nothings with which a well-bred man in society entertains a female. I spoke to her about the last balls in London—about Fanny Finch's elopement with Tom Parrot, who had nothing but his place in the Foreign Office—about

the people who were at Brighton—about Mr. Midge's delightful sermon at church last Sunday—about the last fashions, and the next—*que sais-je?*—when that brute De Bosky swaggered up.

"Ah, hum, haw," said he, "were you out *riding* to-day, Miss Goldmaw?"

Determined to crush this odious and impertinent blunderer, who has no more wit than the horses he be-rides, I resolved to meet him on his own ground, and to beat him even on the subject of horses.

I am sorry to say, my dear Pugsby, I did not confine myself strictly to truth; but I described how I had passed three months in the Desert with an Arab tribe; how I had a mare, during that period, descended from Boorawk, the mare of the Prophet, which I afterwards sold for 50,000 piastres to Mahomet Ali; and how, being at Trebizond, smoking with the sanguinary Pasha of that place, I had bitten, saddled, and broke to carry a lady, a grey Turkoman horse of his which had killed fourteen of his grooms, and bit off the nose of his Ksar Aga.

"Do join us in our ride to-morrow," cried Violet; "the Downs are delightful."

"Fairest lady, to hear is to obey," answered I, with a triumphant glance at De Bosky. I had done *his* business, at any rate.

Well, sir, I came at two o'clock, mounted on one of Jiggot's hacks—an animal that I know, and that goes as easy as a sedan-chair—and found the party assembling before the Director's house, in Brunswick Square. There was young Goldmore—the lovely Violet, in a habit that showed her form to admiration, and a perfectly ravishing Spanish tuft in her riding-hat, with a little gold whip and a little pair of gauntlets—a *croquer*, in a word. Major Rangles and lady were also of the party: in fact, we were "a gallant company of cavaliers," as James says in his novels; and with my heels well down, and one of my elbows stuck out, I looked, sir, like the Marquis of Anglesca. I had the hand,

jumped into her saddle. She sprang into it like a fury.

Last of all, the stupid De Bosky came up. He came up moaning and groaning. "I have had a kick in the back from a horse in the livery-stables," says he; "I can't hold this horse—will you ride him, Canterbury?" His horse was a black,

wicked-looking beast as ever I saw, with bloodshot eyes and a demoniacal expression.

What could I do, after the stories about Boorawk and the Pasha of Trebizond? Sir, I was obliged to get off my sedan-chair, and mount the Captain's Purgatory, as I call him—a disgusting brute, and worthy of his master.

Well, sir, off we set,—Purgatory jumping from this side of the road to t'other, shying at Miss Pogson, who passed in her carriage (as well he might at so hideous a phenomenon)—plunging at an apple-woman and stall—going so wild at a baker's cart that I thought he would have jumped into the hall door where the man was delivering a pie for dinner—and flinging his head backwards, so as to endanger my own nose every moment. It was all I could do to keep him in. I tugged at both bridles till I tore his jaws into a fury, I suppose.

Just as we were passing under the viaduct, whirr came the steaming train with a bang, and a shriek, and a whizz. The brute would hold in no longer. he ran away with me.

I stuck my feet tight down in the stirrups, and thought of my mother with inexpressible agony. I clutched hold of all the reins and a great deal of the mane of the brute. I saw trees, mile-stones, houses, villages, pass away from me—away, away, away,—away by the corn-fields—away by the wolds—away by the eternal hills—away by the woods and precipices—the woods, the rocks, the villages flashed by me. Oh, Pugsby! how I longed for the Megatherium during that ride!

It lasted, as it seemed to me, about nine hours, during which I went over, as I should think, about 540 miles of ground. I didn't come off—my hat did, a new Lincoln and Bennett, but I didn't—and at length the infuriate brute paused in his mad career, with an instinctive respect for the law, at a turnpike gate. I little knew the blessing of a turnpike until then.

In a minute Bangles came up, bursting with laughter. "You can't manage that horse, I think," said the Major, with his infernal good-nature. "Shall I ride him? Mine is a quiet beast."

I was off Purgatory's back in a minute, and as I mounted on Bangles's hackney, felt as if I was getting into bed, so easy, so soft, so downy he seemed to me.

He said, though I never can believe it, that we had only come

about a mile and a half; and at this moment the two ladies and De Bosky rode up.

"Is that the way you broke the Pasha of Trebizond's horse?" Violet said. I gave a laugh; but it was one of despair. I should have liked to plunge a dagger in De Bosky's side.

I shall come to town directly, I think. This Brighton is a miserable Cockney place.

END OF "PAPERS BY THE FAIR CONTRIBUTOR."





MISS TICKLETOBY'S LECTURES  
ON  
ENGLISH HISTORY.



# MISS TICKLETOBY'S LECTURES ON ENGLISH HISTORY.

## A CHARACTER

*(To introduce another Character).*

WE have the pleasure to be acquainted with a young fellow by the name of Adolphus Simcoe, who, like many another person of his age and rank in life, has been smitten with a love for literary pursuits, which have brought him to early ruin.

He gained a decent maintenance as assistant in the shop of Messrs. —, apothecaries, Cheapside, but even then was observed never to move without a Byron in his pocket, and used to amuse the other gents in the establishment by repeating whole passages from Shelley, Wordsworth, and Moore. To one young man he confided a large ledger of poems, of his own composition; but being of a timid turn, and the young man falling asleep during the reading of the very first ballad, Adolphus never attempted a similar proceeding with any of his comrades again, but grew more morose and poetical, frequenting the theatres, coming late to business, living alone, and turning down his shirt-collar more and more every day. Messrs. Butler had almost determined, although with regret, to turn away the lad, when he prevented that step on their part by signifying his own intention to retire. His grandmother, who, we are led to believe, kept a small shop in the town of York, left Adolphus a fortune of three hundred pounds in the Three per Cents, which sum he thought fully adequate for the making of his fortune in his own way.

His passion was to become an editor of a magazine; to

assemble about him "the great spirits of the age," as he calls them; and to be able to communicate his own contributions to the public, aided by all the elegances of type, and backed by all the ingenuities of puffery.

That celebrated miscellany, the *Lady's Lute*, then being for sale--indeed, if a gentleman has a mind to part with his money, it is very hard if he cannot find some periodical with a broom at its masthead--Adolphus, for the sum of forty-five pounds, became the proprietor and editor of the *Lute*; and had great pleasure in seeing his own name in the most Gothic capitals upon the title-page--his poems occupying the place of honour within. The honest fellow has some good mercantile notions, and did not in the least hesitate to say, on the part of the proprietors, and on the fly leaf of the Magazine, that the Public of England would rejoice to learn, that the great aid of ADOLPHUS SIMON, Esquire, had been secured, at an immense expense, for the *Lady's Lute*; that his contributions would henceforth be *solely* confined to it, and that the delighted world would have proofs of his mighty genius in song.

Having got all the poets by heart, he had a pretty knack of imitating them all, and in a single ballad would give you specimens of, at least, half-a-dozen different styles. He had, moreover, an emphatic way of his own, which was for a little time popular; and the public, for near a year, may be said to have been almost taken in by Adolphus Simon--as they have been by other literary characters of his kind. It is, we do believe, a fact, that for a certain time Adolphus's Magazine actually paid its contributors, and it is a known truth, that one India-paper proof of the portrait of himself, which he published in the second year of his editorship, was bought by a young lady, a sincere admirer of his poems.

In the course of eighteen months he exhausted his manuscript ledger of poetry--he published his "Ghoul," a poem in Lord Byron's style; his "Leila," after the manner of Thomas Moore; his "Idiosyncrasy," a didactic poem, that strongly reminded one of Wordsworth; and his "Gondola, a Venetian Lay," that may be considered to be slightly similar to the works of L. E. L. Then he came out with a Tragedy, called "Perdition, or the Rosicrucian Gammons," of which the dulness was so portentous, that at the end of the fourth act it was discovered there were not more than thirty-three subscribers left to the Magazine.

✓ Suffice it to say, that though he continued the work desperately for six months longer, pouring, as he said, the whole energies of his soul into its pages—(the fact was that, as there was no more money, there were no more contributors)—though he wrote articles pathetic, profound, and humorous, commenced romances, and indited the most bitter and sarcastic reviews, the *Lady's Lute* fell to the ground—its chords, as he said, were rudely snapped asunder, and he who had swept them with such joy went forth a wretched and heartbroken man.

He passed three months in Her Majesty's Asylum of the Fleet, from whence he issued in brocade robe-de-chambre and the possessor of the cut-glass bottles and shaving trumpery of a dressing-case, the silver covers of which he had pawned in order to subsist while in durance.

Our belief is that Miss Tickletohy is his relation: it is certain that he sleeps in her back garret (and the venerable age of the lady puts all scandal out of the question); he has, we are fully certain, instructed her pupils in penmanship, filling up his leisure moments by writing what would have been contributions to the Magazines, if those works would but have accepted the same.

He still speaks of the *Lady's Lute* as of the greatest periodical that ever was produced, and but the other day apologised warmly to the writer of this for having abused his early volume of Poems—"Lyrics of the Soul" they were called—written at sixteen, when we were students at the University of London. He persists in thinking that the author of "Lyrics of the Soul" has never forgiven him, that he has never been the same man since, but has pined away under the effects of that withering sarcasm. Our next work, he says, was the bitter Slough of Despair—it was called "The Downy Dragsman; or, Love in Liquorpond Street." This, at least, the reader will remember. Could anything be more frank than its humour—more joyously low than every one of the scenes in that truly racy production?

It is needless to say, we have no sort of anger against poor Adolphus; but that, on the contrary, meeting him very wild and gloomy, and more than usually dirty, at the "Globe," in Bow Street, which we both frequent, it was a great pleasure to us to lend him seven shillings, which enabled him to order a dish of meat in addition to that unhappy half-pint of beer which seemed really to form all his dinner.

## MISS TICKLETOBY'S

The dinner and the money made him communicative; and he was good enough to confide to us the history of a vast number of his disappointments—"His blighted opes—his withered dreams of hearty years—his 'vain ambition'" (Adolphus is a Londoner, whatever his grandmother may have been), and at the end of all, he pulled out a manuscript (which is always rather a frightful object to a literary man), but instead of reading it began, thank Heaven! only to discourse about it. It was another's writing, not his own.

"Halfred," said he, "you know I occupy no common position in the literary world. I ave at least done so, until misfortune overtook me. Since my sorrows, I've been kindly oused by a munificent being—a woman ('ere's to 'er,'" said he, draining his glass solemnly, "who doubles hall our joys, and alves hall our sorrows—to woman!"). Having finished his brandy-and-water, he resumed:—

"I'veer since hi've been in the ouse of that haugelic being—she's hold, Halfred, hold enough to be my grandmother, and so I pray you let the sneer pass away from your lips—hi've not neglected, has you may himagine, the sacred calling for which hi feel hi was born. Poesy has been my solace in my lonely hagonies, hand I've tried the newspapers hall round. But they're a callous and ard-earted set, those literary men—men who have feasted at my table, and quaffed of my wine-cup—men, who in the days of my prosperity have grown rich from my purse—will you believe it, they won't accept a single barticle of my writing, and scornfully pass me by! Worse than this—they refuse to elp me by the most simple puff, for me and mine; would you believe it, my dear friend, Miss Tickletoeby has just commenced a series of lectures, for which hi'm hanxious to get the world's good opinion, and not one paper will hinsert the little description I've written off. The *Huge*, the *Hargus*, the *Hera*, hi've applied to 'em all, and they're hall the same—hall, hall, ungrateful."

"My dear fellow, if you will write verse," said I—

"It's not verse," answered Adolphus, "it's prose—a report of Miss T.'s lecture, prefaced by a modest leading barticle."

"I'll see if I can get it into *Punch*," said I.

"Hush, *Punch*!" shouted he, "Heavens, have you fallen so low? I, write *Punch*! Gracious powers In *Punch*—in *Punch*!"

"Rum or brandy, sir?" said Betsy, the waiter, who caught the last word.

"*Rum*," said Adolphus (with a good deal of presence of mind); and, as he drank the steaming liquor, took my hand. "Halfred," said he, "tell me this one thing—does *Punch* pay for, between ourselves, Miss Tickletoby says that she'll turn me out of doors unless I can make myself useful to her and—pay my bill."

Adolphus Simcoe is to be paid for his contributions, and *next week* we shall begin Miss Tickletoby's Lectures.



## LECTURE I.

WE have just had the joy to be present at one of the most splendid exhibitions of intelligence which has been witnessed in our splendid and intelligent time.

The great spirit of History, distilled in a mighty mind's alembic, outpouring, clear, rich, strong, intoxicating oft so delicious was the draught, and so eager the surrounding drinkers—the figures of statesmen and heroes, wise heroes and heroic statesmen, caught up from their darkness in the far past, and made by the enchantress to shine before us visible; the gorgeous and gigantic memories of old Time rising stately from their graves, and looking on us as in life they looked: such were thoughts, sensations, visions, that we owe to the eloquence of Miss Tickletoby this day.

We write under a tremendous emotion, for the words of the fair speaker still thrill in our ears; nor can we render account of one tithe part of that mystic harmony of words, that magic spell of poesy, which the elegant oratrix flung round her audience—a not readily-to-be-dissipated charm.

Suffice it to say that, pursuant to her announcements in the public prints, this accomplished lady commenced her series of Lectures on English History to-day. Her friends, her pupils, those who know and esteem her (and these consist of the rarest of England's talent, and the brightest of her aristocracy), were assembled at one o'clock punctually in her modest dwelling (No. 3 Leg-of-Veal Court, Little Britain, over the greengrocer's; pull the *thiru'* bell from the bottom). We were among the first



to attend, and gladly give the publicity of our columns to a record of the glorious transactions of the day. The reporters of this paper were employed in taking down every word that fell from the speaker's lips -(would that they could have likewise transferred the thrilling tones and magic glance which made her words a thousand times more precious): we, on the other hand, being from our habits more accustomed to philosophic abbreviation, have been contented with taking down rather the heads and the *suggestivity* (if we may use the phrase) of Miss Tickletoby's discourse, and we flatter ourselves that upon a comparison with the text, the analysis will be found singularly faithful.

We have spoken of the public character: a word now regard-



ing Miss Tickletoby *the woman*. She has long been known and loved in the quarter of which she is the greatest blessing and ornament—that of St. Mary Axe.

From her early life practising tuition, some of the best families of the City owe to her their earliest introduction to letters. Her Spelling-book is well known, and has run through very nearly

an edition ; and when we rank among her pupils *the daughter of one of the clerks of Alderman Harmer* AND A NIECE OF A LATE HONOURED LORD MAYOR, we have said enough to satisfy the most fastidious votary of fashion with respect to the worldly position of those who sit at Miss Tickletohy's feet.

Miss Tickletohy believes that education, to be effective, should be begun early, and therefore receives her pupils from the age of two upwards. Nay, she has often laughingly observed that she would have no objection to take them from the month, as childhood's training can never be too soon commenced. Of course, at so tender an age, sex is no consideration. Miss Tickletohy's children (as she loves to call them) are both of the sterner and the softer varieties of our human species.

With regard to her educational system, it is slightly coercive. She has none of the new-fangled notions regarding the inutility of corporal punishments, but, remembering their effects in her own case, does not hesitate to apply them whenever necessity urges.

On Wednesdays (half-holidays) she proposes to deliver a series of lectures upon English history, occasionally (it would appear from a hint in the present discourse) diversified by subjects of a lighter and more holiday kind. *We shall attend them all*—not can the public of this city do better than follow our example. The price of tickets for the six lectures is —ninpence.

Can such things be,  
And overcome us like a summer cloud,  
Without our special wonder?

#### THE LECTURE-ROOM.

The lecture was announced for one o'clock, and arriving at that hour, we found the room full of rank and fashion. Excellent accommodation was arranged for the public press. Flowers, some of those cheap but lovely and odorous ones which form the glory of England's garden, were placed tastefully here and there—on the mantel, on the modest table at which stood the lecturer's chair, and a large and fragrant bouquet in the window-sill. These were (with the exception of a handsome curtain that hung before the door from which Miss Tickletohy was to issue) the sole ornaments of the simple academic chamber.

The lovely children, with wistful eyes and cheeks more flushed

than any roses there, were accommodated with their usual benches, while their parents were comfortably ranged in chairs behind them. 'Twas indeed a thrilling sight—a sight to bring tears into the philanthropic heart—happy tears though—such as those spring showers which fall from the lids of childhood, and which rainbow joy speedily dries up again.

The bell rings: one moment—and the chintz curtain draws aside; and 'midst waving of kerchiefs, and shouting of bravos, and with smiling eyes fixed upon her, and young hearts to welcome her, THE LECTURER steps forth. *Now, our task is over.* Gentles, let the enchantress speak for herself.

Having cleared her voice, and gazing round the room with a look of affection, she began

#### THE LECTURE.

MY LOVES,—With regard to the early history of our beloved country, before King Alfred ascended the throne, I have very little indeed to say; in the first place, because the story itself is none of the most moral—consisting of accounts of murders agreeably varied by invasions: and secondly, dears, because, to tell you the truth, I have always found those first chapters so abominably stupid, that I have made a point to pass them over. For I had an indulgent mamma, who did not look to my education so much as I do to yours, and, provided she saw Howell's "Medulla" before me, never thought of looking to see whether "Mother Goose" was within the leaves. Ah, dears! that is a pleasant history, too, and in holiday time we will have a look at *that*.

Well, then, about the abominable, odious Danes and Saxons, the Picts and the Scots, I know very little, and must say have passed through life pretty comfortably in spite of my ignorance. Not that this should be an excuse to *you*—no, no, darlings; learn for learning's sake; if not, I have something hanging up in the cupboard, and you know my name is Tickletohy. [*Great sensation.*]

How first our island became inhabited is a point which ~~it~~body knows. I do not believe a word of that story at the beginning of the "Seven Champions of Christendom," about King Brute and his companions; and as for the other hypotheses (Let Miss Biggs spell the word "hypothesis," and remember not to con-

found it with "apothecary") they are not worth consideration. For as the first man who entered the island could not write, depend on it he never set down the date of his arrival; and I leave you to guess what a confusion about dates there would speedily be—you who can't remember whether it was last Thursday or Friday that you had gooseberry pudding for dinner.

Those little dears who have not seen Mrs. Trimmer's "History of England" have, no doubt, beheld pictures of Mr. Oldridge's Balm of Columbia. The ancient Britons were like the lady represented there, only not black; the excellent Mrs T.'s pictures of these, no doubt, are authentic, and there our ancestors are represented as dressed in painted skins, and wearing their hair as long as possible. I need not say that it was their own skins they painted, because, as for clothes, they were not yet invented.

Perhaps some of my darlings have seen at their papa's evening parties some curious (female) Britons who exist in our own time, and who, out of respect for the country in which they were born, are very fond of the paint, and not at all partial to clothes.

As for the religion of the ancient Britons, as it was a false and abominable superstition, the less we say about it the better. If they had a religion, you may be sure they had a clergy. This body of persons were called Druids. The historian Hume says that they instructed the youth of the country, which, considering not one boy in 1,000,000,000,000 could read, couldn't give the Druids much trouble. The Druids likewise superintended the law matters and government of Britain; and, in return for their kindness, were handsomely paid, as all teachers of youth, lawyers, and ministers ought to be. [*"Hear, hear," from LORD ABINGER and Sir ROBERT PEEL.*]

The ancient Britons were of a warlike, rude nature (and loved broils and battles, like Master Spry yonder). They used to go forth with clubs for weapons, and bulls' horns for trumpets; and so with their clubs and trumps they would engage their enemies, who sometimes conquered them, and sometimes were conquered by them, according to luck.

The priests remained at home and encouraged them; praying to their gods, and longing no doubt for a share of the glory and danger; but they learned, they said, to sacrifice themselves for the public good. Nor did they only sacrifice themselves—I grieve to say that it was their custom to sacrifice other people: for when the Britons returned from war with their prisoners, the

priests carried the latter into certain mysterious groves, where they slew them on the horrid altars of their gods. The gods, they said, delighted in these forests and these dreadful human sacrifices, and you will better remember the facts by my representing these gods to you as so many wicked Lovegroves, and their victims as unfortunate Whitebait. [*Immense sensation.*]

And as your papas have probably taken some of you to see the opera of "Norma," which relates to these very Druids that we are talking about, you will know that the ancient Britons had not only priests, but priestesses—that is, clergywomen. Remember this, and don't commit an error which is common in society, and talk of two clerical gentlemen as two *priestesses*. It is a gross blunder. One might as well speak of the "Blue Posteses" (in Cork Street, Burlington Gardens, where, I am told, excellent beef-steaks are served), or talk of having your *breakfasteses*, as I have heard the Duchess of — often do. Remember, then, Priests; singular, Priest. "Blue Posts" (Cork Street, Burlington Gardens); singular, "Blue Post." "Breakfasts," singular—What is the singular of "breakfasts," Miss Higgins?

*Miss Higgins.* I don't know.

*Master Smith (delighted and eager).* I know.

*Miss Tickletohy.* Speak, my dear, and tell that inattentive Miss Higgins what is the singular of "breakfasts."

*Master Smith (clearing his voice by rubbing his jacket sleeve across his nose).* The most singular breakfast I know is old John Wapshot's, who puts sugar in his muffins, and takes salt in his tea! [*Master SMITH was preparing to ascend to the head of the class, but was sternly checked by Miss TICKLETOBY, who resumed her discourse.*]

It was not to be supposed that the wickedness of these Priests could continue for ever: and accordingly we find (though upon my word I don't know upon what authority) that, eighteen hundred and ninety-seven years ago, Julius Cæsar, that celebrated military man, landed at Deal. He conquered a great number of princes with jaw-breaking names, as did the Roman Emperors, his successors, such as the Trinobantes, the Atrebatæ, the Silures, all richly deserving their fate, doubtless, as I fear they were but savages at best. They were masters of the Britons for pretty near five hundred years, and though the Scotch pretend that the Romans never conquered their part of

I, I am inclined to suppose it was pretty much for the reasons that the clothes are not taken off a scarecrow in the fields, because they are not worth the taking.

About the year 450. the Romans, having quite enough to do at home, quitted Britain for good, when the Scots, who were hungry then, and have been hungry ever since, rushed in among the poor unprotected Britoners, who were forced to call the Saxons to their aid.

'Twas two o'clock—the Lecturer made her curtsey and reminded her auditory that another Lecture would take place on the following Wednesday, and the company departed, each making a mental affidavit to return.



## LECTURE II.

IN the lecture-room we observed one of the noblest of our poet-philosophers, who was assiduously taking notes, and we say that it is to ADOLPHUS SIMCOE, Esquire, author of the "Ghoul," "Laila," "Idiosyncrasy," &c., that we are indebted for the following Philosophical Synopsis of Miss Tickletohy's First Lecture on English History, delivered to her pupils and their *friends* on the — July at her Scholastic Hall, Little Britain.

1. On the painful impression occasioned by the contemplation of early barbarism.

2. The disposition of the human mind to avoid such a study.

3. The *myths* and the *history*: their comparative beauty and excellence—the Lecturer promises on a further occasion to speak upon the former subject.

4. Spite of his unwillingness, 'tis the duty of the student to acquaint himself with *all* the facts of history, whether agreeable or not, and of the tutor to urge *by every means* the unwilling.

5. Various hypotheses with regard to the first colonisation of Britain. The hypothesis of the chivalric ages, and of the cycle of *Arthur*.

6. The insufficiency of all theories upon the subject proved by a familiar appeal to the student's own powers of memory.

7. THE ANCIENT BRITONS—their costume: (8) its singular resemblances with that of the Transatlantic savage; (9) a passing word of reprobation upon an odious modern custom.

10. THE RELIGION OF THE BRITONS.—11. A religion inseparable from a priesthood.—The attributes of the Druidical priesthood, their privileges and powers.—12. Of the rewards that the State ought to grant to the ministers of its government, its laws, and its education.

13. THE WARS OF THE BRITONS.—14. Their weapons.—15. Their various fortunes in the field.

16. The influence of the Priests upon their campaigns.—17. The barbaric sacrifices in the groves of Odin.—18. Fanciful simile.

19. The Priestesses: grammatical distinction to be drawn between them and the Priests.

20. Episode of Miss Huggins and Master Smith—absurd blunder of the latter.

21. THE ROMANS IN BRITAIN.—22. The character of Cæsar.

—23. Of his successors.—24. Their victories over the barbarous Britons a blessing, and not an evil.—25. The Scottish boasts of invincibility; the true view of them.

26. THE DOWNFALL OF THE ROMAN EMPIRE.—The legions withdrawn from Britain. Depredations of the Scots in that unhappy island.

The following questions on the most important points of the Lecture were delivered by Miss Tickletohy to her pupils:

#### EXAMINATION PAPER.

July 1842.

At the Academe, Leg-of-Veal Court, London, superintended by WILHELMINA MARIA TICKLETOBY.

Q. By whom was Britain first colonised; and at what period?  
A. From the best accounts it is quite uncertain. It was colonised at the period when the colonists landed.

Q. What was the date of the landing of the Romans in Britain?

A. A day or two after they quitted Gaul.

Q. Why were they obliged to jump into the water from their boats?

A. Because they were *invaders*.

Q. When Boadicea harangued the Icenic warriors before her supreme combat with Suetonius, why did she remind the latter of a favourite vegetable?

A. Because she was an Icenean (a nice inion). The alicampagne prize to Miss Parminter (for answering this).

## THE LECTURE.

*Personages present.*

MISS WILHEMINA MARIA TICKLETOBY.	} Pupils.
MASTER SPRY ( <i>a quarrelsome boy</i> ).	
MISS PONTIFEX ( <i>a good girl</i> ).	
MASTER MAXIMUS PONTIFEX ( <i>her brother, a</i>	
<i>worthy, though not brilliant lad</i> ).	
MR. DELANCEY MORTIMER ( <i>says nothing</i> ).	}
MR. DESBOROUGH MORTIMER ( <i>footman in the service of</i> SIR	
GEORGE GOLLOP, Bart., <i>and father of the above</i> ).	
MISS BUDGE, <i>an assistant (says nothing)</i> .	
Boys, Girls, Parents, &c.	

*Scene as before.*

THE PICTS, THE SCOTS, THE DANES; GREGORY THE SATIRIST, THE CONVERSION OF THE BRITONS, THE CHARACTER OF ALFRED.—I did not in my former Lecture make the least allusion to the speech of Queen Boadicea to her troops before going into action, because although several reports of that oration have been handed down to us, not one of them, as I take it, is correct, and what is the use, my darlings, of reporting words (hers were very abusive against the Romans) — of reporting words that never were uttered? There's scandal enough, loves, in this wicked world without going back to old stories: *real* scandal, too, which may satisfy any person. Nor did I mention King Caractacus's noble behaviour before the Roman Emperor Claudius—for that history is so abominably stale that I am sure none of my blessed loves require to be told it.

When the Britons had been deserted by the Romans, and found themselves robbed and pillaged by the Picts and Scots, they sent over to a people called Saxons (so called because they didn't live in Saxony): who came over to help their friends, and having turned out the Picts and Scots, and finding the country a pleasant one to dwell in, they took possession of it, saying that the Britons did not deserve to have a country, as they did not know how to keep it. This sort of argument was considered very just in those days—and I've seen some little boys in this school acting *Saxon-fashion*: for instance, Master Spry the other day took away a piece of gingerbread from Master Jones,



giving him a great thump on the nose instead ; and what was the consequence ? I showed Master Spry the injustice of his action, and punished him severely.

*To Master Spry.* How did I punish you, my dear ?—tell the company.

*Master Spry.* You kept the gingerbread.

*Miss T. (severely).* I don't mean that : how *else* did I punish you ?

*Master Spry.* You vipped me : but I kicked your shins all the time.

Unruly boy !—but so it is, ladies and gentlemen, in the infancy of individuals as in that of nations : we hear of these continual scenes of violence, until prudence teaches respect for property, and law becomes stronger than force. To return to the Saxons, they seized upon the goods and persons of the effeminate Britons, made the latter their slaves, and sold them as such in foreign countries. The mind shudders at such horrors ! How should *you* like, you naughty Master Spry, to be seized and carried from your blessed mother's roof—[*immense sensation, and audible sobbing among the ladies present*—] how should you like to be carried off and sold as a slave to France or Italy.

*Master Spry.* Is there any schools there ? I shouldn't mind if there ain't.

*Miss T.* Yes, sir, there *are* schools,—and rods.

[*Immense uproar. Cries of ' Shame ! ' ' No flogging ! ' ' Serve him right ! ' ' No tyranny ! ' ' Horse him this instant ! ' ' With admirable presence of mind, however, Miss TICKLETOBY stopped the disturbance by unfolding her GREAT HISTORICAL PICTURE !*

It chanced that two lovely British children, sold like thousands of others by their ruthless Saxon masters, were sent to Rome, and exposed upon the slave-market there. Fancy those darlings in such a situation !

There they stood—weeping and wretched, thinking of their parents' cot, in the far Northern Isle, sighing and yearning no doubt for the green fields of Albin ! \*

It happened that a gentleman by the name of Gregory, who afterwards rose to be Pope of Rome— but who was then a simple

\* Albin, the ancient name of England : not to be confounded with Albin, hairdresser and wig-maker to the Bar, Essex Court, Temple.

clerical gent, passed through the market with his friends, and came to the spot where these poor British children stood.

The Reverend Mr. Gregory was instantly struck by their appearance--by their rosy cheeks, their golden hair; their little jackets covered all over with sugar-loaf buttons, their poor nan-keens grown all too short by constant wash and wear: and demanded of their owner, of what nation the little darlings were?

The man (who spoke in Latin) replied that they were *Angli*, that is, Angles or English.

"Angles," said the enthusiastic Mr. Gregory, "they are not Angles, but Angels;" and with this joke, which did not do much honour to his head, though certainly his heart was good, he approached the little dears, caressed them, and made still further inquiries regarding them.\*

*Miss Pontifex* (*one of the little girls*). And did Mr. Gregory take the little children out of slavery, and send them home, ma'am?

Mr. Hume, my dear good little girl, does not mention this fact: but let us hope he did: with all my heart, I'm sure I hope he did. But this is certain, that he never forgot them, and when in process of time he came to be Pope of Rome -

*Master Maximus Pontifex*. Prays my name's Lat'n for Pope of Rome; is it, ma'am?

I've no doubt it is, my love, since your papa says so: and when Gregory became Pope of Rome, he despatched a number of his clergy to England, who came and converted the benighted Saxons and Britons, and they gave up their hideous idols, and horrid human sacrifices, and sent the wicked Druids about their business.

The Saxons had ended by becoming complete masters of the country, and the people were now called Anglo or English Saxons. There were a great number of small sovereigns in the land then: but about the year 830, the king called Egbert became the master of the whole country, and he, my loves, was the father of Alfred.

Alfred came to the throne after his three brothers, and you all know how good and famous a king he was. It is said that

\* Miss Tickletoby did not, very properly, introduce the other puns which Gregory made on the occasion; they are so atrociously bad that they could not be introduced into the columns of *Punch*.

his father indulged him, and that he did not know how to read until he was twelve years old—but this, my dears, I cannot believe; or, at least, I cannot but regret that there were no nice day-schools then, where children might be taught to read before they were twelve, or ten, or even eight years old, as many of my dear scholars can.

[Miss TICKLETOBY *here paused for a moment, and resumed her lecture with rather a tremulous voice.*

It is my wish to amuse this company as well as I can, and sometimes, therefore - for I am by nature a facetious old woman, heartily loving a bit of fun—I can't help making jokes about subjects which other historians treat in a solemn and pompous way.

But, dears, I don't think it right to make one single joke about good King Alfred; who was so good, and so wise, and so gentle, and so brave, that one can't laugh, but only love and honour his memory. Think of this, how rare good kings are, and let us value a good one when he comes. We have had just fifty kings since his time, who have reigned for near a thousand long years, and he the only Great one. Brave and victorious many of them have been, grand and sumptuous, and a hundred times more powerful than he: but who cares for one of them (except Harry the Fifth, and I think Shakspeare made *that* king)—who loves any of them except him—the man who spoiled the cakes in the herdsman's cottage, the man who sang and played in the Danes' camp?

There are none of you so young but know those stories about him. Look, when the people love a man, how grateful they are! For a thousand years these little tales have passed from father to son all through England, and every single man out of millions and millions who has heard them has loved King Alfred in his heart and blessed him, and was proud that he was an Englishman's king. And then he hears that Alfred fought the Danes and drove them out of England, and that he was merciful to his enemies, and kept faith at a time when every one else was deceitful and cruel, and that he was the first to make laws, and establish peace and liberty among us.

Who cares for Charles the Second, secured in his oak, more than for any other man at a pinch of danger? Charles might have stayed in his tree for us, or for any good that he did when he came down. But for King Alfred, waiting in his little secret

island, until he should be strong enough to have one more battle with his conquerors, or in the camp of the enemy singing his songs to his harp, who does not feel as for a dear friend or father in danger, and cry hurra! with all his heart when he wins?

*All the little children.* Hurra! Alfred for ever!

Yes, my dears, you love him all, and would all fight for him, I know.

*Master Spry.* That I would

I'm sure you would, John, and may you never fight for a worse cause! Ah, it's a fine thing to think of the people loving a man for a thousand years! We shan't come to such another in the course of all these lectures—except, mayhap, if we get so far, to one George—

*Mr. Mortimer (aloud, and with much confidence).* George the Fourth, you mean, Miss, the first gentleman in Europe.

*Miss T. (sternly).* No, sir; I mean GEORGE WASHINGTON,—the *American* Alfred, sir, who gave and took from us many a good beating, and drove the *English-Danes* out of his country.

*Mr. Mortimer.* Disgusting raddie!—Delancey, my dear, come with me. Mem! I shall withdraw my son from your academy. [Exit MORTIMER, Senior and Junior.]

*Miss T.* Let them go. As long as honest people agree with me, what care I what great men's flunkeys choose to think? Miss Budge, make out Mr. Mortimer's account. Ladies and Gentlemen, on Wednesday next I hope for the honour of resuming these lectures.

[*Punch*, in concluding this long paper, begs to hint to Mr. Simcoe, whose remuneration will be found at the office, that for the future he may spare his own remarks, philosophical, laudatory, or otherwise, and confine himself simply to the Lectures of Miss Tickletohy.]

## LECTURE III.

*The Sea-Kings in England.*

IN the olden time our glorious country of England, my dears, must have been a pleasant place; for see what numbers of people have taken a fancy to it! First came the Romans, as we have seen, then the Saxons,—and when they were comfortably established here, the Danes, under their Sea-kings, came gallantly over the main, and were not a whit less charmed with the island than the Saxons and Romans had been.

Amongst these distinguished foreigners may be mentioned the Sea-king Swayn, who came to England in the year nine hundred and something, landing at Margate, with which he was so pleased as to determine to stop there altogether,—being, as he said, so much attached to this country that nothing would induce him to go back to his own. Wasn't it a compliment to us? There is a great deal of this gallantry in the people of the North; and you may have observed, even in our own days, that some of them, especially Scotchmen, when once landed here, are mighty unwilling to go home again.

Well, King Swayn's stay became preposterously long; and his people consumed such a power of drink and victuals, that at length our late beloved monarch, King Ethelred the Second, was induced to send to him. A bard of those days has recorded, with considerable minuteness, the particulars of Swayn's arrival; and as his work has not been noticed by Turner, Hallam, Hume, or any other English historian, it may be quoted with advantage here. Such the bard (so called from the exciting effect which his poem produced on his audience) thus picturesquely introduces us to the two kings:—

## "ÆTHELRED KONING MURNING POST REDINGE"

H. M. MSS. CLAUD. XXV.—XXVII.

A-reading of the newspaper | in meditation lost,  
Sate Æthelred of England | and took his tea and toast;  
Sate Æthelred of England | and read the *Morning Post*.

Among the new arrivals | the Journal did contain,  
At Margate on the twentieth | his Majesty King Swayn,  
Of Denmark with a retinue | of horsemen and of Dane!

Loud laugh'd King Æthelred, | and laid the paper down ;  
 "Margate is a proper place | for a Danish clown."  
 "Take care," said the Chancellor, | "*he doesn't come to town.*"

"This King Swayn," says Witfrid the fool, | laughing loud and free,  
 "Sea-king as he is, | a boatswain ought to be."  
 "It is none of *our seeking*," | says the Chancellor, says he.

"Let him come," said the king (in his mouth | butter'd toast popping),  
 "At Wapping or at Redriff | this boatswain will be stopping."  
 "Take care," says Chancellor Wigfrid, | "he don't give *you* a wapping."

"I'm certain," says wise Wigfrid, | "The Sea-king means us evilly ;  
 Herald, go to Margate | and speak unto him civilly ;  
 And if he's not at Margate, | why then try Ramsgate and Fivoli."

Herald, in obedience | to his master dear,  
 Goes by steam to Margate, | standing at the Pier ;  
 Says he, "King Swayn of Denmark | I think is lodging here?"

Swayn, the bold Sea-king, | with his captains and skippers,  
 Walked on the sea-beach | looking at the dippers—  
 Walked on the sea-beach | in his yellow slippers.

The ballad, which is important to the archaeologist as showing how many of the usages of the present day prevailed nine hundred years back (thus fondly do Englishmen adhere to their customs !), and which shows that some of the jokes called puns at present currently uttered as novelties were in existence at this early period of time, goes on to describe, with a minuteness that amounts almost to tediousness, the interview between Swayn and the herald ; it is angry, for the latter conveys to the Danish monarch the strongest exhortations, on the part of King Æthelred, to quit the kingdom.

"Nay, I cannot go," said Swayn, | "for my ships are leaking."  
 "You shall have a fleet," says the herald, | "if that be what you're seeking."  
 "Well, I *won't* go, and th' it's flat," | answered Swayn the Sea-king.

Falling into a fury, Swayn then abuses the King of England in the most contumelious terms ; says that he will make his back into a foot-ball, and employ his nose for a bell-rope ; but finally recollecting himself, dismisses the herald with a present of five-eighths of a groat-twopence-halfpenny (a handsome largesse, considering the value of money in those days), bidding him at the same time order what he liked to drink at the hotel where he (King Swayn) resided. "Well," says the Chronicler

pathetically, "well might he order what he thought proper. *King Swayn of Denmark never paid a copper.*" A frightful picture of the insolence and rapacity of the invader and his crew!

A battle, as is natural, ensues; the invader is victorious—Ethelred flies to France, and the venerable Chancellor Wigfrid is put to the most dreadful tortures, being made by the ferocious despot to undergo the indignities which (as we have seen in the former passage) he had promised to inflict on the royal fugitive, as well as many more. As a specimen of the barbarian's ingenuity, it may be stated that the martyr Wigfrid is made to administer a mockery of justice, seated on a wool-sack stuffed with—the mind revolts at the thought—*stuffed with fleas!*

But it is remarkable that the hard Snoro, who so long as Swayn was not victorious over Ethelred, is liberal in his abuse of the Dane, immediately on Ethelred's defeat changes his note, and praises with all his might the new sovereign. At Swayn's death he is lost in grief—being, however, consoled in the next stanza by the succession of his son Canute to the throne.

Snoro gives particular accounts of Canute's reign and actions—his victories in foreign lands, and the great drawn battle between him and Edmund Ironsides, about whose claims the bard is evidently puzzled to speak; however, on Edmund's death, which took place, singularly and conveniently enough, about a month after Canute and he had made a compromise regarding the crown (the compromise left the kingdom to the *survivor*), Snoro takes up the strain loudly and decidedly in favour of Canute, and hints at the same time his perfect conviction that Ironsides is roasting in a certain place.

And then, after following King Canute through his battles—in one of which the celebrated GOWIN (who, I believe, afterwards married Mary Wollstonecraft) showed the valour of Englishmen—after going through a list of murders, treasons, usurpations, which the great monarch committed, the bard comes to that famous passage in his history, which all little boys know. [Miss Tickletohy proceeded to read from MS., Claud. XXVII., XXVIII., "The Song of King Canute." \*]

The poems are translated, word for word, from the Anglo-Saxon, by the accomplished Adolphus Smucce, Esquire, author of "*Perdition*," "*The Ghoul*," editor of the *Lady's Lute*, &c.

King Canute was weary-hearted, | he had reigned for years a score ;  
 Battling, struggling, pushing, fighting, | killing much and robbing more ;  
 And he thought upon his actions | walking by the wild sea-shore.

'Twixt the Chancellor and Bishop | walk'd the king with step sedate ;  
 Chamberlains and Grooms came after, | Silver-sticks and Gold-sticks  
 great :  
 Chaplains, Aides-de-Camp, and Pages, | all the officers of State.

Sliding after like his shadow, | pausing when he chose to pause,  
 If a frown his face contracted | straight the courtiers dropp'd their jaws ;  
 If to laughter he was minded | out they burst in loud hee-haws.

But that day a something vex'd him, | that was clear to old and young ;  
 Thrice his grace had yawn'd at table | when his favourite gleam sung --  
 Once the queen would have consoled him, | and he bid her hold her  
 tongue.

"Something ails my royal master," | cried the Keeper of the Seal ;  
 "Sure, my lord, it is the lampreys | served at dinner, or the veal  
 Shall I call your grace's doctor?" | "Psha ! it is not *that* I feel.

"'Tis the *heart* and not the stomach, | fool ! that doth my rest impair ;  
 Can a king be great as I am, | puthee, and yet know no care ?  
 Oh ! I'm sick, and tired, and weary," | Some one cried, "The king's  
 arm-chair !"

Then towards the lacqueys turning, | quick my lord the Keeper nodded ;  
 Straight the king's great chair was brought him | by two footmen able-  
 bodied ;  
 Languidly he sunk into it, | it was comfortably wad led.

"Leading on my fierce companions," | cried he, "over storm and brine,  
 I have fought and I have conquer'd ! | where is glory like to mine ?"  
 Loudly all the courtiers echoed, | "Where is glory like to thine ?"

"What avail me all my kingdoms? | I am weary now and old ;  
 Those fair sons I have begotten | long to see me dead and cold ;  
 Would I were, and quiet buried | underneath the silent mould.

"Oh, remorse ! the writhing serpent, | at my bosom tears and bites,  
 Horrid, horrid things I look on | though I put out all the lights, --  
 Ghosts of ghastly recollections, | troop about my bed of nights

"Cities burning, convents blazing | red with sacrilegious fires ;  
 Mothers weeping, virgins screaming | vainly to their slaughtered sires," --  
 "Such a tender conscience," cries the | bishop, "every one admires.

"But for such unpleasant by-gones | cease, my gracious lord, to search ;  
 They're forgotten and forgiven | by our holy mother Church.  
 Never, never doth she leave her | benefactors in the lurch.

"Look, the land is crown'd with minsters, | which your grace's bounty  
 raised ;  
 Abbeys fill'd with holy men, where | you and Heaven are daily praised ; --  
 You, my lord, to think of dying | on my hour, or I'm amazed."



"Nay, I feel," replied King Canute, | "that my end is drawing near."

"Don't say so," exclaimed the courtiers | (striving each to squeeze a  
tear);

"Sure your grace is strong and lusty, | and will live this fifty year!"

"Live these fifty years!" the bishop | roar'd (with action made to suit);

"Are you mad, my good Lord Keeper, | thus to speak of King Canute?  
Men have lived a thousand years, and sure his Majesty will do't.

"Adam, Enoch, Lamech, Canan, | Mahaleel, Methuselah,  
Lived nine hundred years apiece; and | is not he as good as they?"

"Fervently," exclaimed the Keeper, | "fervently I trust he may."

"He to die?" resumed the bishop; | "he, a mortal like to us?

Death was not for him intended, | though *communis omnibus*.  
Keeper, you are irreligious | for to talk and cavil thus.

"With his wondrous skill in healing | ne'er a doctor can compete;

Loathsome lepers, if he touch them, | start up clean upon their feet;  
Surely he could raise the dead up; | did his Highness think it meet.

"Did not once the Jewish Captain | stop the sun upon the hill,

And, the while he slew the ogeman, | bid the silver moon stand still?  
So, no doubt, could gracious Canute | if it were his sacred will."

"Might I stay the sun above us, | good Sir bishop?" Canute cried.

"Could I bid the silver moon to | pause upon her heavenly ride?

If the moon obeys my orders, | sure I can command the tide.

"Will the advancing waves obey me, | bishop, if I make the sign?"

Said the bishop, bowing lowly, | "Land and sea, my lord, are thine."  
Canute look'd towards the ocean: | "Back," he said, "thou foaming  
brine!

"From the sacred shore I stand on, | I command thee to retreat,

Venture not, thou stormy rebel, | to approach thy master's seat;  
Ocean, be thou still, I bid thee, | come not nearer to my feet."

But the angry ocean answered | with a louder, deeper roar,

And the rapid waves drew nearer, | falling sounding on the shore,—  
Back the keeper and the bishop, | back the king and courtiers bore.

And he sternly bade them never | more to kneel to human clay,

But alone to praise and worship | that which earth and seas obey;

And his golden crown of empire | never wore he from that day.

King Canute is dead and gone: | parasites exist alway.

## LECTURE IV.

*Edward the Confessor - Harold - William the Conqueror.*



ING CANUTE, whose adventures at the watering-place my young friend Mr. Smokey described last week in such exquisite verse (and I am afraid that the doings at watering-places are not often so moral), died soon after, having repented greatly of his sins. It must have been Gravesend, I think, where the king grew so thoughtful.

[Here Miss T. was rather disappointed that nobody laughed at her pun; the fact is, that Miss BUDGE, the usher, had been ordered to do so, but, as usual, missed her point.]

Before he died he made a great sort of reparation for all the sins, robberies, and murders that he committed—he put his crown on the head of the statue of a saint in Canterbury, and endowed no end of monasteries. And a great satisfaction it must have been to the relatives of the murdered people, to see the king's crown on the saint's head; and a great consolation to those who had been robbed, to find the king paid over all their money to the monks.

Some descendants of his succeeded him, about whom there is nothing particular to say, nor about King Edward the Confessor, of the Saxon race, who succeeded to the throne when the Danish family failed, and who was canonised by a pope two hundred years after his death—his Holiness only knows why.

Spooney, my dear, is a strong term, and one which, by a sensitive female, ought to be employed only occasionally; but SPOONEY, I emphatically repeat *'immense sensation'*, is the only word to characterise this last of the regular Saxon kings. He spent his time at church, and let his kingdom go to rack and ruin. He had a pretty wife, whom he never had the spirit to go near; and he died, leaving his kingdom to be taken by any one who could get it.

A strong gallant young fellow, Harold by name, stepped

forward, and put the crown on his head, and vowed to wear it like a man. Harold was the son of Earl Godwin that we spoke of in the last lecture, a great resolute fellow, who had been fighting King Edward's enemies while the king was singing psalms, and praying the saints to get rid of them, and turned out with a sword in his hand, and a coat of mail on his body, whilst the silly king stayed at home in a hair-shirt, scourging and mortifying his useless old body.

Harold then took the crown (though, to be sure, he had no right to it, for there was a nephew of the late king, who ought to have been first served), but he was not allowed to keep undisturbed possession of it very long, for the fact is, somebody else wanted it.

You all know who this was--no other than William, Duke of Normandy, a great and gallant prince (though I must say his mother was no better than she should be\*), who had long had a wish to possess the noble realm of England, as soon as the silly old Confessor was no more. Indeed, when Harold was abroad, William had told him as much, making him swear to help him in the undertaking. Harold swore, as how could he help it, for William told him he would have his head off if he didn't; and then broke his oath on the first opportunity.

Some nine months, then, after Harold had assumed the crown, and just as he had come from killing one of his brothers (they were pretty quarrelsome families, my dears, in those days), who had come to England on a robbing excursion, Harold was informed that the Duke of Normandy had landed with a numerous army of horse, foot, and marines, and proposed, as usual, to stay.

Down he went as fast as the coach could carry him (for the Kentish railroad was not then open), and found Duke William at Hastings, where both parties prepared for a fight.

You, my darlings, know the upshot of the battle very well; and though I'm a delicate and sensitive female; and though the battle of Hastings occurred--let me see, take 1066 from 1842--exactly seven hundred and seventy-six years ago; yet I can't help feeling angry to think that those beggarly, murderous Frenchmen should have beaten our honest English as they did.

\* Miss Tickletohy's rancour against Edward's treatment of his wife, and her sneer at the Conqueror's mother, are characteristic of her

[*Cries of "Never mind, we've given it 'em since."*] Yes, my dears, I like that spirit—we *have* given it 'em since, as the Duke of Wellington at Badajos, and my late lamented br-r-other, Ensign Samuel T-t-tickletohy, at B-b-burhill Row, can testify. [*The Lecturer's voice was here choked with emotion owing to the early death of the latter lamented hero.*] But don't let us be too *eager* for military glory, my friends. Look! we are angry because the French beat us eight hundred years ago! And do you suppose *they* are not angry because we beat *them* some five-and-twenty years back! Alas! and alas! this is always the way with that fighting; you can't satisfy both parties with it, and I do heartily hope that one day there'll be no such thing as a soldier left in all Europe. [*I refer. "And no police neither."*]

Harold being dead, His Majesty King William—of whom, as he now became our legitimate sovereign, it behoves every loyal heart to speak with respect—took possession of England, and, as is natural, gave all the good places at his disposal to his party. He turned out the English noblemen from their castles, and put his Norman soldiers and knights into them. He and his people had it all their own way; and though the English frequently rebelled, yet the king managed to quell all such disturbances, and reigned over us for one and twenty years. He was a gallant soldier, truly stern, wise, and prudent, as far as his own interests were concerned, and looked up to by all other Majesties as an illustrious monarch.

But great as he was in public, he was rather uncomfortable in his family, on account of a set of unruly sons whom he had—for their Royal Highnesses were always quarrelling together. It is related that one day being at tea with Her Majesty the Queen, and the young princes, at one of his castles in Normandy (for he used this country to rob it chiefly, and not to live in it), a quarrel ensued which was certainly very disgraceful. Fancy, my darlings, three young princes sitting at tea with their papa and mamma, and being so rude as to begin throwing water at one another! The two younger, H.R.H. Prince William and H.R.H. Prince Henry, actually flung the soap basin, or some such thing, into the face of H.R.H. Prince Robert, the king's eldest son.

His Royal Highness was in a furious rage, although his brothers declared that they were only in play; but he swore that

they had insulted him; that his papa and mamma favoured them and not him, and drawing his sword, vowed that he would have their lives. His Majesty with some difficulty got the young princes out of the way, but nothing would appease Robert, who left the castle vowing vengeance. This passionate and self-willed young man was called *Courthouse*, which means in French *short inexpressibles*, and he was said to have worn shorts, because his *limbs* were of that kind.

Prince Shorts fled to a castle belonging to the King of France, who was quite jealous of Duke Robert, and was anxious to set his family by the ears; and the young prince began forthwith robbing his father's dominions, on which that monarch marched with an army to besiege him in his castle.

Here an incident befell, which while it shows that Prince Robert (for all the shortness of his legs) had a kind and brave heart, will at the same time point out to my beloved pupils the dangers—the awful dangers—of disobedience. Prince Robert and his knights sallied out one day against the besiegers, and engaged the horse-men of their party. Seeing a warrior on the other side doing a great deal of execution, Prince Robert galloped at him, sword in hand, and engaged him. Their visors were down, and they banged away at each other, like—like *good-uns*. [*Hear, hear.*]

At last Prince Robert hit the other such a blow that he felled him from his horse, and the big man tumbling off cried "Oh, murder!" or "Oh, I'm done for!" or something of the sort.

Fancy the consternation of Prince Robert when he recognised the voice of his own father! He flung himself off his saddle as quick as his little legs would let him, ran to his father, knelt down before him, besought him to forgive him, and begged him to take his horse and ride home. The king took the horse, but I am sorry to say he only abused his son, and rode home as sulky as possible.

However, he came soon to be in a good-humour, acknowledged that his son Prince Shortlegs was an honest fellow, and forgave him, and they fought some battles together, not against each other, but riding bravely side by side.

So having prospered in all his undertakings, and being a great prince and going to wage war against the French king, who had offended him, and whose dominions he vowed to set in a flame, the famous King William of England, having grown

very fat in his old age, received a hurt while riding, which made him put a stop to his projects of massacring the Frenchmen, for he felt that his hour of death was come.

As usual after a life of violence, blood, and rapine, he began to repent on his death-bed; uttered some religious sentences which the chroniclers have recorded, and gave a great quantity of the money which he had robbed from the people to the convents and priests.

The moment the breath was out of the great king's body, all the courtiers ran off to their castles expecting a war. All the abbots went to their abbeys, where they shut themselves up. All the shopkeepers closed their stalls, looking out for riot and plunder, and the king's body being left quite alone, the servants pillaged the house where he lay, leaving the corpse almost naked on the bed. And this was the way they served the greatest man in Christendom!

*[Much sensation, in the midst of which the Lecturer retired.]*

## LECTURE V.

### *William Rufus.*

JUST before the breath was out of the Conqueror's body, William Rufus, his second son (who had much longer legs than his honest elder brother Robert), ran over to England, took possession of the castle, and his father's money, and, so fortified, had himself proclaimed King of England without any difficulty. Honest Robert remained Duke of Normandy; and as for the third son, Prince Henry, though not so handsomely provided for as his elder brothers, it appears he managed to make both ends meet by robbing on his own account.

William's conduct on getting hold of the crown was so violent, that some of the nobles whom he plundered were struck with remorse at having acknowledged him king instead of honest Courtdese, his elder brother. So they set up a sort of rebellion, which Rufus quelled pretty easily, appealing to the people to support him, and promising them all sorts of good treatment in return. The people believed him, fought for him, and when they had done what he wanted, namely, quelled the rebellion, and aided him in seizing hold of several of Robert's Norman

castles and towns—would you believe it?—William treated them not one bit better than before. [*Cries of "Shame!"*]

At these exclamations Miss Tickletooby looked round very sternly. Young people, young people (exclaimed she), I'm astonished at you. Don't you know that such cries on your part are highly improper and seditious? Don't you know that by crying out "Shame!" in that way, you insult not only every monarch, but every ministry that ever existed? Shame, indeed! Shame on you, for daring to insult our late excellent Whig Ministry, our present admirable Conservative Cabinet, Sir Robert, Lord John, and all—every minister that ever governed us. They *all* promise to better us, they *all* never do so. Learn respect for your betters, young people, and do not break out into such premature rebellion! [*The children being silent, Miss T. put on a less severe countenance and continued*—

I will tell you a pleasant joke of that wag, his late Majesty King William Rufus. He put the kingdom into a great fury against the Normans, saying, I have no doubt, that they were our natural enemies, and called a huge army together, with which, he said, he would go and annihilate them. The army was obliged to assemble, for by the laws of the country each nobleman, knight,thane, and landholder was bound according to the value of his land to furnish so many soldiers, knowing that the king would come down on their estates else; and so being all come together, and ready to cross the water, the king made them a speech.

"Friends, Countrymen, and Fellow-Soldiers (said he); companions of my toil, my feelings, and my fame; the eyes of Europe are upon you. You are about to embark on a most dangerous enterprise, you will have to undergo the horrors of a sea-voyage, of which I need not describe to you the discomforts (the army began to look very blue). You will be landed in a hostile country, which has been laid waste by me already in my first invasions, as also by the accursed policy of the despot who governs it. [*Cries of "Down with Robert Shorthose!" "No tyranny!" "No Normans!"*] In this afflicted naked country the greater part of you will inevitably starve; a considerable number will be cut to pieces by the ferocious Norman soldiery; and even if it please Heaven to crown my just cause with success, what will my triumph benefit you, my friends? You will be none the better for it; but will come back many of you without

your arms and legs, and not a penny richer than when you went. [*Immense sensation.*]

"Now, I appeal to you as men, as Englishmen, as fathers of families, will it not be better to make a peaceful and honourable compromise than to enter upon any such campaign? Yes! I knew you would say yes, as becomes men of sense, men of honour—Englishmen, in a word. [*Hear, hear.*] I ask you, then—your sovereign and father asks you—will it not be better to pay me ten shillings apiece all round, and go home to your happy families—to your lovely wives, who will thus run no risk of losing the partners of their beds—to smiling children, who may still for many, many years have their fathers to bless, maintain, and educate them? Officers, carry the hats round, and take the sense of the army."

Putting his handkerchief to his eyes, the beneficent monarch here sat down: and what was the consequence of his affecting appeal? The hats were sent round—the whole army saw the propriety of subscribing—fifteen thousand pounds were paid down on the spot—a bloody war was avoided—and thus, as the king said, all parties were benefited.

For all this, however, he was not long before he had them out again, and took a great number of his towns and castles from his brother Robert. At last he got possession of his whole dukedom; for at this time all Europe was seized with a strange fit of frenzy and hatred against the Turks; one Peter, a hermit, went abroad preaching hatred against these unbelievers, and the necessity of taking Palestine from them, and murdering every mother's son of them. No less than a million of men set off on this errand. Three hundred thousand of them marched ahead, without food or forethought, expecting that Heaven would provide them with nourishment on their march, and give them the victory over the Saracens. But this pious body was cut to pieces; and as for the doings of the other seven hundred thousand, what heroes commanded them, what dangers they overcame, what enchanters they destroyed, how they took the Holy City, and what came of their conquest—all this may be read fit the veracious history of one Tasso, but has nothing to do with the history of William Rufus.

That shrewd monarch would not allow his islanders to meddle with the business; but his brother, honest Robert, quite sick of fighting, drinking, and governing in his own country, longed



to go to Palestine, and having no money (as usual), William gave him a sum for which the other handed over his inheritance to him ; and so Robert was got rid of, and William became King of England and Duke of Normandy.

But he did not keep his kingdoms long. There is a tract of land called the New Forest, in Hampshire, which has been called so ever since the Conqueror's time. Once it was a thriving district covered with farms and villages and churches, with many people living in it. But conquering King William had a fancy to have a hunting-ground there. Churches and villages he burnt down ; orchards and cornfields he laid waste ; men, women, and children he drove pitilessly away, and gave up the land to boar and deer. So the people starved and died, and he had his hunting-ground. And such a keen sportsman was he, and so tender and humane towards the dumb animals, that he gave orders, if any man killed a boar, a deer, or even a hare, he should be killed, or have his eyes put out. Up to a late period our country enjoyed many of the blessings of that noble code of laws.

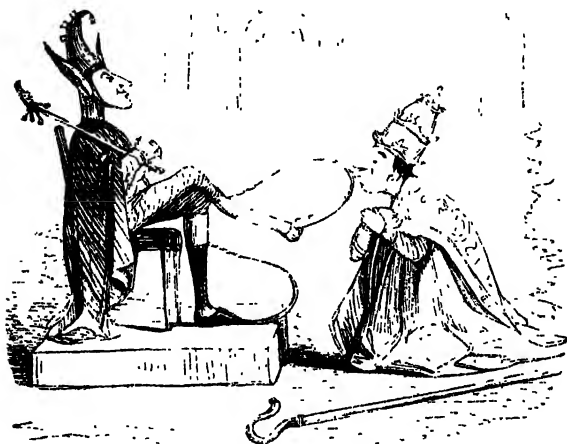
His Majesty King William Rufus loved sport as well as his royal father, and thus New Forest above all. There were all sorts of legends concerning it. The people said (but this was, no doubt, from their superstitious hatred of His Majesty's person and race), that, on account of the crimes the Conqueror had committed in the spot, it was destined to be fatal to his family. One of Rufus's brothers, and his nephew, were actually killed while hunting there ; and one morning in the year 1100, when His Majesty was going out hunting, a monk came and prophesied death to him, and warned him to stay at home.

But the scent was lying well on the ground ; the king ordered the prophet a purse of money, and rode off with his dogs.

He was found dead in the wood, with an arrow in his breast ; and nobody knows who shot it : and what's more, my loves, I fear nobody cares. A Frenchman by the name of Tyrrell was supposed to have done the deed ; but Tyrrell denied the charge altogether. His Royal Highness Prince Henry was hunting with the king when the accident took place, and as poor Robert Shorthose was away fighting the Turks, Prince Henry slipped into his brother's shoes, and ruled over the land of England.

Talking about shoes, a dreadful religious disturbance occurred in England *à propos de bottes*. It was the fashion to wear these

with immense long toes ; and the priests, who could pardon all sorts of crimes, wouldn't pardon the long-toed boots. You laugh ? It is a fact, upon my word ; and what is more, these popes and priests, who could set up kings and pull them down, and send off millions of people to fight in crusades, never were



strong enough to overcome the long-toed boots. The FASHION was stronger than the Pope ; and long toes continued to flourish in spite of his curses, and never yielded a single inch until—until SQUARE-TOES came in.

## LECTURE VI.

*Henry I.—Maude—Stephen—Henry II.*

WE have still a little more to hear of honest Robert Shorthose. With his usual luck, the poor fellow came posting back from Jerusalem a month after his brother Henry had taken possession of the English crown ; and though at first he made a great

noise, and got an army together, with which, as he was a valiant captain, he might have done his brother ~~some~~ hurt, yet the latter purchased him off with some money, of which Shorthose was always in want, and the two came to a compromise, it being agreed that Robert should keep Normandy, and Henry England, and that the survivor should have both.

So Shorthose went home with the money his brother gave him, and lived and made merry as long as it lasted; and the historians say that he was such a spendthrift of a fellow, and kept such a Castle Rackrent of a house, that he was compelled to lie in bed several days for want of a pair of breeches.

[*Much laughter at the unperturbed way in which Miss TICKLETOBY pronounced the fatal word "breeches."*]

But Henry, for all the agreement, would not let his brother keep possession of that fine Dukedom of Normandy. He picked continual quarrels with him, and ended by taking possession of the Duchy, and of Shortlegs, in spite of his bravery, whom he shut up in a castle, where he lived for near five-and-twenty years after. His fate inspires one with some regret, for he was a frank open fellow, and had once, in a siege, saved from starvation this very brother who robbed him; but he was a fool, and did not know how to keep what he had, and Henry was wise; so it was better for all parties that poor Shortlegs should go to the wall. Peace be with him! We shall hear no more of him; but it is something in the midst of all these lying, swindling tyrants and knaves, to find a man who, dissolute and brutal as he was, was yet an honest fellow.

King Henry, the first of his name, was, from his scholarship (which, I take it, was no great thing; and am sure that many a young lady in this seminary knows more than ever he did), surnamed Beauclerc—a sharp, shifty fellow, steering clear amidst all the glooms and troubles of his times, and somehow always arriving at his end. He was admired by all Europe for his wisdom. He had two fair kingdoms which had once been riotous and disorderly, but which he made quiet and profitable; and that there might be no doubts about the succession to the throne, he caused his son, Prince William, to be crowned co-king with him, and thus put the matter beyond a doubt.

There was, however, one obstacle, and this was the death of Prince William. He was drowned, and his father never smiled after. And after all his fighting and shuffling, and swindling

and cleverness and care, he had to die and leave his throne to be fought for between his daughter, and his nephew, one Stephen ; of the particulars of whose reign it need only be said that they fought for the crown like the devil and the baker, and sometimes one had it and sometimes the other. At last Stephen died, and Maude's son, Henry II., came to reign over us in the year 1154.

He was a great prince, wise, brave, and tender-hearted ; and he would have done much for his country, too, which was attached to him, if the clergy and the ladies had left him a moment's peace.

For a delicate female—*a blush covered Miss T.*—*countenance with roses at the spot*—the subject which I am now called upon to treat is—ahem !—somewhat dangerous. The fact is, the king had married in very early life a lady possessing a vast deal of money, but an indifferent reputation, and who, having been wicked when young, became very jealous being old, as I am given to understand is not unfrequently the case with my interesting sex.

Queen Eleanor bore four sons to her husband, who was delightfully fond of them all, and did not, I have reason to suppose, bestow upon them *that correction*—*a great sensation in the school*—which is necessary for all young people, to prevent their becoming self-willed and licentious in manhood. Such, I am sorry to say, were all the young princes. The elder, whom, to prevent mistakes, his father had crowned during his lifetime, no sooner was crowned than he modestly proposed to his father to give up his kingdom to him, and when he refused, rebelled, and fled to the King of France for protection. All his brothers rebelled, too,—there was no end to the trouble and perplexity which the unhappy king had to suffer.

I have said that the queen was jealous, and, oh ! I am ashamed to confess, when speaking of his late Sacred Majesty, a King of England, that the queen in this instance had good cause. A worthless, wicked, naughty, abandoned, profligate, vile, improper, good-for nothing creature, whom historians, forsooth, have handed down to us under the name of Fair Rosamund—(Fair Rosamund, indeed ! a pretty pass things are come to, when hussies like this are to be bepraised and bepitied !—I say, a most wicked, horrid, and abandoned person, by name Miss Rosamund Clifford, had weaned the king's affections from his lady, Queen Eleanor.

Suppose she *was* old and contumacious :\* do not people marry "for better, for worse?" Suppose she *had* a bad temper, and a worse character, when the king married Her Majesty : did not he know what sort of a wife he was taking?—A pretty pass would the world come to, if men were allowed to give up their wives because they were ill-tempered, or go bankering after other people's ladies because their own were a little plain, or so!

*[Immense applause from the ladies present. And it was here remarked—though we do not believe a word of the story—that Mrs. BINKS looked particularly hard at Mr. BINKS, saying, "B, do you hear that?" and BINKS, on his part, looked particularly foolish.]*

How this intimacy with this disreputable Miss Clifford commenced, or how long it endured, is of little matter to us : but, my friends, it is quite clear to you, that such a connection could not long escape the vigilance of a watchful and affectionate wife. 'Tis true, Henry took this person to Woodstock, where he shut her up in a castle or labyrinth ; but he went to see her often—and, I appeal to any lady here, could her husband, could any man, make continual visits to Woodstock, which is five-and-forty miles from London, without exciting suspicion? [*No, no!*]

"It can't be to buy gloves," thought her injured Majesty, Queen Eleanor, "that he is always travelling to that odious Woodstock :"—and she sent her clausaries out ; and what was the consequence? she found it was not glove-making that the king was anxious about— but glove-making *without the g!* She instantly set off to Woodstock as fast as the coach would carry her ; she procured admission into the place where this saucy hussy was, and drawing from her pocket a dagger and a bowl of poison, she bade her to take one or the other. She preferred, it is said, the prussic acid, and died, I have no doubt, in extreme agonies, from the effects of the draught. [*Cries of "Shame!"*] Shame!—who cries shame? I say, in the name of injured woman, that, considering the rude character of the times, when private revenge was practised commonly, Queen Eleanor SERVED THE WOMAN RIGHT! [*"Hear, hear!" from the ladies; "No,*

\* We grieve to remark that Miss Tickletohy, with a violence of language that is not uncommon amongst the pure and aged of her sex, loses no opportunity of twitting Queen Eleanor, and abusing Fair Rosamund. Surely that unhappy woman's fate ought to disarm some of the wrath of the virgin Tickletohy.

*no!" from the men; immense uproar from the scholars in general.]*

After this, for his whole life long, Henry never had a moment's quiet. He was always fighting one son or other, or all of them together, with the King of France at their back. He was almost always victorious; but he was of a forgiving temper, and the young men began and rebelled as soon as he had set them free. In the midst of one of these attacks by one of the princes, an attack was made upon the young man of a sort which neither young nor old can parry. He was seized with a fever, and died. He besought his father's forgiveness when dying, but his death does not appear to have altered his brothers' ways, and at last, of a sheer broken heart at their perverseness, it seems that Henry himself died: nor would he forgive his sons their shameful conduct to him.

And whom had he to thank for all this disobedience? Himself, and FAIR ROSAMUND. Yes, I repeat it, if he had not been smitten with her, the queen would not have been jealous; if she had not been jealous, she would not have quarrelled with him; if she had not quarrelled with him, she would not have induced her sons to resist him, and he might have led an easy and comfortable life, and have bettered thus the kingdoms he governed.

Take care, then, my dear young friends, if you are called upon to govern kingdoms, or simply, as is more probable, to go into genteel businesses and keep thriving shops, take care never to *offend your wives*. *(Here, here.)* Think of poor King Henry, and all the sorrows he brought upon himself;—and in order not to offend your wives, the best thing you can do is to be very gentle to them, and do without exception every single thing they bid you.

At the end of this Lecture, several ladies present came up, and shook Miss Tickletoby by the hand, saying they never heard better doctrine. But the gentlemen, it must be confessed, made very light of the excellent lady's opinions, and one of them said that, after her confession, even if she were young and handsome, nobody would ask *her* to marry.

"Nobody wants you, sir," said Miss Tickletoby; and she was more than usually rigid in her treatment of that gentleman's little boy the next day.

## LECTURE VII.

*Richard the First.*

The danger of extolling too much the qualities of a warrior--In kings they are more especially to be reprehended--Frightful picture of war--Its consequences to men--To women--Horrible danger that Miss Tickletohy might have undergone--The Crusades--Jealousy of Philip Augustus--Gallantry of Richard--Saladin, his character, and the reverence entertained for him by the British monarch--Ascalon--Jernsalem--Richard's return from Palestine--His captivity--Romantic circumstances attending his ransom--His death--A passing reflection.

THIS is a prince, my dear young creatures, whom I am afraid some of you, Master Spry especially, will be inclined to admire vastly, for he was as quarrelsome and brave a man as ever lived. He was fighting all his life long--fighting his brothers, fighting his father, fighting with anybody who would fight, and, I have no doubt, domineering over anybody who wouldn't. When his poor old father, wearied out by the quarrels of his sons, the intrigues of the priests, and the ceaseless cares and anxieties of reigning, died in sadness and sorrow, he left Prince Richard, surnamed Lion-Heart, his kingdom, and his crown along with it, he having acted so undutifully towards him, and embittered the last years of his life.

Richard was exceedingly sorry for the pain he had caused his father, and, instead of revenging himself upon his father's ministers (who had treated him as severely as they could during King Henry's reign, and who now, I dare say, quaked in their shoes lest King Richard should deal hardly by them), he of the lion-heart kept them in their places--and good places, let us be sure, they were; and said that they had done their duty by his father, and would no doubt be as faithful to him. For, truth to say, Richard had a heart which harboured no malice; all he wanted was plenty of fighting, which he conducted in perfect good-humour.

*Master Spry.* Hurra! that's your sort.

Silence, Master Spry, you silly boy, you. It may be very well for Mr. Cribb, or the Most Noble the Marquess of Watford, to rejoice in punching people's heads and breaking their noses, and to shake hands before and after; but kings have other duties to attend to, as we nowadays know very well. Now suppose you were to break a score of lamps in the street, or to

twist off as many knockers, or to knock down and injure a policeman or two, who would be called on, as you have never a sixpence in your pocket, to pay the damage?

*Master Spry.* I'a'd pay, of course.

Yes, rather than see you on the treadmill, he would; and so, my dears, it's the case with these great kings—they fight, but we have to pay. The poor subjects suffer: the men, who have no quarrel with any prince in Christendom—as how should they, never having seen one?—must pay taxes in the first place, and then must go and fight, and be shot at and die, leaving us poor women, their wives and daughters, to deplore their loss, and to nurse their wounds when they come home. Some forty years since (when I was young, my loves, and reported to be extremely good-looking), King Bonaparte and the French were on the point of invading this country. Fancy what a situation we should have been in had they come—the horrid monsters! My mind shudders at the very idea even now. Fancy my dear father, the ensign of volunteers, brought home wounded—dying. Fancy a dozen of horrible soldiers billeted in the house. Fancy some tall ferocious French general, with great black whiskers—Bonaparte himself, very likely, or Marshal Ney, at the very least—falling in love with a beauteous young creature, and insisting upon her marrying him! My loves, I would have flung myself off London Bridge first. [*Immense cheering, part of which, however, seemed to be ironical.*]

Such—such is war! and, for my part, I profess the greatest abhorrence of all such dreadful kinds of glory; and hope for the days when cocked-hats and layonets will only be kept as curiosities in museums, and scarlet cloth will be kept to make cloaks for old women.

But to return to King Richard—though he professed to be very sorry for his turbulent conduct during his father's reign, his sorrow did not lead him to mend his ways at all; as, alas; is usual with all quarrelsome people. The very first thing he did was to prepare for a great fight; and, in order to get money for this, he not only taxed his people very severely, but sold for a trifle the kingdom of Scotland, which his father had won. I don't know what the sum was which might be considered as trifling for the purchase of that country,\* and indeed historians

\* Miss Tickletoby's extreme prejudice against Scotland and the Scotch may be accounted for by the fact, that an opposition academy to



differ about it : but I leave you to imagine how hardly he must have been pressed for coin, when he could bring such an article as that to pawn.

What was called the Christian world then was about this time bent upon taking Jerusalem out of the hands of the Turks, who possessed it, and banded together in immense numbers for this purpose. Many of the princes so leagued were as false, wicked, and tyrannous men as ever lived ; but Richard Cœur-de-Lion had no artifice at all in his nature, and entered into the undertaking, which he thought a godly one, with all his heart and soul. To batter out Turks' brains with his great axe seemed to him the height of Christianity, and no man certainly performed this questionable duty better than he. He and the King of France were the leaders of the crusade ; but the latter, being jealous, or prudent, or disgusted with the enterprise, went speedily back to his kingdom, and left all the glory and all the fighting to King Richard. There never was, they say, such a strong and valiant soldier seen. In battle after battle the Turks gave way before him, and especially at the siege of Ascalon, he and his army slew no less than forty thousand Saracens, and defeated consequently Sultan Saladin, their leader.

In the intervals of fighting it seems that a great number of politenesses passed between these two princes ; for when Richard was ill, Saladin sent him a box of pills from his own particular druggist ; and as for Richard, it is said at one time that he wanted to knight the gallant Saracen, as though for all the world he were an alderman or a Royal Academician. And though the Lion-hearted King felt it his Christian duty to pursue the Turk, and knock his brains out if he could catch him, yet he would not deny that he was a noble and generous prince, and admired him more than any sovereign in his own camp. Wasn't it magnanimous ? Oh, very !

At last, after a great number of victories, Richard came in sight of the City of Jerusalem, which was strongly fortified by the Turkish Sultan ; and there the Lion-hearted King had the misfortune to find that there was not a single chance for him ever to win it. His army, by the number of glorious victories,

hers is kept by Mr. M'Whiter, who, report says, once paid his addresses to Miss T. Having succeeded in drawing off a considerable number of her pupils to his school, Mr. M'W. at once discontinued his suit.

was wasted away greatly. The other kings, dukes, and potentates, his allies, grumbled sadly ; and the end was, that he was obliged to march back to the sea again--and you may fancy Sultan Saladin's looks as he went off.

So he quitted the country in disguise, and in disgust too--(as for his army, never mind what became of *that* : if we lose our time pitying the common soldiers, we may cry till we are as old as Methuselah, and not get on)--Richard, I say, quitted the country in disguise and disgust, and, in company with a faithful friend or two, made for home.

But as he was travelling through Austria, he was recognised by some people in that country, and seized upon by the Duke of Austria, who hated him, and clapped him without any ceremony into prison. And, I dare say, while there he heartily regretted that, instead of coming home overland, he hadn't at once taken the steamer to Malta, and so got home that way.

Fancy then, my beloved hearers, this great but unhappy monarch in prison. Fancy him, in a prison dress very likely, made to take his turn on the mill with other offenders, and to live on a pint of gruel and a penny loaf a day ; he who had been accustomed to the best of victuals, and was, if we may credit the late celebrated Sir Walter Scott, particularly partial to wine ! There he was --a king --a great warrior --but lately a leader of hundreds of thousands of men, a captive in an odious penitentiary ! Where was his army ? again one can't help thinking. Oh, never mind *them* ; they were done for long since, and out of their pain. So you see it is King Richard who is the object of compassion, for he *wasn't* killed.



I am led to believe that the prison regimen in Austria was not so severe as it is nowadays with us, when if a prisoner were

heard singing, or playing the fiddle, he would be prettily tickled by the gaoler's cane; for it appears that King Richard had the command of a piano, and was in the habit of playing upon the guitar. It is probable that the Duke of Austria thought there could be no harm in his amusing himself in the lonely place in which, unknown to all the world, King Richard was shut.

As for his subjects, I don't know whether they missed him very much. But I have remarked that we pretty speedily get accustomed to the absence of our kings and royal families; and though, for instance, there is our beloved Duke of Cumberland gone away to be King of Hanover, yet we manage to bear our separation from that august prince with tolerable resignation.

Well, it was lucky for the king that he was allowed his piano: for it chanced that a poor wandering minstrel (or organ-grinder, *we* should call him), who had no doubt been in the habit of playing tunes before the king's palace in Saint James's Street—for, *you* know, the new police wasn't yet invented, to drive him off—I say the organ-grinder Blundell happened to be passing by this very castle in Austria where Richard was, and seeing a big house, thought he might as well venture a tune; so he began that sweet one "Cherry ripe, che-erry ripe, ri-ip I cry-y;" and the Austrian soldiers, who were smoking their pipes, and are very fond of music, exclaimed, "Potztausend, was ist das für ein herrliches Lied?"

When Richard heard that well-known melody, which in happier days he had so often heard Madame Vestris sing,\* he replied at once on the piano with "Home, sweet Home."

"Hullo!" says Blundell, or Blundell, "there must be an Englishman here, and straightway struck up "Rule Britannia"—"When Britain feh-eh-ch-erst at He-eyn's command," &c.—to which the king answered by "God save the King."

"Can it be--is it possible--no--yes--is it really our august monarch?" thought the minstrel—and his fine eyes filled with tears as he ground the sweet air, "Who are you?"

To which the king answered by a fantasia composed of the two tunes "The King, God bless him," and "Dickie Gossip,

\* This settles the great question, mooted every week in the *Sunday Times*, as to the age of that lady.

Dicky Gossip is the man"—for though his name *wasn't* Gossip, yet you see he had no other way of explaining himself.

Convinced by these melodies, Mr. Blundell replied rapidly by "Charlie is my Darling," "All's Well," "We only part to meet again," and, in short, with every other tune which might, as he thought, console the royal prisoner. Then (only stopping to make a rapid collection at the gate) he posted back to London



as fast as his legs would carry him, and told the Parliament there that he had discovered the place where our adored monarch was confined.

Innumerable collections were instantly made throughout the country—some subscribed of their own accord, others were made to subscribe; and the Emperor of Germany, who was made acquainted with the fact, now, though the Duke of Austria had never said a word about it previously, caused the latter prince to give up his prisoner, and I believe his Imperial Majesty took a good part of the ransom to himself.

Thus at last, after years of weary captivity, our gracious King Richard was restored to England. He had just been to see Hyde Park once more, and how joyful and happy

his people were !—I dare say he vowed never to quit Buckingham Palace again, and to remain at home and make his people happy.

But do you suppose men so easily change their natures? Fiddlestick !—in about a month King Richard was fighting in France as hard as ever, and at last was killed before a small castle which he was besieging. He did not pass six months in England in the whole course of his four years' reign : he did more harm to the country than many a worse king could do ; and yet he was loved by his people for his gallantry ; and somehow, although I know it is wrong, I can't help having a sneaking regard for him, too.

My loves, it is time that you should go to play.

*[Immense enthusiasm, in the midst of which Miss T. retires.]*

## LECTURE VIII.

As it is by no means my wish to say anything disrespectful of any sovereign who ever ascended the British throne, we must, my loves, pass over the reign of his late Majesty King John as briefly as possible ; for, between ourselves, a greater rascal never lived. You have many of you read of his infamous conduct to Rowena, Cedric the Saxon, and others, in the history of Sir Wilfrid of Ivanhoe, and I fear there are other facts, though perhaps not on so good authority, which are still more disreputable.

In the plays of the ingenious Shakspeare, some of which I have seen at Covent Garden, His Majesty's nephew, Prince Arthur, is made to climb over a canvas wall of about three feet high, and die lamentably of the fall in a ditch, in which a mattress has been laid ; but the truth, I fear, is, that Prince Arthur did not commit suicide voluntary or involuntary, but that his Royal Uncle killed him, for his Royal Highness was the son of His Majesty's elder brother, and, by consequence, our rightful King. Well, well, there are ugly stories about high personages at Court, and you know it makes very little difference to either of the princes, now, which reigned and which didn't ; and I dare say, if the truth were known, King John by this time is heartily sorry for his conduct to his august nephew.

It may be expected that I should speak in this place of a celebrated document signed in this reign, by some called the commencement of our liberties, by others Magna Charta. You may read this very paper or parchment at the British Museum any day you please, and if you find anything in it about our liberties, I am a Dutchman—that is, a Dutchwoman [*hear, hear*]; whereas, as the Register of Saint Bartholomew's, Smithfield, of the year seventeen hundred and — ahem! — as the Register, I say, proves, I am a Briton, and glory in the title.

The Pope of Rome who lived in those days was almost as facetious a person as Pope Gregory, of whom I before we have spoken; and what do you think he did? I'm blessed if he did not make a present of the kingdom of England to the King of France! [*immense laughter*] then afterwards he made a present of it to King John very kindly; and the two kings were about, as usual, to fight for it, when the French king's army was in part shipwrecked, and partly beaten; and King John himself was seized with an illness, which put an end to him. And so farewell to him. He rebelled against his father, he conspired against his brother, he murdered his nephew, and he tyrannised over his people. Let us shed a tear for his memory, and pass on to his son, King Henry III., who began to reign in the year 1216, and was King for no less than fifty-six years.

I think the best thing he did during that long period was, to beget his gallant son, who reigned after him, under the title of King Edward the First. The English lords, in King Henry's time, were discontented with his manner of reigning—for he was always in the hands of one favourite or another; and the consequence was, that there were perpetual quarrels between the lords and the prince, who was continually turned out of his kingdom and brought back again, or locked up in prison and let loose again. In the intervals the barons ruled, setting up what is called an *oligarchy*: when Henry governed himself, he was such a soft effeminate creature, that I think they might have called *his* reign a *mollygarchy*.

As not the least applause or laughter followed this pun, Miss T., somewhat disconcerted, said—I see you do not wish to hear anything more regarding Henry III., so, if you please, we will pass on to the history of his son, a wise king, a stern and great warrior. It was he who first gave the Commons of England in Parliament any authority or power to cope with the great

barons, who had hitherto carried all before them ; which, with the most sincere respect for their lordships, I cannot but think was a change for the better in our glorious Constitution.

He was in the Holy Land when his father's death was announced to him, following the fashion of that day, to fight against the Turks, and murder them for the honour of religion. And here I cannot help pointing out, how necessary it is that men should *yet* part from their wives ; for the king, by having his with him, escaped a great danger. A man of a certain tribe called the Assassins (who have given their names to murderers ever since) stabbed the king in his tent with a dagger, whereupon the queen, and honour be to her, supposing that the knife which inflicted the wound might have been poisoned, sucked the wound with her own royal lips, and caused Prince Edward to say, that a good wife was the very best doctor in the world.

This good queen died abroad, and her husband caused crosses to be erected at the different places where her body rested on its way to its burial, where the people might stop and pray for her soul. I wonder how many people who pass by Charing Cross nowadays ever think of her, or whether the omnibuses stop there in order that the cads and coachmen may tell their beads for good Queen Elinor?

From 1272, when he began to reign, until 1307, when he died, King Edward was engaged in ceaseless wars. Being lord of the largest portion of the island of Great Britain, he had a mind to possess the whole of it ; and, in order to do so, had to subdue the Welsh first, and the Scots afterwards. Perhaps some of you have read an ode by Mr Gray, beginning "Ruin seize thee, ruthless king"? But as not a single person in the company had, Miss T. said, "At any rate, my loves, you have heard, no doubt, of the bards?"

*Miss Binge.* Papa calls Shakspeare the immoral bard of Heaven. What is a bard, ma'am?

*Miss T.* Why, the bards, as I am led to believe, are Welsh poets, with long beards, who played Welsh airs upon Welsh harps. Some people are very fond of these airs ; though, for my part, I confess, after hearing "Poor Mary Ann" played for fourteen consecutive hours by a blind harper at Llangollen, I rather felt as if I should prefer any other tune to that.

*Master Spry.* Pray, ma'am, hare the Welsh airs hanything like the Welsh rabbits? If so, mother can perform 'em very

prettily. [*A laugh, which Miss TICKLETOBY severely checks, and continues—*]

This country of Wales King Edward determined should be his own, and accordingly made war upon the princes of the Principality, who withstood him in many bloody actions, and at one time were actually puffed up with the idea that one of their princes should become King of England, on account of an old prophecy of Merlin's --

*"Llewellyn ydwyllodd cwmzom."*-- MERLIN'S PROPHECIES.

"Let Wales attend! the bard prophetic said:  
I, V. at Y. shall crown Llewellyn's Z."-- SIMON.

From which obscure phrase the people, and Llewellyn himself, were led to believe that they would overcome the stern and powerful King of England.

But the prophecy was fulfilled in a singular way. On the two armies meeting together on the river Wye, Llewellyn was slain by an English knight, and his head in derision crowned with ivy. The other Welsh sovereign, Prince David, met with a worse fate than to die in battle: he repeatedly rebelled against King Edward, and was forgiven until the last time, when he was taken in arms, and judged to die as a rebel, so forming the last of his line.

If the king had had trouble with the Welsh, with the Scots he had still more, and was occupied during almost the whole of his reign in settling (after his own fashion, to be sure) that unruly nation.

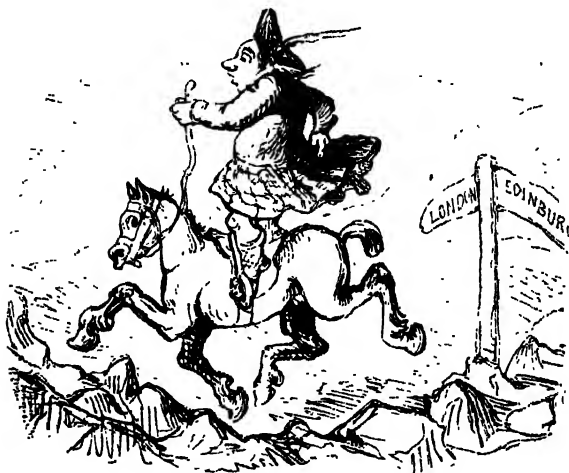
In one of his invasions of Scotland, he carried off the famous stone on which the Scottish kings used to sit at their coronation --and a very cold seat it must have been for their Majesties, considering their unhappy custom of wearing no small-clothes; which are not the least of the inestimable, I may say inexpressible, benefits the Scots have derived from commerce with this country.

The regular line of the Scotch kings having ended (never mind in whose person, for, after all, a king without pantaloons is a sorry subject to trouble one's head about) the regular line being ended, there started up several claimants to the throne; and the lords of the country, in an evil hour, called upon Edward to decide who should succeed. He gave a just award, assigning the crown to one John Baliol; but he caused Baliol to swear



fealty to him for his crown, and did not scruple about having him up to London whenever he was minded. It is said that he summoned him to Court six times in one year, when Edinburgh was at least a month's journey from London. So thus the poor fellow must have passed the whole year upon the road, bumping up and down on a rough-trotting horse; and he without what-d'ye-call 'ems, too!—after the fashion of Humphry Clinker.

The consequence may be imagined. Baliol was quite worn



out by such perpetual jolting. Flesh and blood couldn't bear twelve of these journeys in a year, and he wrote to King Edward stating his determination no longer to be saddled with a throne.

\* Wisely, then, he retired. He took up his residence in Normandy, where he passed his life quietly in devotion, it is said, and the cultivation of literature. The Master of Baliol College, Oxford, has kindly communicated to me a MS., in the handwriting of the retired prince, accompanied with designs, which, though rude, are interesting to the antiquary. One

represents John of Baliol on the North road, which must have been in a sad condition indeed at the close of the thirteenth century.

The motto placed beneath the illumination by the royal bard is a quaint, simple, and pathetic one. He says touchingly—

"To Scotys withouten brychys rydinge is not swete.  
I mote have kept my crowne, I shold have lost my seate."

He retired, then ; but a greater than he arose to battle for the independence of his country.

## LECTURE IX.

### *Edward I.—The Scots and their Claims.*



COTCHMEN, my dears, you know, are my antipathy, and I had at one time thought, in these lectures, of so demolishing the reputation of William Wallace, that historians would never more have dared to speak about him, and the numbers who hear me, the millions who read me in *Punch*, the countless myriads who in future ages will refer to that work when we, young and old, are no more, would have seen at once that the exploits ascribed to him were fabulous for the most part, and his character as doubtful as his history.

Some late writers have been very hard upon him. Dr. Lingard, especially, has fallen foul of his claims to be a hero ; and another author, Mr. Keightley, has been to the full as severe, quoting sentences from the old chroniclers strongly

defamatory of Wallace's character. One of these calls him "*quidam latro publicus*," a certain common thief; another, writing of his family, says he was "*ex infimâ gente procreatus*"—sprung from the lowest of the low; but these writers, it must be remembered, were of the English nation and way of thinking. Washington was similarly abused during the American war; and I make no doubt that some of my darlings, who read the English newspapers, have seen exactly the same epithets applied to Mr. Daniel O'Connell.

It is easy to call names in this way, but let us, my beloved young friends, be more charitable: in the case of these Scots especially; for if we take Wallace from them, what hero do we leave to the poor creatures? Sir Walter Scott has, to be sure, invented a few good Scotchmen in his novels, and perhaps their actions, and those of Wallace, are equally true.

But even supposing that he did come of a low stock—that he was a freebooter once—it is clear that he came to command the Scotch armies, that he was for a short time Regent of the kingdom. So much the more creditable to him then was it that, by his skill and valour, he overcame those brave and disciplined troops that were sent against him, and raised himself to the position he occupied for a while over the heads of a powerful, ignorant, cowardly, sordid, treacherous, selfish nobility, such as that of the Scots was.

Even poor John Bauld made one or two attempts to rescue his crown from the domineering Edward; but these nobles, though they conspired against the English king, were the first to ~~truckle~~ <sup>truckle</sup> down to him, when he came to assert what he called his ~~right~~ <sup>right</sup>; and the proof of their time-serving conduct is, that King Edward forgave every one of them, except Wallace, who was the only man who refused to come to terms with the conqueror.

During the king's absence Wallace had tolerable success; he discomfited the English leaders in many small skirmishes and surprises, and defeated, at Canibuskenneth, a great body of the \*English troops. He thought, too, to have as easy work with the king himself, when Edward, hearing of his lieutenant's defeat, came thundering down to avenge him. But the Scot was no match for the stern English warrior. At Falkirk the king gave Wallace's army such a beating as almost annihilated it, and Wallace was obliged to fly to the woods, where he was

finally seized by one of his former friends and adherents ; and being sent to London, there died the death of a traitor.

Be warned, then, my little dears, when you come to read the *History of the Scottish Chiefs*, by my dear friend Miss Porter, that William Wallace was by no means the character which that charming historian has depicted, going into battle, as it were, with a tear in his eye, a cambric handkerchief in his hand, and a flounce to his petticoat ; nor was he the heroic creature of Tytler and Scott ; nor, most probably, the ruffian that Dr. Lingard would have him to be.

He appears, it is true, to have been as violent and ferocious a soldier as ever lived, in his inroads into England murdering and ravaging without pity. But such was the custom of his time ; and such being the custom, as we excuse Wallace for murdering the English, we must excuse Edward for hanging Wallace when he caught him. Hanging and murdering, look you, were quite common in those days ; nay, they were thought to be just and laudable, and I make no doubt that people at that period who objected to such murders at all were accused of "sickly sentimentality," just as they are now, who presume to be hurt when the law orders a fellow-creature to be killed before the Old Bailey. Well, at any rate, allow us to be thankful that we do not live in those days, when each of us would have had a thousand more chances of being hanged than now. There is no sickly sentimentality about such a preference as *that*.

Let us allow, then, the claims of Wallace to be a hero and patriot. Another hero arose in Scotland after Wallace's discomfiture, who was more lucky than he ; but stern King Edward of the long shanks was dead when Bruce's triumphs were secured ; and his son, Edward of Carnarvon, was making-believe to reign.

This Bruce had been for a long time shilly-shallying as to the side he should take ; whether he should join his countrymen, over whom he might possibly become king ; or whether he should remain faithful to King Edward, and not risk his estates or his neck. The latter counsel for some time prevailed ; for, amongst other causes he had to take sides against his country, a chief one was, hatred of the Baliols. When John of Baliol died, his son being then a prisoner in London, a nephew of John Baliol, called Comyn of Badenoch, became the head man in Scotland. He had always been found gallantly in arms

against King Edward, doing his duty as a soldier in Falkirk fight, and in many other actions, with better or similar fortune—not sneaking in the English camp as Bruce was.

The king, however, who had pardoned the young man many times, at last got wind of some new conspiracies in which he was engaged, and vowed, it was said, to make away with him. Bruce got warning in time, made for Scotland, called a meeting with the Regent, Comyn of Badenoch, who granted the interview, and hereupon Bruce murdered Comyn in God's church, and at once proclaimed himself King of Scotland. The Scotch historians have tried to apologise as usual for this foul and dastardly assassination, saying that it was done in a heat—unpremeditated, and so forth. Nonsense, my loves; Robert Bruce had been shuffling and intriguing all his life. He murdered the man who stood between him and the crown—and he took it, and if you read Sir Walter Scott's "Lord of the Isles," you will see what a hero he has made of him. O these Scotchmen! these Scotchmen! how they *do* stand by one another!

Old Edward came tearing down to the borders on the news, vowing he would kill and eat Robert Bruce; but it was not so ordained; the old king was carried off by a much more powerful enemy than any barelegged Scot; and his son, Edward of Carnarvon (who reigned 1307-1327), had not the energy of his father; and though he made several attempts to punish the Scots, was usually left in the lurch by his nobility, and on one occasion, at Bannockburn, cruelly beaten by them. They have made a pretty pother about that battle, I warrant you, those Scots; and you may hear tailors from Glasgow or Paisley still crow and talk big about it. Give the fellows their battle, my dears; we can afford it. [*Great sensation.*] As for the murderer, Robert Bruce, he was, it must be confessed, a wary and gallant captain—wise in good fortune, resolute in bad, and he robbed the English counties to the satisfaction of his subjects. It is almost a pity to think he deserved to be hanged.

During the dissensions in England, Robert Bruce, having pretty well secured Scotland, took a fancy to Ireland too—invaded the country himself, came rather suddenly back again, and sent his brother Edward, who even had the impudence to be crowned King of Ireland; but the English forces coming up

with him, took his crown from him with his head in it—and so ended the reign of the Bruces in Ireland.

As for Edward of Carnarvon, little good can be said of him or his times. An extravagant idle king, insolent favourites (though Gaveston, it must be confessed, was a gallant and dashing fellow), bullying greedy barons, jealous that any one should have power but themselves, and, above all (alas! that I should have to say it), an infamous disreputable wretch of a French wife, fill the whole pages of this wretched king's reign with their quarrels, their vices, and their murders. In the midst of their quarrels they allowed the country to be bullied by the French, and even the Scots; the people were racked and torn by taxes and tyranny; the king was finally deposed, and murdered by the intrigues of his wicked vixen of a wife, who did not, however, enjoy her ill-gotten honours long as Regent of the kingdom. Edward the Third came to the throne, and of him we will speak in the next Lecture.

In the year 1356, the Black Prince, who had commenced his career ten years earlier as a gallant young soldier at Crécy, had an opportunity of achieving for himself a triumph to the full as great as that former famous one. Robbing and murdering for ten years, as he had been, he had become naturally a skilful captain; and now, in 1356, say the historians, having left his chief city of Bordeaux with 12,000 men, crossing the Garonne, overrunning Quercy, the Limousin, Auvergne, and Berri, slaughtering the peasantry, destroying the corn, wine, and provisions, and burning the farmhouses, villages, and towns, he was surprised near Poitiers, in the province of Poitou, by a large army, led by King John of France. The French army was very large—that of the Black Prince very small. "Heaven help us!" said his Royal Highness; "it only remains for us to fight bravely."

He was, however, so doubtful as to the result of the action, that he sent rather modest proposals to the French king, offering to give up his plunder and prisoners, and to promise not to serve against France for seven years, if the French would but let him off this time. King John, however, replied, that he must have the Black Prince and a hundred of his chief knights as prisoners, before he would listen to any terms of accommodation, which idea his Royal Highness "indignantly rejected."

He beat the King of France, whose goods he was carrying

off; he killed the friends who came to help the king, he drove the king's servants away; he took King John to England, and would not let him return to France again until he had paid an enormous sum for his ransom. And this was the man who called upon Heaven to defend the right! Ah, my dears, there is not a crowned ruffian in Europe who has not uttered the same cry these thousand years past, attesting Heaven in behalf of his unjust quarrel, and murdering and robbing with the most sacred of all names in his mouth



Perhaps the most annoying part of the whole imprisonment to poor King John must have been the abominable politeness and humility of his captor. Taken prisoner, and his grand army routed by a handful of starving brigands, the king was marched to supper in the conqueror's tent, the prince complimenting him by saying that his victory was all chance, that the king ought to have won it (and so he ought, and no mistake), and that His Majesty was the "garland of chivalry." Nor would he sit down in His Majesty's presence -- not he -- he said he was the

subject and only fit to wait upon the king (to wait upon him and rob him); so he fetched the dishes, drew the corks, and performed all the duties of His Majesty's Yellowplush.

His conduct in carrying his prisoner to London was of the same sort. He had a triumphal entry: the king being placed on a great horse, the prince meekly riding a pony beside him, and all the people, of course, shouting "Long live the prince!" What humility! cry the historians; what noble conduct! No, no, my loves, I say it was *sham humility*, the very worst sort of pride: if he wanted to spare his prisoner's feelings, why didn't the prince call a hackney-coach?

In the year 1376, twenty years after his victory of Poitiers, the gallant Black Prince (who in France and Spain, at the head of his famous free companions, had fought many a hard fight since then) died, leaving an only son behind him. Old King Edward, who had been battling and fighting as much as his son, now in his old age had grown dotingly fond of a wicked hussy, Alice Pierce by name, that had been maid of honour to the good Queen Philippa. The king gave to this good-for-nothing creature all the queen's jewels, she had the giving away of all the places about the Court, and behaved in such a way that the Parliament was obliged to stop her extravagance.

A year after his son, the famous old warrior, King Edward the Third, felt that death was coming upon him; and called his beloved Alice Pierce to come and console him ere he died. She, seeing death on his face, took the expiring monarch's hand in hers, and pulled his ring off his finger. The servants pillaged the wardrobes and the hangings of the bed, and dying Edward, the terror of Frenchmen, lay unheeded upon his bed, until a priest came by chance into the room, and knelt down by the king's side, and said a prayer with him for the safety of his soul, at the end whereof the priest alone had the power of saying "Amen."

Here Miss Tickletoby paused with a very solemn voice, and the little children retired quite wistfully and silently, and were all particularly good in school the next day.



## LECTURE X.

*Edward III.*

THE reign of the third Edward has always been considered a glorious period of our annals—the fact is, he beat the French soundly, and it is always a comfort to read of those absurd vapouring vainglorious Frenchmen obtaining a beating—and he has had for an historian of his battles one John Froissart, a very bad clergyman, as I make no doubt, but a writer so exceedingly lively and pleasant, that the scenes of the war are made to pass before the reader as if he saw them. No—not as if he saw them in reality, by the way, but as if he beheld them well acted in a theatre, the principal characters represented by Mr. Charles Kean and other splendid stars of the stage.

So there is nothing but fighting in the works of the Rev. John Froissart—nothing but fighting and killing—yet all passes with such brilliancy, splendour, and good-humour that you can't fancy for the world that anybody is hurt; and though the warriors of whom he speaks are sometimes wounded, it really seems as if they liked it. It is—"Fair sir, shall we for the honour of our ladies, or the love of the blessed Virgin of Heaven, cut each other's heads off?" "I am unworthy to have the honour of running through the body such a flower of chivalry as you," replies the other; and herewith smiling sweetly on each other, gaudy with plumes, and gold, and blazing coats of armour, bestriding prancing war-horses covered also with gay housings and bright steel, at it the two gentlemen go, with lances in rest, shouting their war-cries gaily. "A Manny! a Manny!" "Our Lady for Alençon!" says one or the other. "For the love of the saints parry me that cut, sir," says Sir Walter Manny, delivering it gracefully with his heavy battle-sword. "Par la Sambleu, beau sire, voilà un beau coup d'espée," says the constable to the other, politely, who has just split his nose in two, or carried off his left whisker and cheek;—and the common people go to work just as genteelly;—whizz! how the bowstrings thrum, as the English archers, crying "Saint George for England!" send their arrows forth!

Montjoie Saint Denis!—how the French men-at-arms come thundering over the corn-fields, their lances and corslets shining in the sun!—As for me, my dears, when I read the story, I

fancy myself, for a moment or two, Jane of Montfort dressed in armour, and holding up my son in my arms, calling upon my faithful nobles of Bretagne to defend me and him.

*[Here Miss TICKLETOBY, seizing playfully hold of Master TIMSON, lifted him gaily in one of her arms, and stood for a moment in an heroic attitude; but the children, never having before heard of Jane of Montfort or her history, were quite frightened, and fancied their venerable instructress mad—while Master TIMSON, who believed he had been elevated for the purpose of being flogged, set up a roar which caused the worthy lady to put him quickly down again.]*

But to speak of King Edward III. The first act of his reign may be said to have been the seizing of one Mortimer, the queen's lover, whom he caused to be hanged, and of Her Majesty, whom he placed in a castle, where she lived for the last seven-and-twenty years of her life, with a handsome allowance made to her by her son.

The chief of his time hereafter was filled up with wars—those wars which are so pleasant to read of in Froissart, before mentioned, but which I need not tell any little child here who ever by chance has had a black eye or a whipping, are by no means pleasant in reality. When we read that the king's son, the Black Prince, burned down no less than five hundred towns and villages in the South of France, laying the country waste round about them, and driving the population Heaven knows where, you may fancy what the character of these wars must have been, and that if they were good fun to the knights and soldiers, they were by no means so pleasant to the people.

By such exploits, however, the reign of Edward is to be noted, Robert Bruce being dead, and his son a child, Edward fell on the Scots, slaughtered forty thousand of them at Halidon Hill, and aided the younger Baliol, who in return promised the submission of himself and kingdom to England, to take a temporary possession of the throne. The Scotch, however, soon rose against Baliol; and Edward Bruce got back his crown—such as it was.

Then our Lord Sir Edward took a fancy to France, and upon a most preposterous claim advanced by him, assumed the French arms, called himself king of that country, and prepared to take possession of the same. The first thing he did, to this

end, was to obtain a glorious victory over the French navy, taking no less than two hundred and forty of their ships, and killing I don't know how many thousands of their men.

I don't know if the French wore "wooden shoes" in those days, but the English hated them for that or some other equally good cause; and the Parliaments for ever granted the king money to carry on the war in assertion of his just rights. Just rights, forsooth!—a private man putting forward such claims to another's purse, and claiming his just rights with a pistol at your head, would be hanged for his pains. Bishops and priests said prayers for King Edward, and judges and lawyers wrote long lying documents in support of his cause.

In spite of the hundreds of thousands of pounds which his subjects gave him, and the hundreds of thousands of men he brought into the field against the King of France, Edward for some time made very little way, and did not overcome the French king's armies—for the very good reason, that the latter would never meet him. And it is a singular thing that, when the two armies *did* meet, and the English obtained those two victories about which we have been bragging for near five hundred years, we did not fight until we were forced, and because we could not help it. Burning, robbing, ravaging, Edward's troops had arrived at the gates of Paris, not with the hope of conquering the country, but of plundering it simply; and were making the best of their way home again from the pursuit of an immense French army which was pressing them very hard, when Edward, finding he could not escape without a fight, took a desperate stand and the best ground he could find on the famous hill of Cressy.

Here, sheltered amidst the vines, the English archers and chivalry took their posts; and the blundering French, as absurdly vain and supercilious in those days as they are at this moment, thinking to make easy work of *ces coquins d'Anglais*, charged the hill and the vineyards—not the English, who were behind them, and whose arrows slaughtered them without pity.

When the huge mass of the French army was thrown into disorder by these arrows, the English riders issued out and plunged among them, murdering at their ease; and the result was a glorious triumph to the British arms. King Edward's son, a lad of fourteen, distinguished himself in the fight, holding his ground bravely against the only respectable attack which the

French seem to have made in the course of the day. And ever since that day, the Princes of Wales, as you know, have had for a crest that of an old King of Bohemia (the blind old fool !), who could not see the English, but bade his squires lead him towards them, so that he might exchange a few *coups de lance* with them.



So the squires laced their bridles into his were run through the body in a minute ; say I.

Whilst Edward was fighting this Scotchmen, under David Bruce their robber, my dears, as his father), thought of the unprotected state of the knight the border in great force, to plunder as

to state that Her Majesty, Queen Philippa, English army, caught them at a utterly defeated the thievish rogues. She was as kind-hearted, too, as of Calais, after Edward had reduced

their attack, and SERVE 'EM RIGHT.

those marauding king (as great a might take advantage, and come across

But I am happy Philippa, heading a small force called Nevil's Cross, and killing vast numbers of them. He was brave. For at the siege of Calais, after Edward had reduced the town, he swore in his

rage at the resistance of the garrison, that he would hang six of the principal inhabitants. These unhappy six came before him "in their shirts, with halters round their necks," the old chroniclers say.

The queen interceded for their lives ; the monarch granted her prayer, and Her Majesty gave the poor burghers what must have been very acceptable to them after six months' starvation, a comfortable meal of victuals.

"I hope they went home first TO DRESS FOR DINNER," here remarked an intelligent pupil.

"Of course they must have done so, my dear," answered Miss Tickletohy ; "but, for my part, I believe that the whole scene must have been arranged previously between the king and queen ; indeed, neither of them could help laughing at the ridiculous figure the burgesses cut."

The company separated in immense good-humour, saying that the Lecturer had, on this occasion, mingled amusement with much stern instruction.











